TRUE WEST

47305
October, 1976
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POOR CHARLIE McBRIDE IS DEAD

THE FREIGHTERS' BELLS

TWO FUNERALS FOR AL HENNESSY • KITTY LEROY, QUEEN OF THE HOOFERS

HOMESTEAD STAKES

Painting By Joe Rader Roberts

A CATTLE TRACKER'S LOST GOLD

THE COLVILLE INDIANS' HELEN TOULOU

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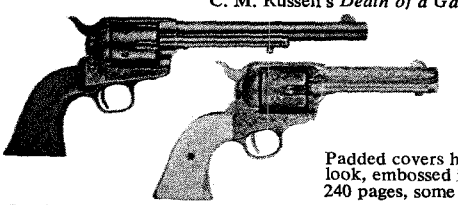
In the wake of a card-game quarrel, a vengeful cowhand dispatches one player and mortally wounds another in C. M. Russell's *Death of a Gambler*.

Montana Historical Society

Hangings were often heralded by invitations to the press and other interested parties.

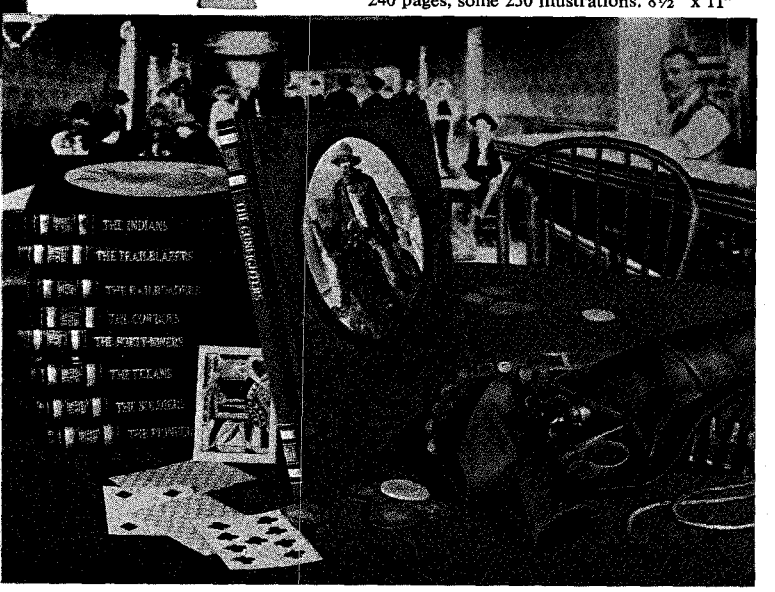
Pinkerton's Inc.

A grim squad of Union Pacific riflemen rides in a special train, hunting Butch Cassidy's Wild Bunch.



"*God did not make all men equal,*" Westerners *were fond of saying,* "Colonel Colt did."

Padded covers hand-rubbed for antique leather look, embossed in Western saddle design. 240 pages, some 250 illustrations. 8½" x 11"



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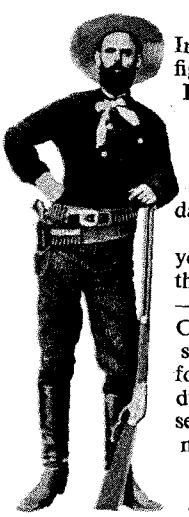

In the bad old days of "the great equalizer," a gunfighter would just as soon shoot a man as look at him. It was a time when a boy of 15 like Billy the Kid could casually whip out his six-shooter and kill a man for an idle insult. It was a time of impatient vigilantes, raw frontier justice and outlaws who burned down courthouses out of plain cussedness. It was the era, the heyday, the prime time of the gunfighter.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

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We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

HIGH ADVENTURE!

The Saga of Hugh Glass (University of Nebraska Press, $3.25) is the first Bison Book printing of *Pirate, Pawnee, and Mountain Man* by John Myers Myers, first issued by Little, Brown in 1963. Glass lived an improbable life—he was captured by Jean Lafitte, the pirate and to avoid "walking the plank" turned buccaneer for a year or so. He was captured by the Pawnees and lived as an Indian for four years, and after he became a mountain man he was wounded almost to death by a grizzly and robbed and left to die by the two companions who had been paid to stay with him until he did pass on. The account of his incredible recovery and trek to safety is one of the great adventure stories of the mountain man era. It is good to have this modern version of a classic tale back in print at a price within the reach of all.

MINNESOTA ART

Painting and Sculpture in Minnesota, 1820-1914 (University of Minnesota Press, $19.50) is by Rena Neumann Coen, associate professor of art history at St. Cloud State University. Fort Snelling was established in 1820 and the soldier and explorer artists first recorded Minnesota scenes. Seth Eastman is the best known of the soldier artists and Catlin, Rindisbacher, Seymour, John Mix Stanley, and Charles Deas were among those accompanying survey parties or making sketching tours on their own in Territorial days. There is an entertaining chapter on the painters of the panorama —a popular art form in the middle of the nineteenth century. Chapters on the art of the settler (the primitives followed by the professionals) and the Capitol with its fine murals (John LaFarge), paintings (Howard Pyle, Rufus Zogbaum et al), and the sculpture (Daniel Chester French) help round out the story. The book is illustrated with 113 black and white reproductions and 37 color plates. Recommended.

WRANGLER AWARD WINNERS

Hans Kleiber was born in Germany in 1887 and grew up in Silesia where he acquired a lasting love of nature and outdoor living. The family came to the U. S. in 1900 and settled in Massachusetts where Hans attended school for a year before going to work to help out financially. In 1905 he went to New York as an apprentice to an artist but left after a few weeks to spend a year with an artist in New Jersey. In 1906 he contacted the newly created Forest Service in Denver about a job but found he was too young to qualify. He worked as a tie cutter at Ranchester, Wyoming to get experience and in 1908 passed the examination for Forest Rangers. However, it was 1911 before he finally was appointed a Ranger. He spent seventeen years with the Forest Service in the Big Horn Mountains and loved it—particularly his contacts with the wildlife. The last forty-five years of his life he devoted to his art. He was a talented etcher, water colorist and painted competently in oil. *Hans Kleiber, Artist of the Bighorn Mountains* (Caxton, $17.95) by Emmie D. Mygatt and Roberta Cheney received the Wrangler Award for the outstanding Western art book of 1975 at the Cowboy Hall of Fame in April. It is a beautiful book illustrated with two aquatints, twenty-two color paintings, and seventy-four etchings by Kleiber and with fourteen photos of him. Strongly recommended.

☆ ☆ ☆

Owl in the Cedar Tree (Northland Press, $7.95) by Natachee Scott Momaday received the Wrangler Award for the outstanding Western juvenile book of 1975. A delightful little Navajo tale into which the author has woven much tribal lore. The book is illustrated with a number of fine drawings by Don Perceval.

☆ ☆ ☆

Butte's Memory Book (Caxton, $14.95) by Don James received the Wrangler Award as the outstanding local history of 1975. It is a big handsome volume and loaded with photographs made over a period of just over a half century by C. Owen Smithers, Sr.—a real professional with an appreciation of the necessity to record the historic sites, events and people of his adopted city. James does his usual competent job with the text and in selecting and arranging the photos. He divided the text and photos into three major segments—"The Mines," "The City" and "The People." It adds up to an attractive and informative pictorial history of Butte, Montana with just enough text to fill a few gaps and provide a nostalgic word-picture of the great mining town. Recommended.

☆ ☆ ☆

Charles F. Lummis, The Man and His West (University of Oklahoma press, $17.50) by Turbese Lummis Fiska and Keith Lummis was honored as the outstanding Western biography of 1975 and *Fifty Great Western Illustrators* (Northland Press, $35.00) by Old Bookaroo Jeff Dykes was named the outstanding Western non-fiction book of 1975.

RANGE LIFE

Punching Cows with Clint Worlds (Mrs. Clint Worlds, Orogrande, New Mexico 88342, $10.00 in wraps, $19.50 in cloth) is the range story of the author told in sixty-nine episodes. Clint was a top range hand, an accomplished saddle maker and a competent artist. Much of his ranch experience was in Southern California and the sixty-seven drawings he did to complement the text are realistic. Clint was a good storyteller and this book was the first of a projected series—alas, there will be no more as he was killed in a shoot-out in Orogrande in 1974. Recommended.

☆ ☆ ☆

Why go to the trouble to invent names for a trail drive crew when each issue of *The Roundup* includes the roster of the Western Writers of America? Steve Frazee, Elmer Kelton, Lee Metz, Nelson Nye, Gordie Baldwin, John Willard, Old Bookaroo Jeff Dykes et al (Western Writers all) are among the cowboys driving a herd from Texas to Kansas in 1876 in *Undercover Deputy* (Major Books, 95 cents) by Benjamin Hilton. Hilton throws in Colonel E. Z. C. Judson (Ned Buntline), Jack Holt, and Vic McLaglen from out of the past in this fast-paced yarn of the highjacking of trail herds.

TWO CENTURIES AGO

Texas in 1776: A Historical Description (Jenkins Pulishing Co., $14.95) by Seymour V. Conneto is a handsome book which describes events in Texas in 1776 which changed it from a missionary outpost to an important commerce generating area. The 100 pages report on the presidios, the missions, the refugees, the Indians, and the settlements. Mostly primitive wilderness populated sparsely by declining Indian bands and scattered Spanish settlements, Texas was poised to enter a new and glorious era just as the British colonies were along the Atlantic seaboard. An index and bibliography are included. Recommended.

INDIANS' FRIEND

My Friend the Indian (Superior Publishing Co., $14.95) by James McLaughlin with paintings by Daniel S. Buisson is a new edition of the book first published in 1910 by Houghton Mifflin and reprinted in a deluxe limited edition with 30 full-color paintings of Indians by Superior Publishing Co. in 1970. This new reprint contains "the three missing chapters" omitted from the first and second printings. Major James McLaughlin became

(Continued on page 56)

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A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

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True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of The Real West!

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"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country." ——— The late Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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Cover: Joe Rader Roberts
Homestead Stakes

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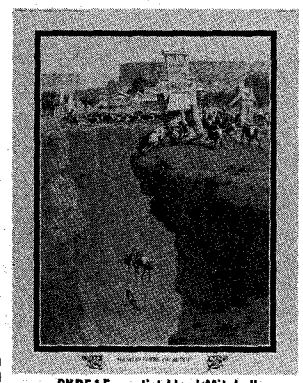
SKP532 - artist Wayne Lowdermilk
To one who has been long in city pent,
'tis very sweet to look into
the fair and open face of heaven...

SKP504 - artist Bill Hampton
"There were a helluva lot
of things they didn't tell me
when I hired on with this outfit."

SKP519 - artist Bill Hampton
"Oh, Great Spirit,
Grant that I may not criticize my neighbor
until I have walked a mile in his moccasins."

SKP529 - artist Melvin C. Warren
May you always camp where water runs sweet, with
plenty of shade and grass, where well trod trails
of friendship meet, as the seasons gently pass.



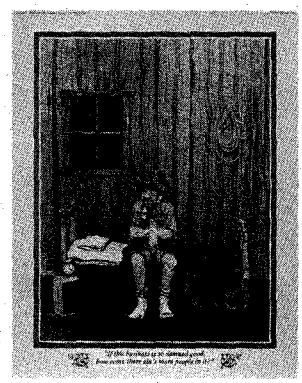
SKP515 - artist Lloyd Mitchell
HANG IN THERE, OL' BUDDY!

SKP531 - artist Robert Wagoner
May the warm winds of heaven blow softly
on this house and the Great Spirit
bless all who enter here.

SKP502 - artist Bill Hampton
May your horse never stumble, your spurs never rust,
Your guts never grumble and your cinch never bust!
May your boots never pinch, your crops never fail,
While you eat lots of beans and stay out of jail!

SKP521 - artist Bill Hampton
"I've only been here
one week and the boss says
I'm already two weeks behind."

SKP526 - artist Gene Zesch
"I put all my profits
back into ranch improvements!"



SKP525 - artist Gene Zesch
"If this business is so damned good,
how come there ain't more people in it?"

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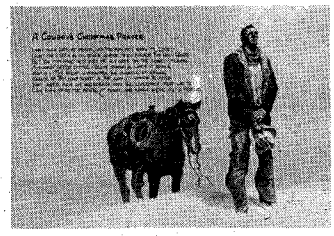
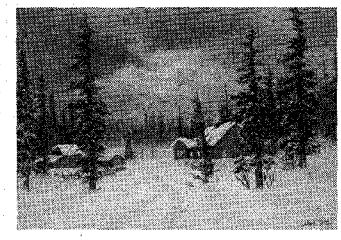
1338 May Christmas bring Friends to your Fireside... And Good Health throughout the New Year



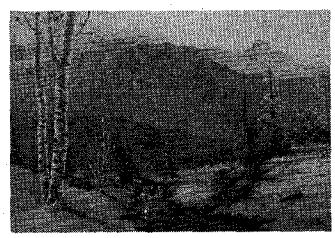
1316 A Cowboy's Christmas Prayer-May the Peace and Good Will of Christmas always be with you

1360 "May the...sun shine warmly upon you, etc." -May the Great Spirit bring you Peace...at Christmas



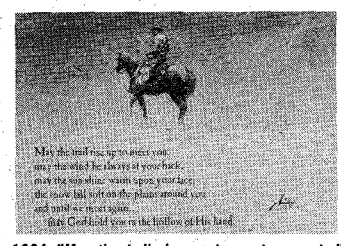
1367 ...May your blessings be more, Than you've ever hoped for, And your Christmas a warmth, etc.

1215 A Sack of Joy "...The joy that you give to others, etc."-Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



1377 "The air up there...is very pure and fine...It is the same the angels breathe."-Merry Christmas

3051 "...silver day is drifting into magic--Christmas night."-May the magic of Christmas be yours

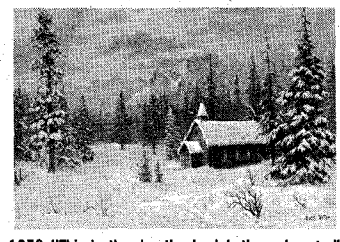


1304 "May the trail rise up to meet you, etc." -Merry Christmas and...a Happy New Year

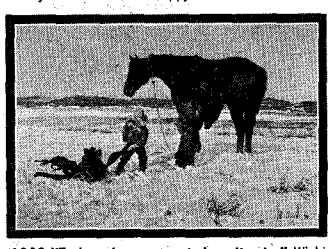
3064 "...the small wonders of the season, etc." -Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

1139 "...We send this card instead of a letter and hope you're doin' as good, etc."-Merry Christmas

1328 Christmas Trail-...What could be better...Than to wish Merry Christmas to all that we know!

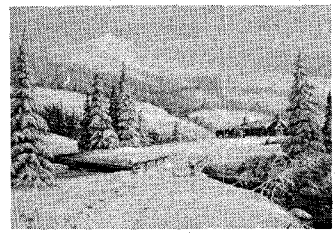


1373 "This is the day the Lord hath made, etc." -May the Christmas Spirit remain...through the Year

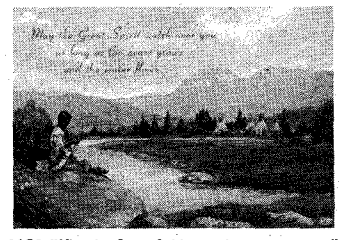


1329 "To have joy one must share it, etc."-Wishing you a Christmas Season filled with...Happiness

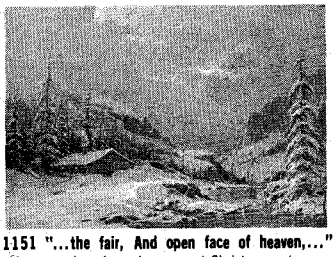
1230 Surprise on the Trail-To wish you a Merry Christmas and a New Year chuck full of Happiness



1315 A Good Day for Visiting-May the Spirit of Christmas Abide with you through the Coming Year



1158 "May the Great Spirit watch over you, etc." -Merry Christmas and Happy New Year

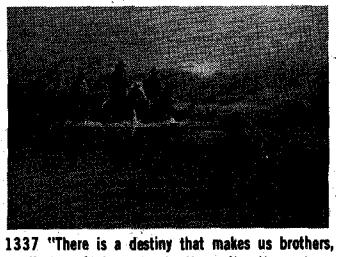


1151 "...the fair, And open face of heaven,..." -May every happiness be yours at Christmas, etc.

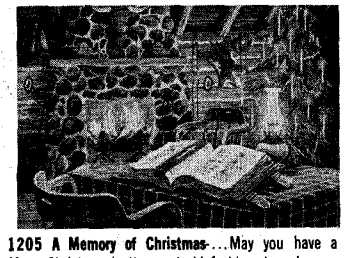
1345 "Greetings..."-With Best Wishes at Christmas and Happiness through all the Coming Year

1342 After the Storm-May the meaning of the Season be deeper...As Christmas comes...this year

3035 "To have joy one must share it, etc."-Wishing you a Christmas Season filled with Love and Happiness

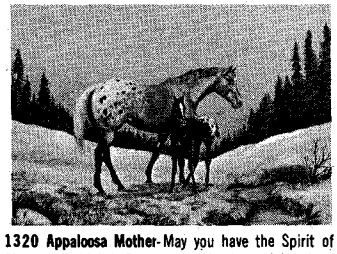


1337 "There is a destiny that makes us brothers, etc."-Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



1205 A Memory of Christmas-...May you have a Merry Christmas in the good old-fashioned way!

1216 "...may the Great Spirit bless all, etc."-With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year



1320 Appaloosa Mother-May you have the Spirit of Christmas which is Peace...the Heart...which is Love

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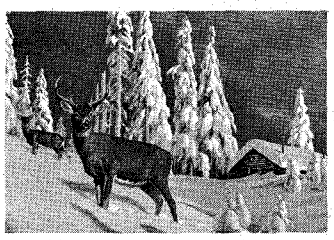
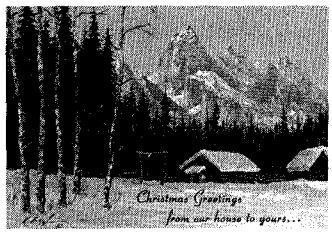
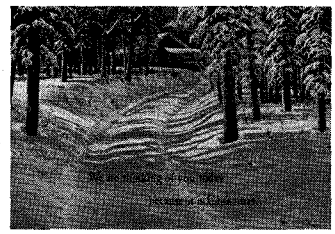


3040 "...face to face with creatures sublime, etc." -Merry Christmas and Happy New Year



1370 The folks at our place all join in to say "May all the folks at your place have a Happy Holiday"

1319 "...I'll wish for the snowman's nose."-A Season of Joy to you, dear friends, etc.

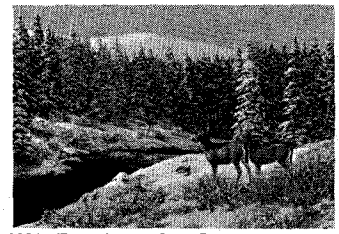


1364 "We are thinking of you..."-...good will to you is what we mean in...The Spirit of Christmas

1332 ...here's the proof our hearts can holler 'Merry Christmas'--for less than a dollar!

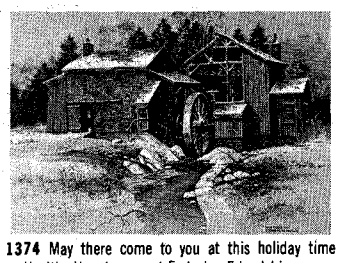
1749 "God, the Artist" Famous poem inside-Wishing you a Blessed Christmas and Happiness, etc.

1334 "To those we love and...all good friends, etc."-Merry Christmas from the two of us!



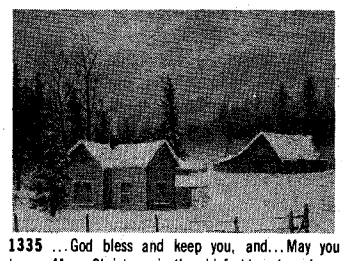
3072 "Take Time to See" Famous nature poem inside-Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year

1323 "May you always camp Where the water runs sweet, etc."-Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year



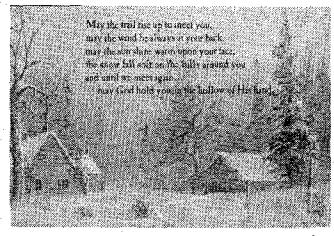
1374 May there come to you at this holiday time ...Health, Happiness and Enduring Friendships

1375 "I come to my solitary woodland walk, etc." -With Best Wishes for Christmas and all the New Year

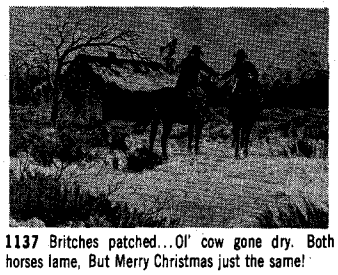


1335 ...God bless and keep you, and...May you have a Merry Christmas in the old-fashioned way!

1331 "In every home, in every heart the lights of friendship glow, etc."-MERRY CHRISTMAS



1234 "May the trail rise up to meet you, etc.-Merry Christmas and Best Wishes for a Happy New Year



1137 Britches patched...Ol' cow gone dry. Both horses lame, But Merry Christmas just the same!

1146 ...wishing you a rootin' tootin' Christmas and lots of happy times in the New Year to come.

Christmas is the time to touch across the miles

HOW TO ORDER: Use coupon or letter and mail with payment. Order all of one card design or as many of each as desired. Indicate envelope color choice of red, blue or white. Only one envelope color choice per order. Include fee for postage and handling in total payment. Colorado residents add 3% sales tax. California residents add 6% use tax. Canadian customs duty charged at border. No C.O.D.'s, please. Thank you.

TOTAL QUANTITY	12	25	37	50	75	100	125	150	200	300	500
WITHOUT NAME	$2.95	$5.25	$ 7.75	$10.25	$15.25	$19.75	$24.25	$28.75	$37.75	$55.75	$ 91.75
WITH NAME	4.45	7.00	9.75	12.50	17.75	22.50	27.25	32.00	41.50	60.50	98.50
NAME AND BRAND	6.45	9.00	11.75	14.50	19.75	24.50	29.25	34.00	43.50	62.50	100.50
ADDRESS ON ENV.	1.75	2.00	2.25	2.50	2.75	3.00	3.25	3.50	4.00	5.00	7.00

POSTAGE AND HANDLING FEE: Orders to $8.00 add **80¢** • $8.01 to $18.00 add **$1.00** • $18.01 and up add **$1.10**

Rush free sample and full-color catalog ☐

To order envelopes imprinted, check here. See price list for additional cost. ☐

Fill in quantity desired of each card number at right. Mix and assort at no extra cost.

Choose holiday red, powder blue or snowy white envelopes at no extra cost. Only one color choice per order. If no choice indicated, white will be sent.

1137	1230	1328	1342	1375
1139	1234	1329	1345	1377
1146	1304	1331	1360	1749
1151	1315	1332	1364	3035
1158	1316	1334	1367	3040
1205	1319	1335	1370	3051
1215	1320	1337	1373	3064
1216	1323	1338	1374	3072

RED ☐ BLUE ☐ WHITE ☐ | Total Cards Ordered | Total Payment Enclosed

NAMES TO BE PRINTED ON CHRISTMAS CARDS (ENCLOSE DRAWING OF BRAND)

SEND CARDS AND/OR CATALOG TO: _____ R-BK17

Rte., St. or Box No. _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

CUT HERE

LEANIN' TREE

BOX 1500-R-BK17
BOULDER, CO 80302

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED OR YOUR MONEY BACK

LEANIN' TREE BOX 1500-R-BK17, BOULDER, CO 80302

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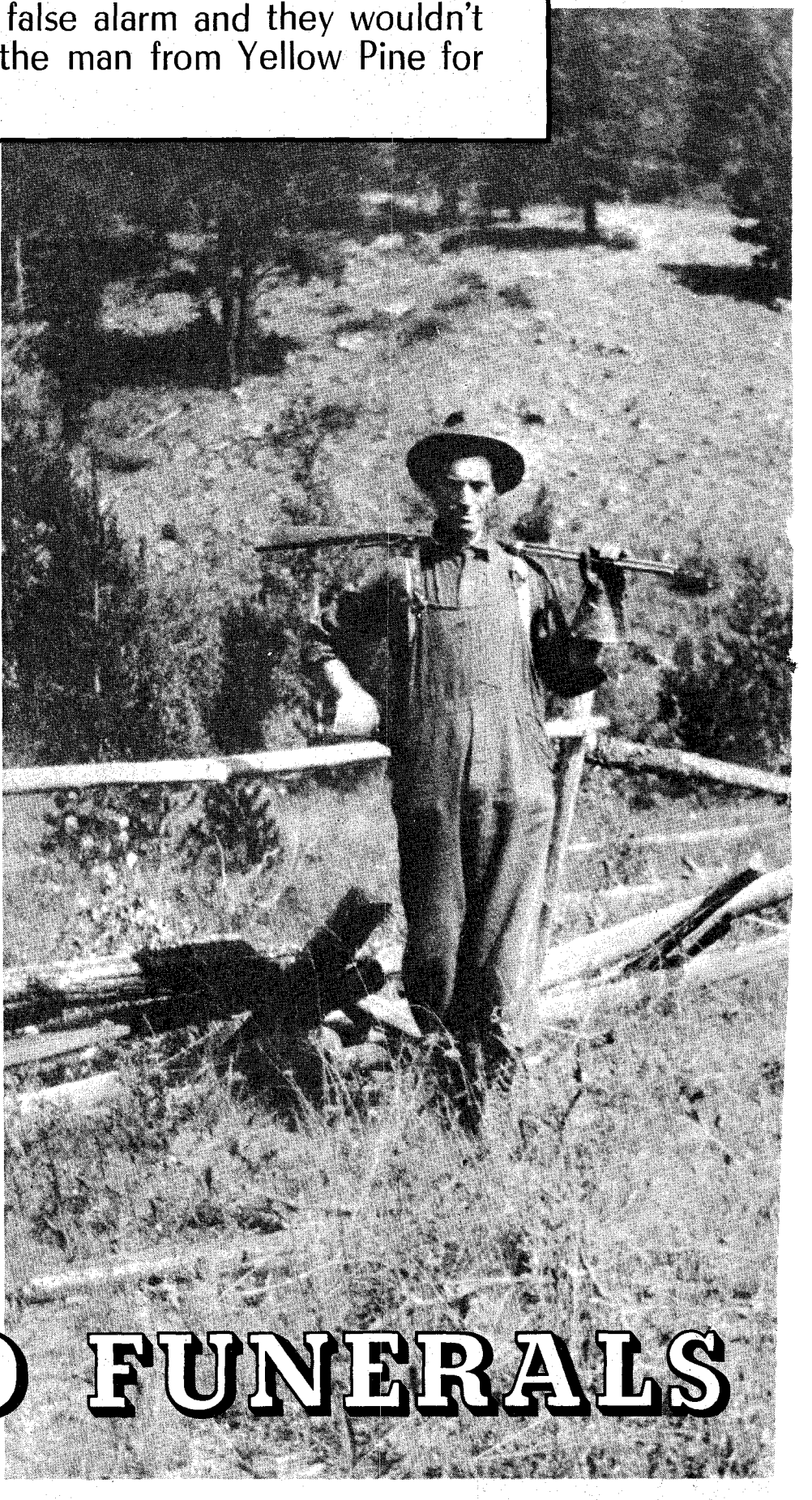
Unless angels have a lot of patience they must have been very relieved when Al's first rites turned out to be a false alarm and they wouldn't have to cope with the man from Yellow Pine for another fifty years!

TWO FUNERALS

BY ERNEST OBERBILLIG

Photos Courtesy Author



THE Weiser Idaho *American* newspaper of September 10, 1956 published this obituary:

Albert Hennessy, eighty, died last Monday, September 3, in Norton's Convalescent home of natural causes. Hennessy was a long time resident of Yellow Pine Hotel and born in New York State, December 28, 1875.

Mrs. Guy Herbert, Pioche, Nevada, a niece is the only known relative. Funeral services were held at Northern-Jones chapel Saturday. Burial was in Riverside Cemetery on the Oregon side.

This obituary was not unusual; similar ones appeared in most of the larger newspapers in Idaho a few years back. What then makes it significant? The remarkable thing about the death notice was that it recorded the second funeral for this man—the two occasions separated by more than half a century. The life and achievements for Albert Hennessy in the years between his two funeral services makes this story worth telling, and here are the circumstances of his first funeral.

Al Hennessy came from a large family of boys who moved from New York State to Butte, Montana in the early 1890s. An enterprising older one of the Hennessy boys established a dray and ore haulage business, which was soon expanded, with all the Hennessy brothers occupied. All except Al, that is. Al was always heading back into the hills with the rifle and a prospecting outfit.

After starving out on a poor prospect, Al would dejectedly come back to Butte to work awhile until he could scrape together another grubstake and head for the hills again.

One fall Al headed back to his usual diggings where he was driving a prospect drift or tunnel on a vein of ore. Al had whooped it up on his last night in town and had managed to get thrown in jail.

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Left: Al Hennessy in 1921 at his ranch (now Bryant Ranch). Above: The mountain village of Yellow Pine in 1930. Below: Al standing beside Henry Bryant's Ford (one of the first cars on the Hennessy Ranch).

His brothers bailed him out with the agreement to "get him out of town," and they added to his meager grubstake so it would last all winter.

With a well-stocked larder and mining supplies it was not surprising that his brothers heard nothing from him, as he was not much of a letter writer, and no concern was felt until the following spring.

When Al failed to return by early May, one of the Hennessy brothers was sent to look for him. This brother made inquiries in the mining district where Al had been working. Several prospectors recalled seeing him at work on his tunnel late in the fall but hadn't seen him for most of the winter and spring.

Fearing the worst, the brother arrived at Al's cabin and found it vacant. To add to the brother's alarm, he found the kitchen well-stocked with groceries, and a made-up bed in one corner of the cabin. A rifle was resting in a deer horn rack, and clothes were hanging from nails along one wall. Despite the clutter and shambles of small objects left by pack rats on the floor, tables and chairs, the cabin obviously had been occupied and neat several months earlier.

Al's brother walked up the trail to the mine and found a short candle in the blacksmith shop at the mouth of the tunnel. When he lit the candle and entered he was shocked to see human bones scattered about. Closer examination of the face of the tunnel indicated that a premature explosion had killed Al while he was loading dynamite in a drill hole. Several empty drill holes in the tunnel face had not yet been loaded but were all ready to be. He concluded that after the blast, coyotes, wolves or bobcats had entered the tunnel during the winter and, with their food scarce, had ripped Al's body to pieces.

Sadly the brother gathered Al's bones in a sack and carried them back to Butte for burial. A doctor friend examined the remains and confirmed the family's fears —the skeleton bones were of a size exactly matching Al's dimensions. There was now no doubt that Al had met a violent death and that wild beasts had left only a few scattered bones along the drift to tell the story.

With sadness in their hearts, the Hennessy brothers had a rousing Irish wake, followed by a proper Catholic funeral service in the church the next day. They then went back to work as usual, filling the busy days with haulage contracts, yet occasionally recalling with sorrowful thoughts the lonely demise of Brother Al.

ONE EVENING about a year later, a Hennessy brother was relaxing over a drink in a Butte saloon when the bartender handed him a little newspaper called the Thunder Mountain *News*—a paper printed in a new mining camp in Central Ohio. One item caught his eye: "Al Hennessy, our relief mail carrier, came into Roosevelt on his skis with a forty-pound pack of mail and express."

Could this be his brother or was it someone of the same name? George Hennessy rushed to show the newspaper to his brothers and they agreed he should immediately travel to Thunder Mountain to investigate.

After a long, hard horseback trip of ten days, George finally arrived at the remote little settlement of Yellow Pine Basin. Response to his inquiry was immediate: "Yeah, Al Hennessy is on his ranch four miles up Johnson Creek at the mouth of Riordan Creek."

George finished the last segment of his long journey scarcely noticing the beautiful timber and clear sparkling Johnson Creek—more a river than creek in size. His thoughts were still on his strange journey and the disappointment it might bring. Crossing Johnson Creek, though it was swollen by the spring runoff, was no problem because a good strong horse bridge had been built over it.

When George rode up to the house, he found Al Hennessy—his brother—splitting stove wood.

"Well, George, what brings you here—not bad news I hope?" he asked calmly.

"No. But, Al, we thought you were dead—killed in a blast in your tunnel! All I found was a few human bones that animals had left behind so we buried

FOR AL HENNESSY

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The start of the open pit on Hennessy's "Homestake" claims. This pit produced $50 million in gold, silver, antimony and tungsten between 1937 and 1952.

them thinking they was yours!" George explained.

"That had to be Alex Johnson's bones. I sold him my diggin's and asked John Blake to tell you I headed for Thunder Mountain. When you never wrote, I thought everybody was still mad at me for the fracas I caused on my last visit to Butte."

"Hell, no, we weren't mad! And we sure gave you a nice funeral and wake, but I'm happy it was not you we buried!" George said with a grin.

So it was that Al Hennessy had his first funeral in 1902 at Butte, Montana, and it wasn't until 1956 that he had his second. What happened between those years kept Al Hennessy mighty busy.

IN HIS long and interesting life Al owned and developed nearly every valuable mine, and one of the most valuable ranches, in the Yellow Pine area. While accomplishing these things, however, Al still drank more moonshine than any other two men in the district. He was the best skier for miles around and could even outshine his Scandinavian friends in this department—a fine feather in the hat of an Irishman.

Al Hennessy started acquiring property in Central Idaho by filing for a homestead ranch of 160 acres in August 1903. He had lived on the place for a year or two earlier but the first record of his ranch (which is the present Bryant ranch) was his application for patent in 1903. (Part of this acreage in the last decade has become the best Idaho Aeronautics Department Airstrip in Central Idaho. This grass field, nearly a mile long and called Johnson Creek Airstrip, adjoins the Bryant ranch.)

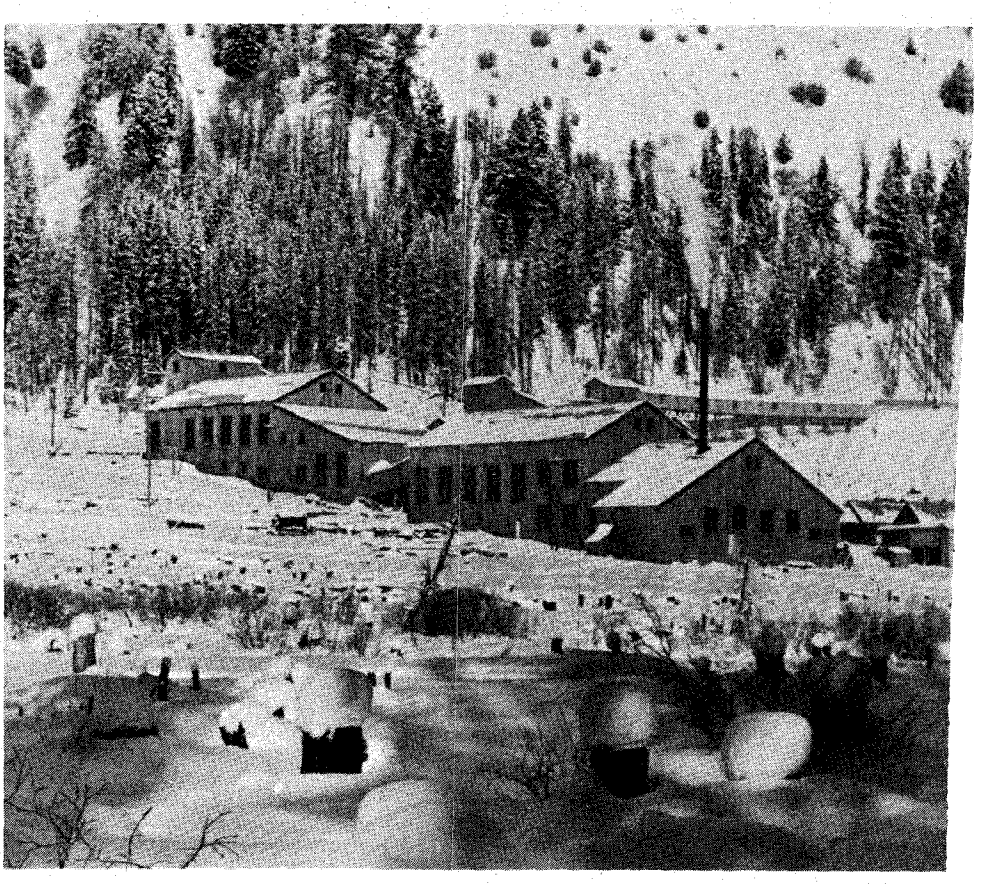
Al's development of his property was noted in the Idaho City *Idaho World* newspaper on September 10, 1906: "Al Hennessy of Morrison had constructed this summer three miles of road between Morrison and the Johnson Creek bridge. He had also built a good bath house at the Hot Springs near Morrison."

Al's ranching endeavors included a hay press at a spot called Hennessy Meadows on Riordan Creek about three miles east of his Morrison Ranch. Here Al harvested the wild hay or Timothy for winter feed for his horses, and packed it down to the ranch about 1,500 feet lower on Johnson Creek. Parts of Al's hay press can still be seen today in the meadows.

From 1903 until about 1916 Al Hennessy led an agricultural life with only short forays into the mining area of nearby Thunder Mountain. However, he kept his eyes open and indexed and catalogued all the likely prospects and mines. When World War I commenced, the mercury and antimony mines in the Yellow Pine district were reopened and prospecting for these metals developed into a mining boom. Many of the district's prospects of these metals had been found a decade or so earlier but were not developed until the war created a need and a rise in price. Prospecting really reached a fever pitch after the United States became involved in 1917.

During those war years Al Hennessy located several antimony and mercury prospects near the Pringle Smith mercury mine on Cinnebar Creek about fifteen miles east of his Morrison ranch. Though most of these scattered claims were not very important and did not develop into producing mines—the Meadow Creek prospect was a different story. It was located about three miles south of the junction of Sugar Creek and the East Fork of the South Fork on a small tributary of the East Fork called Meadow

Meadow Creek mine and mill in December 1931.



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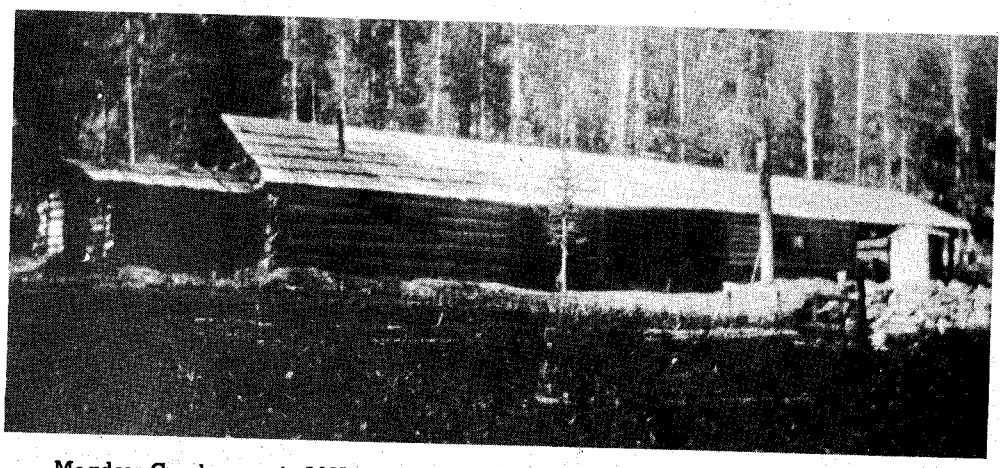
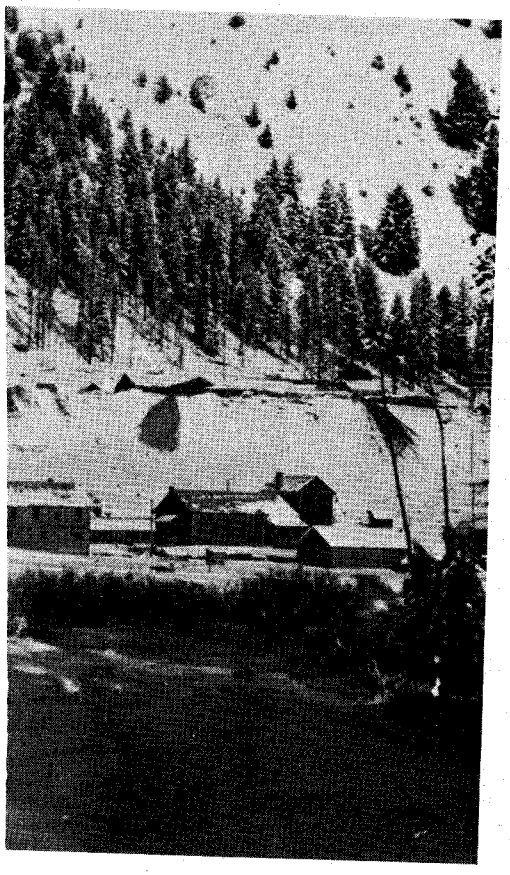


Meadow Creek camp in 1925.

Creek and was an old Thunder Mountain gold prospect which Al had studied ten or twelve years earlier.

The first work noted on the Meadow Creek prospect was in 1902 when J. C. McFarnahan filed for a water right on Meadow Creek for milling water for the Meadow Creek mine. This was much too early to work this mine because the stamp mills used then could not mill its complex gold and antimony ore mixture.

In 1919 Al Hennessy formed Meadow Creek Silver Mines Company with J. L. Niday, a Boise lawyer, and J. J. Oberbillig, a Boise assayer and mining engineer. Other than annual assessment work on the five original mining claims and six new corporate claims located at Meadow Creek, nothing much was done on it until after it was sold to United Mercury Mines Company formed by J. J. Oberbillig to purchase and explore both Pringle Smith's Hermes mercury mine and the Hennessy Meadow Creek mine as well. United Mercury was incorporated January 22, 1921 and funds were raised for the purchase and exploration work of the two mines.



In the years of 1921-1925, Fred Franz, George Brewer, and George Kennedy worked at Meadow Creek and drove hundreds of feet of tunnel into the Meadow Creek ore body, opening up a half million tons of antimony-silver-gold ore.

On November 4, 1922 the United Mercury balance sheet showed they purchased the Meadow Creek Silver Mining Company for $100,000 worth of stock. For the Pringle Smith mercury claims, $25,000 worth of Liberty Bonds were paid.

In 1925 the Homestake mine, the largest U. S. gold mine, sent its mining geologist, Lawrence Wright, to examine Meadow Creek mine. He liked the mine but Homestake's metallurgists turned it down because they couldn't treat the complex gold-antimony ore.

Then on May 17, 1927 the UMM Company optioned the Meadow Creek and Cinnebar mines to F. W. Bradley for $1.5 million. F. W. Bradley was a San Francisco mining engineer with a large interest in Alaska's Juneau gold mines and the Bunker Hill lead-silver mine in North Idaho. Bradley had also been the managing engineer of the productive Alaska-Treadwell mine.

From 1921 until the summer of 1923 Al Hennessy lived by selling United Mercury Mines Company stock he had received for his Meadow Creek Silver Mines Company, and he kept up his residence at his ranch on Johnson Creek and worked the mining claims he held on the west side of Johnson Creek just northwest of his ranch. He had received a patent to the ranch in 1919 from the U. S. Government and thus it became a proved-up homestead and real property in his own name.

RANCHING was not really Al's cup of tea so in 1923 he located Hennessy 1, 2 and 3 lode claims on the Stibnite pit area and formed the Great Northern Mines Company with J. L. Niday, his former Meadow Creek Silver Mines Company associate. Niday deposited $800 in the bank in the name of the corporation and gave Al the check book. Niday was allowed $200 more credit for expenses incorporating the company, and for this $1,000 he was to receive half the stock in the company. Thus, at this point the three most valuable claims in this part of Idaho (as they were to prove later) were acquired for a cash outlay of $1,000 plus labor.

Apparently Al thought Niday was to help with more money and when he didn't contribute additional funds to the bank account, Al located several adjoining claims, some individually and some with his friend, Fred Franz. Because Al did not deed these claims to the Great Northern Mines Company, he and Niday got into an argument and were soon in court. Finally the Idaho Supreme Court affirmed the District Court and Al was ordered to turn in all adjoining claims to the Corporation and for this he was to receive $50,001 in stock and Niday $49,999.

After the court order to split the stock and include all the claims in the company there was no way Niday and Hennessy could work together and even do the minimal annual assessment work on the claims amicably.

It was fortunate that at this time F. W. Bradley was already working the Meadow Creek and Cinnebar mines so in 1928 Niday and Hennessy gave Bradley an option on the Great Northern claims for $500,000 to be paid out of half the net proceeds, and Bradley did work on the claims each year.

For several years Bradley's Yellow Pine Mining Company did some geological work on these claims; but in 1931 he turned them back to Hennessy and Niday after his Superintendents White, Hampden, and Worthington and Geologist Hershey reported no ore on them.

Meanwhile, Hennessy and Niday had received $5,000 cash for an easement over the Great Northern claims for a road, pipeline and transmission line with tunnel sites so the early deal was not all a loss.

In 1933, J. J. Oberbillig purchased the Great Northern claims—giving $7,500 each to Hennessy and Niday. Hennessy was paid out at $250 per month from November 1933 until May 1936. For $15,000 this group of eleven claims was bought, but with still no proven ore.

In early 1937 a penstock pipeline walker, when examining a redwood pipeline leak, found that water had washed the dirt off the hillside on the claims and the ore was now open on the east side of the pit. Bradley was soon milling 500 tons per day of gold ore from this mine. (In 1939 the U. S. Bureau of Mines started drilling for startegic antimony there and in the winter of 1940-1941 the drills cut high-grade tungsten ore associated with antimony. During World War II this pit was the largest U. S. producer of antimony and tungsten—about $25,000,000 worth in four years.)

RETURNING to Hennessy's original Meadow Creek Silver Mines Company claims sold to UMM Co. in 1920, which Bradley had optioned from United Mercury Mines Company in 1927, we find that with the aggressive characteristic of any Bradley operation, they moved in

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Stock Certificate for 25,000 shares of the Meadow Creek Silver Mine Company.

and proved up the ore body and developed it for mining, and built a road ten miles to Profile Creek where it connected with the Yellow Pine road already built by the U.S. Forest Service. They built camps at Meadow Creek and at the North Tunnel and the lower Haulage Tunnel. They also started a mill in 1931 which was finished by Christmas, and milled ore from Meadow Creek from 1932 until 1937.

During those early 1930 years the Meadow Creek mine produced about $200,000 per year and kept an average of fifty men working year round. This mine was the only bright spot in the economy of Valley County during those dark Depression years and the camp started looking even brighter after the Great Northern claims were stripped for open pit mining in 1937. Then in 1939 the rumblings of World War II promised the need for antimony as a war metal and, of course, the tungsten discovery in 1940-1941 followed. And we must credit Al Hennessy with being the original owner and promoter of the two biggest mines in that mining district.

But let's backtrack and see what Al had been doing on his ranch on Johnson Creek in the early 1920s. Al got the idea that fox farming would suit him just fine and would make a paying proposition of his 160-acre homestead. So he built some kennels, runs, and pens, brought in some foxes, and started on his way to building up a fox fur empire. He interested Henry Bryant, a Ford dealer in Boise who was Henry Ford's brother-in-law, and sold Bryant half his ranch in 1921.

The fox business was not very great so in the winter of 1926 Bryant snowshoed in from Cascade and pelted out the entire farm—breeding stock and all. The wags of Yellow Pine remarked that Bryant should have pelted Hennessy at the same time for getting him into the fox business in the first place.

Al Hennessy left his mark permanently on Johnson Creek by dynamiting the deep holes near the Hanson Ranch and catching the stunned white fish in nets on a riffle below. He blasted these holes to twice their original depth, but he did keep his foxes fed with white fish.

Al sold the remaining half of his ranch to H. H. Bryant on November 17, 1924 but I found a confusing deed dated March 28, 1927 to T. L. Reedy from Al Hennessy for half the ranch, when he had already deeded it all to Bryant. Perhaps Al was drinking and made out the deed to Reedy to give Bryant some trouble.

IN September 1933 Al sold his ten Anaconda claims to Idaho Minerals Company, another venture incorporated by his old friend, J. J. Oberbillig. These were located just northwest of Al's ranch along the steep slope of the canyon west of Johnson Creek and contained some antimony, gold and silver prospects. Al had

(Continued on page 38)

Lafe Cox and Al on the way to Al's ill-fated Buck Creek camp. This was the last of Al's mining endeavors.

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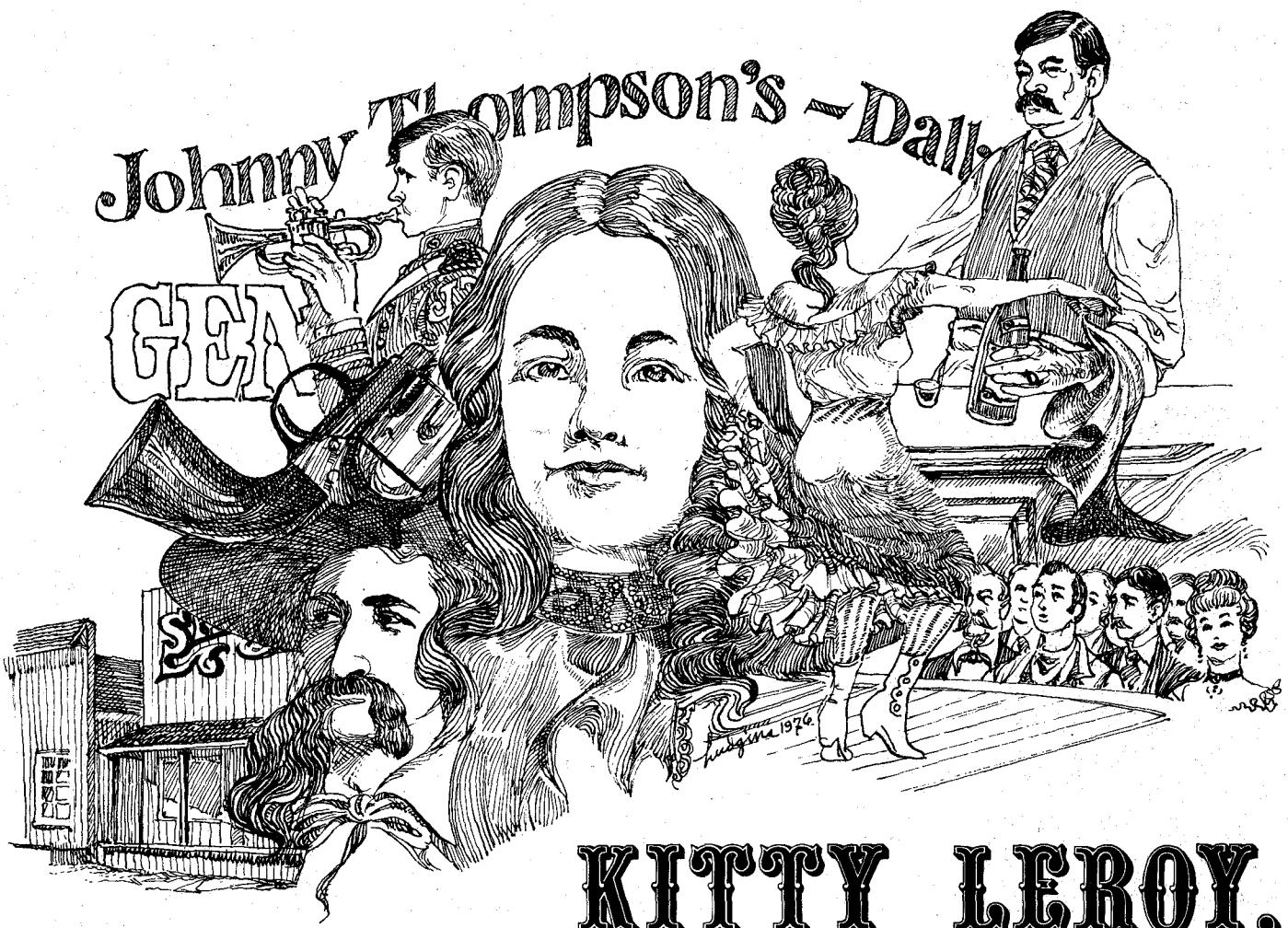

KITTY LEROY, QUEEN OF THE HOOFERS

From Dallas to Deadwood—a quick trip that was all downhill . . .

BY WAYNE GARD

Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

STIRRING band music that made hearts beat faster echoed on Dallas' bustling Main Street in the afternoons and evenings back in 1875. The band stood in front of Johnny Thompson's variety theater, and the louder it played, the more people stopped to listen—and the more went into the theater, which offered vaudeville acts, singing, and dancing.

The star of Johnny's show and the toast of Dallas males, was the celebrated jig dancer, Kitty LeRoy. Kitty, then about twenty-six, had thick, brown curly hair and bright eyes. She wore diamonds in her ears, but her eyes sparkled more than the gems.

When she danced in her wild gypsy dress, Kitty didn't need to play with fans or bubbles or to strip down to her bare skin. But she could twist and wiggle like the hula dancers of Hawaii or the belly dancers of the eastern Mediterranean countries. She aroused the cowboys and other spectators to a fever pitch.

The Dallas of Thompson's day had acquired two rail lines to become the crossroads of northern Texas. Longhorn herds were leaving on the trails to Kansas, buffalo hides were being brought in on wagontrains from Fort Griffin, and carpenters were putting up new business buildings and homes.

The center of Main Street had tracks over which little Mexican mules pulled dinky cars that some called hayburners. On each side of the street were hitching racks and posts where the cowpokes who rode in from the ranches could tie their mounts. The posts near Johnny's place were always in use around show time.

When Johnny's band was playing, Dallas housewives walked on the other side of the street and held their noses high. Johnny's was not the place for them. When a man had a woman with him at this theater, one could almost be sure she was not his wife.

Johnny Thompson always put on a good show. No patron ever asked for his money back. But in 1875 it was Kitty LeRoy whose dancing made the rafters ring. After a few drinks at Marble Hall or one

(Continued on page 41)

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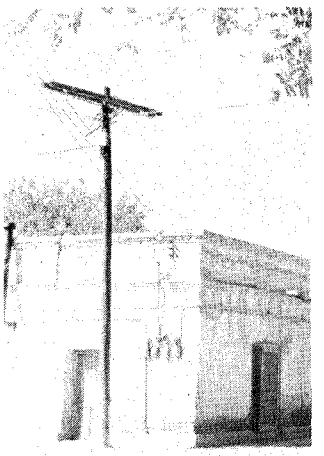
What bitter irony—
to behold a cave of gold bars and then be struck blind.
And what a bitter choice—
to confide the location or live out one's days in poverty . . .



A CATTLE TRACKER'S LOST GOLD

BY GENE KIVETT

Map From Cram's Family Atlas Of The World, 1888

Photo Courtesy New Mexico Department of Development

Above: Map of New Mexico and Texas from Las Cruces to El Paso; and New Mexico's state flower, the Yucca, with the Organ Mountains in background.

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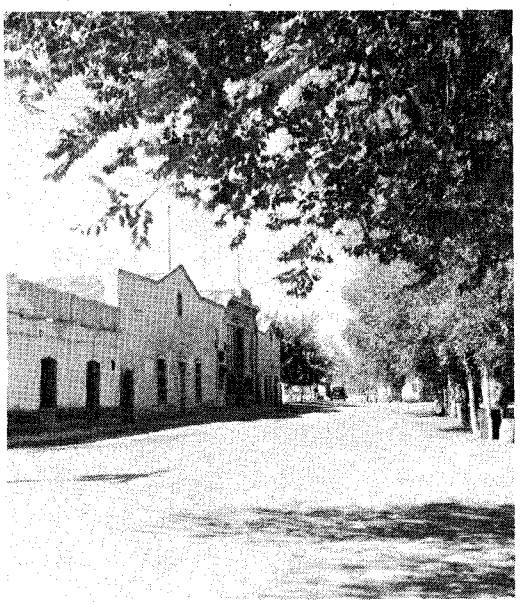

Left: Plaza at Mesilla, New Mexico.

Photo Courtesy R. B. Rugeley

DURING the winter of 1918 an old Spanish-American, Demetrio Varela, died in a small, run-down adobe house in the outskirts of El Paso, Texas. He was ninety-seven—and so poor that relatives had to pay for his funeral.

In his time, Varela had been a cowboy, a rancher, a cattle tracker, and a gold prospector. As the latter, his fortunes had varied in the extreme.

Until his dying day, Demetrio Varela claimed—and there is no reason to doubt his word—that he had once discovered a stack of dust-covered gold bars that measured four feet in height, and four feet in width, and four feet in length. The heavy stack of gold was, literally, worth a king's ransom. And it was all Varela's for the taking.

Yet, because of selfishness and procrastination on his part, and because of disbelief and skepticism on the part of his wife, Varela never cashed in a single ounce of the gold—nor did anyone else. The massive stack of bars is still in a hidden chamber, untouched since Demetrio Varela discovered them on a cold, snowy night almost a century ago.

Varela was born in Mesilla Valley, not far from present-day Las Cruces, New Mexico. During his long life he lived under the Mexican, the Confederate, and the American flags.

In his youth, Varela apprenticed himself to an old Indian and learned the trade of cattle tracker. Cattle trackers were highly skilled specialists in the art of finding lost, strayed, or stolen cattle. They were much respected for their skill and were often in demand by ranchers. It was said that a journeyman cattle tracker could follow a herd of cattle for hundreds of miles and never lose the trail, no matter if the tracks he was following got mingled with the tracks of a dozen different herds. A good tracker enjoyed a professional standing equal to that of a medical doctor, and was paid as much or more for his services.

When Varela was thirty, he married a comely young widow, Dóna Chonita, whose former husband had left her a small cattle ranch in Mesilla Valley. Varela operated his wife's ranch and took on cattle tracking assignments. He also prospected for gold every chance he got.

IN the winter of 1878, rustlers drove off some prize cattle belonging to a rancher named Armijo, whose spread was located near Old Mesilla. Armijo sent for Varela and engaged him to track down the thieves.

The rustlers had a full day's start, but Varela accompanied by two armed *vaqueros* from the Armijo ranch, quickly picked up the trail. Driving the cattle ahead of them at a fast gait, the thieves headed northeast toward the Organ Mountains. Varela and his escort kept riding hard. Late in the day they followed the tracks into a deep canyon and saw where the cattle had been butchered and the meat loaded on pack horses.

Varela deduced that the thieves intended to cross Saint Augustine Pass to the Indians who lived in the mountains beyond and trade the meat for pelts. And he also figured that if he and his escort rode all night they should overtake the culprits by dawn. Then, with a little luck, they could capture or kill the theives and, while not being able to recover the fine cattle, they would at least take the meat back to Armijo.

Night came on, and dark clouds blotted out the stars. Varela and his *vaqueros* kept riding as hard as the dark night would permit. Near Saint Augustine Pass, a driving snow began to blow in from the north. The trio pulled their hats down low and continued on in the face of the storm. In the bitter, dark night it was hard for Varela to keep on the trail. And as time wore on, the storm grew even worse.

Varela finally decided they would have to find a sheltered place and wait. It was madness to continue. They turned off the trail and headed up a narrow canyon. Eventually they came to a thick grove of pine trees at the foot of a large, overhanging ledge. Here they dismounted, tied up their horses, and loosened the saddle cinches.

The men moved in under the ledge, where they were sheltered from the snow and wind. They kindled a fire and heaped dead tree limbs on it. Soon they had a crackling blaze, and stood around it, hands extended, soaking up the warmth.

After a while, Varela wandered away from the fire and began casually to examine the face of the ledge, while his companions busied themselves hunting up firewood. Varela was an inveterate prospector, always on the lookout for odd rock formations or anything else that might suggest a mineral prospect.

Presently, as he poked about the face of the ledge not far from the fire, he spotted what appeared to be the mouth of a tunnel. It was partly covered with rocks and debris. Squatting down, he cleared away the loose rubble and saw that it was indeed what it had appeared to be.

He called out to his companions, pointed to the tunnel entrance, and said he was going to explore it.

"Be careful, *amigo*," one of them laughed, "you might find a hibernating bear inside!"

Varela grinned, then went to his saddle bags and pulled out a home-made tallow candle and a flint. Stooping low, he entered the tunnel. In the candle's dim light he saw that the passage was only a few yards long with a large cave at the end of it. He moved toward the cave and entered it. Standing erect, with the candle held high, he saw that he was in a large, man-made cavern. There were very old timber supports in the room. On the walls and ceiling were marks from miners' picks.

Varela stood stock still, eyeing these strange surroundings, wondering who had dug this large cave, when it had been dug, and for what purpose. Slowly he moved forward in the tomb-like, musty chamber. Then, after a moment, he spotted an object in a far off corner that made him stop in his tracks and hold his breath. It appeared as large or larger than a burro and was of the same brownish color. It seemed to be kneeling or lying down. Was it a bear?

He yanked out his six-shooter, cocked it, and took dead aim on the object. Then he inched forward. Slowly the object took the form of a table or block of some kind that was draped over with old cowhides. Varela expelled a sigh of relief, stepped forward and jerked off the crackling coverings.

The square, block-like object that was exposed was completely covered with a thick layer of dust. Impulsively, Varela reached down and scraped the palm of his hand across its top. He was astonished to see that as his hand scraped a path through the dust, a clean surface was revealed that gleamed like a bright new moon.

THIS was gold! Varela shook so with excitement that he dropped his candle and extinguished its light. He fell to his knees and groped wildly until he found and re-lit it.

Still shaking, he scraped off more dust and saw that the block consisted of dozens of bars of gold. He hefted a couple of them, and then took his hunting knife and jabbed the point into several bars of the malleable bullion.

"*Dios!*" he spoke aloud. "This is almost pure gold!" He breathed hard, gazing wide-eyed at the bullion. "Am I dreaming? Will I suddenly wake up in my bed at home?"

No, it wasn't a dream, and he knew it. He carefully replaced the ancient hides on the stack of gold, and then moved on, exploring the chamber. In a corner he discovered several bulging cowhide sacks. As he turned one over, the old sack burst. Large and small pieces of ore

(Continued on page 40)

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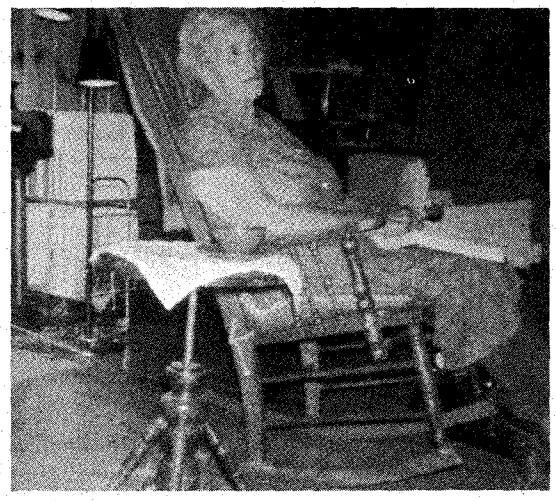
Helen Toulou in her eighties.



The Colville Indians' HELEN TOULOU

BY THELMA KIMMEL

Photos Courtesy Author

Only after youthful rebellion had passed did this woman of two bloods realize why she'd been trained from childhood to help her mother's people . . .

"NO DOUBT a fortune awaits the descendants of my father if there is enough money or patience to track it down," Helen Toulou said to me not many years before she died. "Perhaps some of the younger ones will try. My white Grandfather Perkins had a large New York wharfage and seven ships at sea. My Canadian Indian Grandfather Swe-owt-kin (Shadow Top or Tall man), who trapped for Hudson's Bay, knew all the skills for survival in the wilderness. He could kill a deer with his bare hands. A continent divided the two men whose blood was to mingle."

Helen Toulou—spokeswoman for the Colville Indians and others who needed her skills—sat in an antique rocker as regal as a queen, her bad leg lifted on a stool, her stout cane lying beside her. She spoke the best of English, displaying a keen mind and an incredible memory. Well into her eighties, she was a handsome woman, her high cheek bones the only physical indication of her Indian heritage. A few months earlier she had made one of her periodic trips to Washington, D. C. where she had attended many Indian conferences in the past and had met with Presidents of the United States, including Kennedy and Johnson.

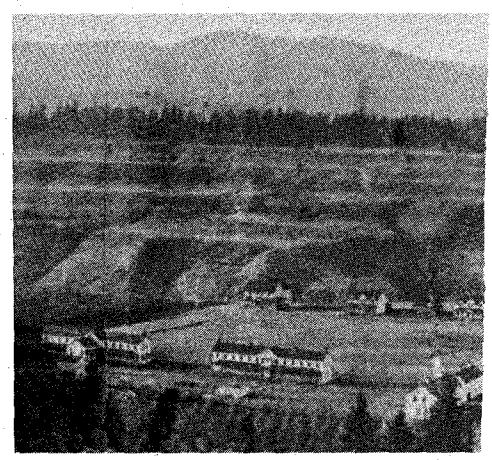
"Yes," she told me, "I am related to Frances Perkins and the famous Doctor Perkins of London. My white grandmother was a Griswold and there was a family connection with the J. P. Morgans. But all that is not important. My father taught me that what you do with your own life is the important thing. He heard a famous general say: 'Kill all the Indians —women and children. All. Nits make lice.' He determined to help the Indians, feeling that nothing they did was less civilized than their treatment by white men."

And Helen Toulou had followed in her father's footsteps, using her talents for the race she called "Her People."

"Father trained me for something," she said. "At the time I could not visualize his motive. He demanded that I speak and write correctly, and Webster's dictionary was always beside me. He instructed me in English, mathematics, history, music, medicine and law, with emphasis on law. I think he knew I had his ways and his mind; that someday I would want to help my mother's people even though I was not then aware of the value of learning. He kept me continually at my books.

"My sister, who was considerably older than I, was rather frail and she lived with our mother's people, learning all the old ways of cooking and weaving. My

Fort Spokane in its earliest days.



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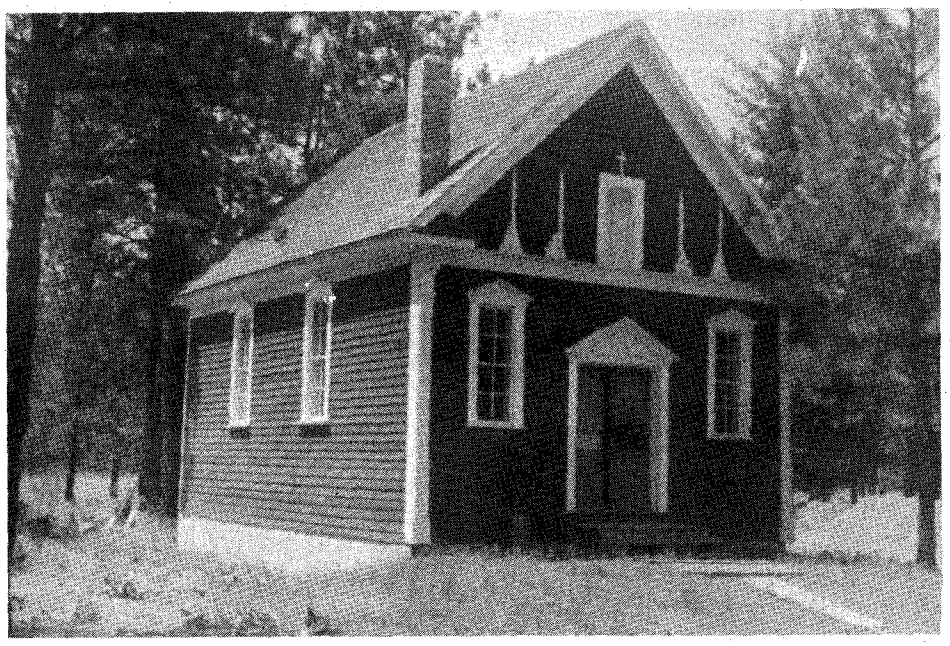
maternal grandmother lived with our family before I was born, and they said she insisted on cooking in baskets with hot stones and sleeping in her tepee as soon as winter ended."

THE life story of Frederick Perkins whose grave lies unmarked in the northeast corner of Washington State—where Protestant missionaries Walker and Eels once attempted a church—would read much "stranger than fiction." Born to wealth, educated in the best schools in the United States and Europe, trained in law, dentistry, medicine and music, young Frederick was nevertheless restless and adventurous. He sailed to the West Coast as a stowaway on one of the family ships, stopping in San Francisco during the turmoil of the gold boom. Later he worked his way north to the Hudson's Bay kingdom in Washington Territory.

Fort Colville, built by the British fur company the year Frederick was born, was headquarters for the company's business in the Inland Empire, including the Okanogan, Kootenai and Flathead sections. It was a center for agricultural development and milling, in connection with the immense fur trading business. The young Easterner's many skills were immediately in demand.

"It was at Fort Colville that my father first met my mother," Mrs. Toulou said. "Her parents had come down from Canada with their annual load of furs. Occasionally they took two years in making the trip to the headwaters of the Columbia and back. They stored their reed tents in trees along the way to make traveling easier and they liked to spend some time at the fort visiting.

"This day my mother, who was but a small child, was playing with the half-Indian children, several of them belonging to the factor Angus MacDonald. They were paddling in the backwaters of Kettle Falls when my mother became tangled in debris and almost drowned. The others dragged her out for dead and went running for Dr. Perkins, who was also the schoolteacher. Father gave little Ellen artificial respiration, bringing her back to consciousness. This 'raising from the dead,' so to speak, inspired great respect and awe among the Indians. My mother was left deafened for life and the young man who saved her from drowning could not forget the little girl. Father told us the story in later years."



An early-day Catholic mission brought into Fort Wright for restoration.

Frederick Perkins returned to the East, added to his education and sailed three times around the world, but he seemed to have left his heart at Fort Colville. The Civil War was imminent and his plantation and slave-owning brothers were on each side of the conflict.

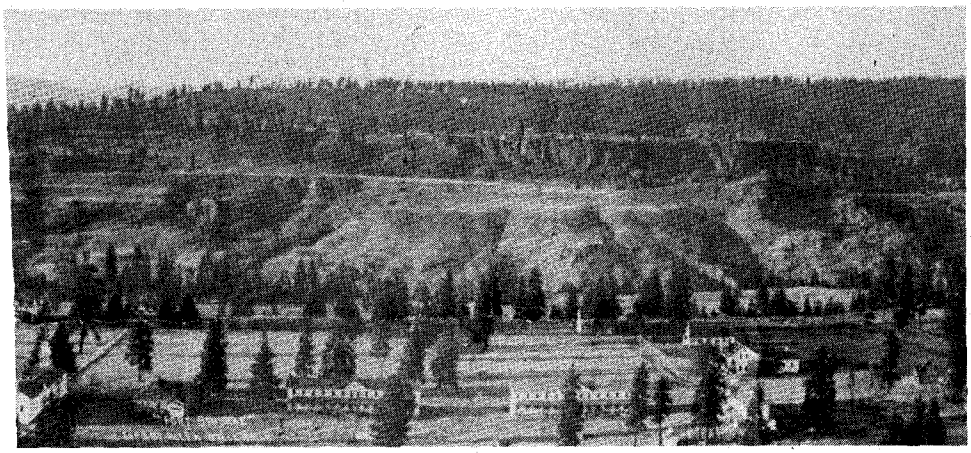
Frederick made a contract with his sister, who had started homes for unfortunate girls both in the United States and Europe, on how to use the money left them at their father's death. The contract stipulated that whatever was left by the one who died first would go to the other. "Since my aunt used only the interest from their inheritance," Mrs. Toulou explained, "that is why there should be a fortune waiting somewhere."

An older, more dedicated Frederick Perkins returned to Fort Colville, traveling the northern route on horseback with six companions. Indians stole their horses along the Missouri and they had to proceed by foot and canoe until they could bargain for more mounts. Even then they could not get enough animals for all, so they took turns riding and walking until they reached Fort Colville.

Angus MacDonald welcomed Perkins with open arms. The Yakima Indian Wars had been fought and there were many changes in the land. The United States Army was busily building forts though the area had only scattered settlements.

"Father met Mother again and they were married. She was fifteen years old, beautiful and skillful in spite of her deafness. Her father had not wanted her to go to the white man's school but MacDonald had prevailed upon him and she had taken a few classes. Mother was a Catholic and attended events at the nearby mission, speaking and understanding French. Father was Presbyterian but there never seemed to be any conflict between them.

"However, an uncle of my mother became so enraged over her marriage to a white man that he tricked her into his camp by feigning her mother's illness. Thereupon he seized her bodily and bound her with leather thongs. A young relative cut her loose and she escaped to a canoe, starting to row across the river. The irate uncle shot at the canoe, and my mother had to swim the rest of the way, but she got back safely to her husband."



FREDERICK PERKINS made one more trip to the East. His mother had completely disowned him upon learning of his marriage to an Indian girl but other members of the family, hoping to lure him back, sent the gift of a fully equipped seagoing vessel to Astoria for him to claim.

"Father sailed the ship back to New York, sold it and returned by wagontrain, using the money for various supplies for my mother's people. He never went East again."

Changes came fast to the upper country as Hudson's Bay released its hold and the Indians were forced upon reservations. The white people—miners and set-

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tlers—moved in, usurping land ruthlessly. The Chinese washing the Columbia sands for gold were murdered and mistreated by both whites and Indians. Harney's Depot filled with soldiers and later took the name of Fort Colville from the Hudson's Bay stronghold.

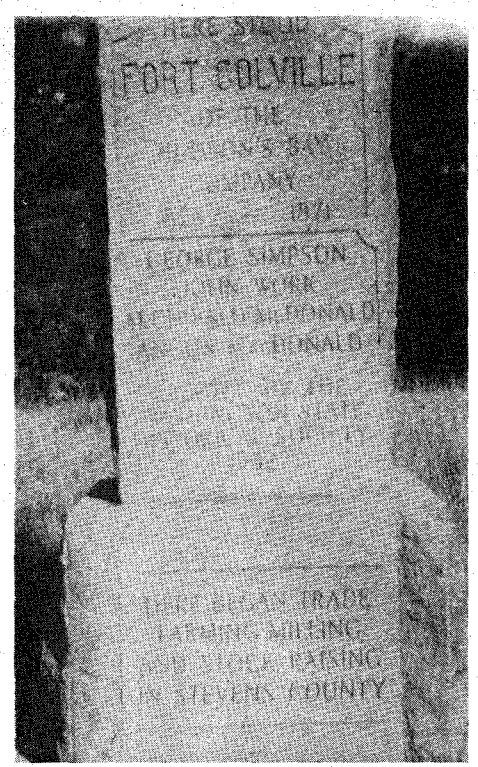
Hiram Smith, a New York newspaperman, was said to have had the first private trading post in the Northwest. He married an Indian girl and claimed extensive holdings along the Canadian border. Chief Moses and his people were given a reservation below Smith's domain but were soon pushed out of it by miners and cattlemen and put on the Colville Reservation.

With Chief Joseph losing his homeland in Wallowa and leading the army on an almost successful flight to Canada, fighting as he fled with his band, General William T. Sherman marched in to order the building of two more forts. One was at the confluence of the Spokane and the Columbia to be known as Fort Spokane, the other on Lake Coeur d'Alene; it later became Fort Sherman.

When Chief Joseph was returned to the Colville Reservation, a prisoner of war, and with less than half of his original number, the San Poils resented their coming and a strong armed force was deemed necessary to keep peace.

"Soon after I was born General Sherman made a colorful return trip to our area," Helen Toulou said. "I remember being told about it. He came to inspect the forts he had ordered built. This time he reached Idaho by train. From Coeur d'Alene to Fort Spokane he rode in an ambulance converted for the occasion, with soldiers marching ahead and the band playing as they traveled. Fort Spokane had quite a force of soldiers, up until they marched away to the Spanish-American War and it was turned into an Agency. The soldiers spent a lot of time in the new city of Spokane Falls. There were many soldiers' graves at the fort.

"I never saw General Sherman to remember him but his son Tom, the deranged priest at Loomis, was around in my time. They sent him as far from civilization as they could—that was in 1915. He had a famous Arabian stallion, Astralid, that left many descendants. Father Tom was fifty-nine when he came to the North country. He was peaceful, but the aging priest at Republic not far away—once a booming mining town—sometimes threatened people with a gun. It is interesting to note," Helen Toulou added, "that Tom Sherman died in California where a broken-hearted *señorita* waited until her death for his father's promised return."



Below: One of the few remaining original buildings of Fort Spokane.

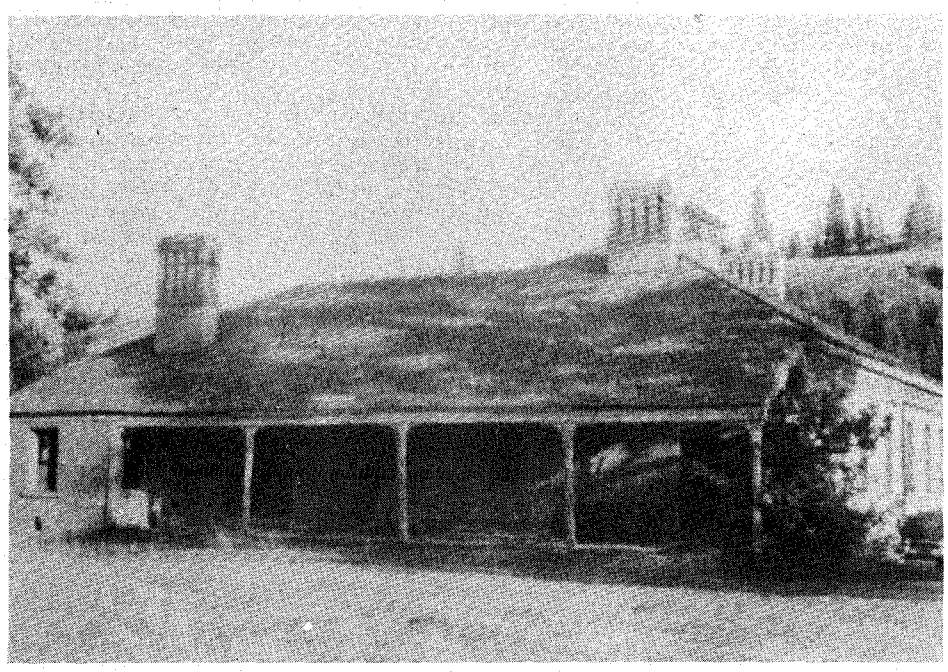


Photo Courtesy E. L. Kimmel

Helen Toulou remembered both Chiefs Moses and Joseph. "Moses was better liked and jovial. He received gifts from the government and seemed to wander about where he pleased. Joseph was somber and embittered and treated as a prisoner. He did go back to Washington though and was hosted by his enemies, former President Grant and General Miles. Historian Meany came from the University of Washington in later years to live with him while writing Joseph's life story. I don't think Chief Joseph ever touched whiskey but Moses drank himself to death. In 1879 he had gone to Washington, D. C. to plead for a reservation in the Coulee country—his homeland—to no avail."

FREDERICK PERKINS stayed on after his Hudson's Bay friends were gone, to work with the Indians. Their tents were strung about his home as they came for help in many ways—dentistry, other medical care, legal advice, even for food.

"It was a wild country I grew up in, with all the makings for a Western movie," Mrs. Toulou said ruefully. "There were claim jumpings and killings, rustling and gambling, booming mines and stage robberies—all the elements of the ruthlessness involved in pioneer settlement where there is a mixture of people. There were miners, railroad builders, cattlemen, raiders, soldiers, Indians and Chinese.

"Father knew hard times but he was always cheerful. He served wherever he was needed. In fact, his death came about from an act of charity. He went out in a blizzard to save the life of a sick Indian twenty-five miles away. Coming home in the raging storm he lost his way and suffered snow blindness from which he never recovered. Later while chopping wood, and not being able to see well, he injured his arm; blood poison followed and amputation. Mother died with pneumonia and he followed her a year later, leaving little wordly goods.

"I didn't mind working hard when my parents were alive but when they were gone and my brother insisted I stay and work on the farm like a man in the field and in the house like a servant, I rebelled. I had no money; I was virtually a prisoner."

That was when Helen decided to run away. Often she had thought longingly of the school at Fort Spokane after it had been turned into an Indian Agency. All the lovely white buildings—what a beautiful place to live.

"My cousin wanted to go to school, too, so he hid a horse for me in the trees near our place and I stole out at night and ran off with him. I had only the clothes I wore and a coat and a big leghorn hat some relatives had given me. That is the way I started to school at Fort Spokane. Do you know there is scarcely an original building left now? The settlers hauled them away after the school was closed."

Helen recalled that she was furnished black coarse dresses for work, blue and grey with white stripes for school, and

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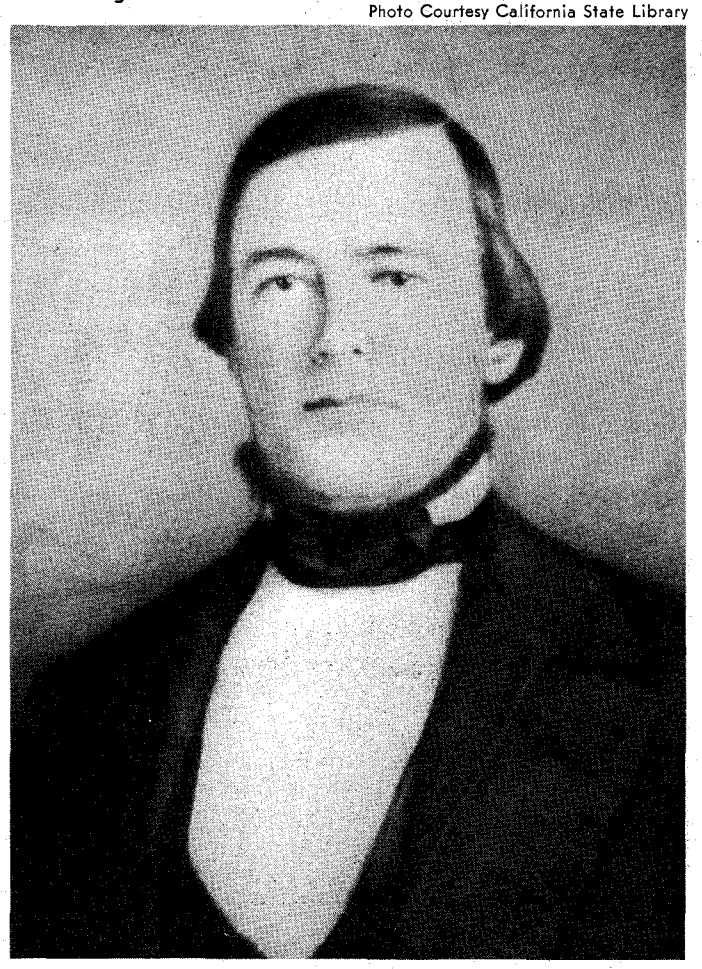
Squatter Riots In California

Hardin Bigelow.

Photo Courtesy California State Library



A time of mobs and locked doors ...

BY ETHEL BANGERT

Photo Courtesy Author

ONE hundred and twenty-five years ago Sacramento, California became embroiled in a small but bitter civil war. This "squatter riot" had long been brewing. Land titles held by the grantees of the Mexican Government who were protected in their rights by treaty were the root of the trouble.

The dispute had started up with the first immigrant to California and reached the boiling point in a skirmish between Sam Brannan, a famous '49er, and those who termed themselves "squatters."

Before gold was found, land could be had in California almost for the asking. American foreigners who married daughters of the Dons became naturalized citizens of Mexico and received vast estates from their wives' dowries.

It was during the Mexican era and especially at the close of 1846 that California was cut up into those vast estates which, could they have been held for the descendants of the grantees, would have made them fabulously wealthy. Instead, Spanish and Mexican grants which formed the basis for later land titles caused endless disputes when the United States came into possession of the country. Land titles often overlapped and were productive of great entanglements and an enormous amount of legal work. Some of this goes on to this day.

Not many grants were bestowed during the Spanish era but the Mexican governors gave away California land with princely imprudence. If a man wanted land, he made his application to the governor and if he stood in well with the government, his petition was granted without ceremony.

One great Mexican overlord—Don Antonio Maria Lugo—is typical of many who followed him and will serve very well as an example of the generosity of the Mexican rulers. Don Antonio was born in California in 1775. When little more than a boy he served valiantly in battle for the honor of Spain. He was given a concession of land for his services and there was a time when he could ride for two days and two nights without touching a foot to land that did not belong to him. From San Bernardino under the shadow of the great "Mountains of Mystery" westward to where the ships of Cabrillo once rocked in the harbor of San Pedro, through what is now Pasadena and Los Angeles—it was *all* Don Antonio's land.

IT WAS as a Mexican citizen and officer in the army of that republic (just to further his own personal aim) that Captain John A. Sutter became the possessor of thirty-three Spanish leagues embracing more than 254,000 acres. Sutter's newly surveyed townsite, consisting of portions of his original grant, proved in the hands of his agents to be a highly profitable source of revenue. After the gold strike, land values soared. Sutter's aides sold land to everyone who had a poke of dust.

Some didn't have gold. They just squatted where they pulled up the wagons, and no matter *who* ordered them off they stayed where they were.

Sam Brannan, active in all affairs of that day, took the matter into his own hands. He formed the "levelers," a group determined to pull down the houses of

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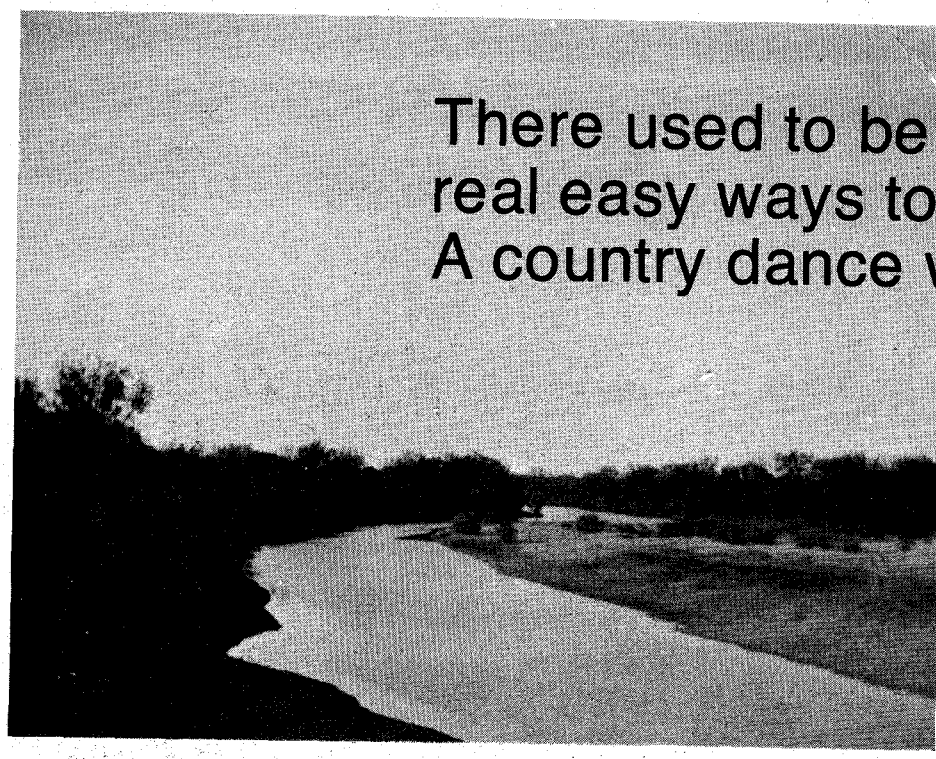
POOR CHARLIE



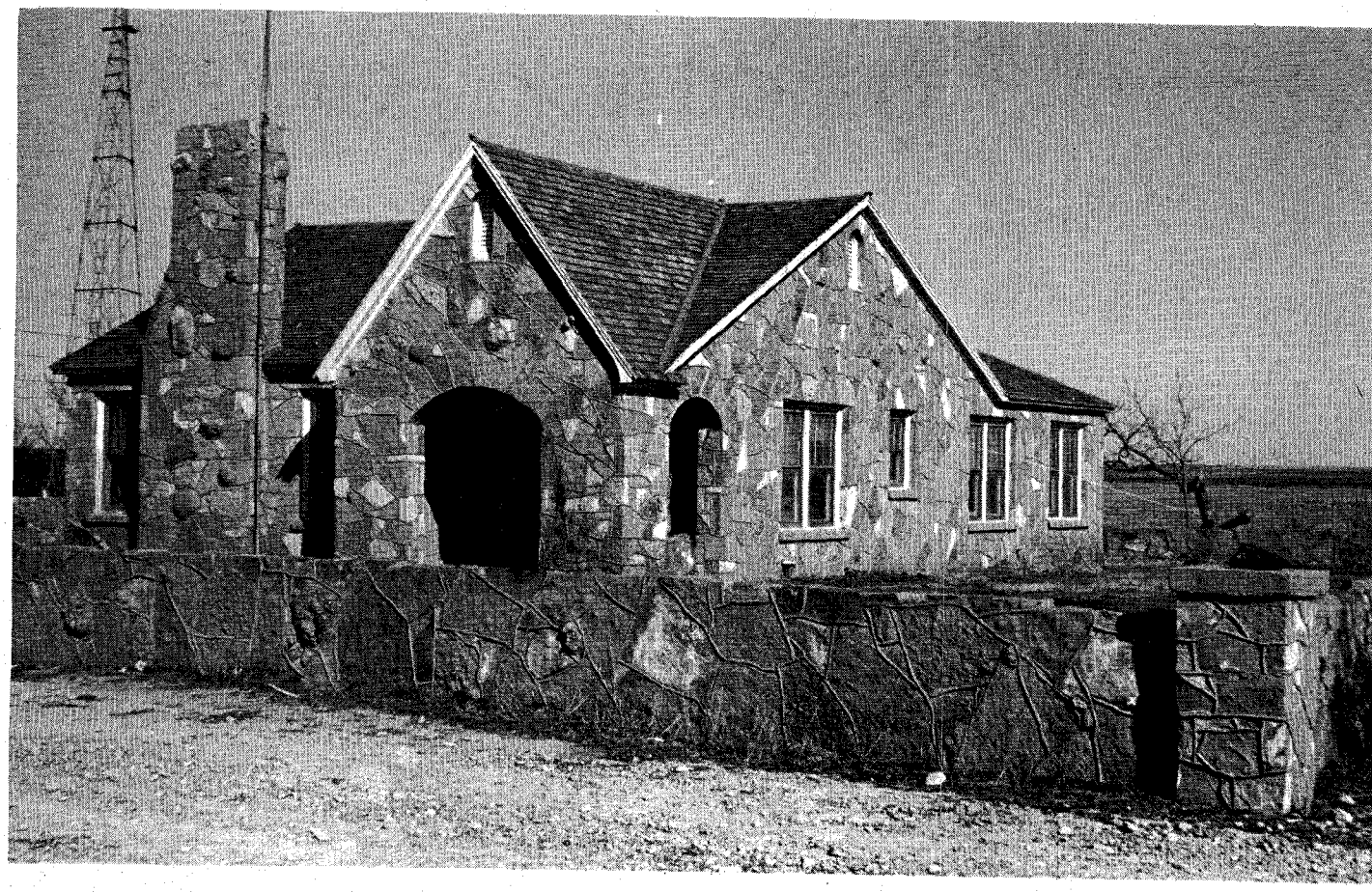
There used to be two or three real easy ways to get in trouble. A country dance was one of them!

BY WALTER GANN

Photos Courtesy Author

CHARLIE McBRIDE was a boisterous 23-year-old, six-foot, two-hundred pounder. He lived with his parents and a younger brother, Arthur, on their farm near the two-store town of Leaday in the southwest corner of Coleman County, Texas. His older brother, Will, was married and lived nearby.

Above: 1908 photo of the Colorado River. Below: The Gann ranch.



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McBRIDE IS DEAD

Charlie excelled in all strenuous sports such as boxing, wrestling, and foot-racing. He was also a rough-and-tumble fighter if anyone cared to choose him. He was an avid dancer and seldom ever missed any of the dances held in the community. I never knew of his taking a date along, but he managed to muscle in on most every set. As a matter of course, he made a few enemies along the way. It was strongly rumored and widely talked about after the fact—but never proved—that "bad blood" existed between him and Bill McDonald.

In spite of Charlie's flamboyancy—and sometimes overbearing attitude—he had a few friends. He was an honest worker, generous to those he liked and always ready to take the part of the under-dog. No one was ever unjustly abused if Charlie McBride was around. As for myself, I liked him; and Bill Walton, a farm-boy neighbor, liked him well enough to commit what most of us believed to be perjury as a last gesture of his friendship.

Our ranch fronted on the Colorado River in Concho County about a mile from Leaday. The river was the dividing line between the two counties. In January 1907, Charlie started working for us, clearing a piece of land for cultivation. Joe Anderson, one of the regular cow-hands, had been with us for a number of years and helped sometimes with the clearing. Joe was married and lived near the ranch house.

Word was passed that Bill McDonald was giving a dance at his home on a certain night late in January. McDonald was a tenant farmer on the McLain ranch, also in Concho County, about four miles downriver from us. Two families named Jarrett were tenants on the same ranch. They and the McDonalds were related by marriage. The Jarretts were musicians and promoted most of the dances in the area. A fee of a dollar per couple and seventy-five cents for singles was charged for the privilege of dancing all night and sharing in the customary midnight lunch. Charlie and I arranged to attend the dance.

THE dance-goers were not limited to unmarried people. A few middle-aged couples attended, bringing along a daughter or so who had no date but was still old enough to take part in the dances. The boys got there one way or another and the single boys and single girls usually evened up pretty well. As for myself, I never learned the mysterious dance steps, but I enjoyed the music and the chance to visit with different people in the vicinity. If I was lucky I might get a girl to sit out a dance with me now and then and to join me in the midnight lunch.

My dad objected in a mild way to my running around to those country dances. "It's an easy way to get into trouble," he told me. There was more or less truth in what he said, but I didn't pay much attention to his admonition. I had to learn the hard way.

We arrived at the McDonald home about nine o'clock. The dance had just started and we met Charlie's brother, Arthur, there. The night was quite chilly and there was an open fire burning about twenty feet from the front door of the house. There were a few stools and boxes around the fire for the comfort of loafers and smokers. There were no set rules against smoking inside, but respectable women didn't smoke—not in public at least—and it was considered bad taste and ill-mannered to foul up the inside air with cigarette smoke. Most all males did smoke and during the dance there were from three or four to a half-dozen fellows standing or sitting around that outside fire, smoking and talking.

The dance was going along well and everybody seemed to be having a good time. It was near midnight when the floor manager announced time for one more square dance before the break for cake and coffee. The dancers were at their stations waiting for the music to start when someone or something banged the front door from the outside.

As though he were waiting and ready for something like that to happen, Bill McDonald showed up from among the crowd and brushed past me on his way outside. I followed, but, from force of habit, I first recovered my hat from a table in the corner of the room.

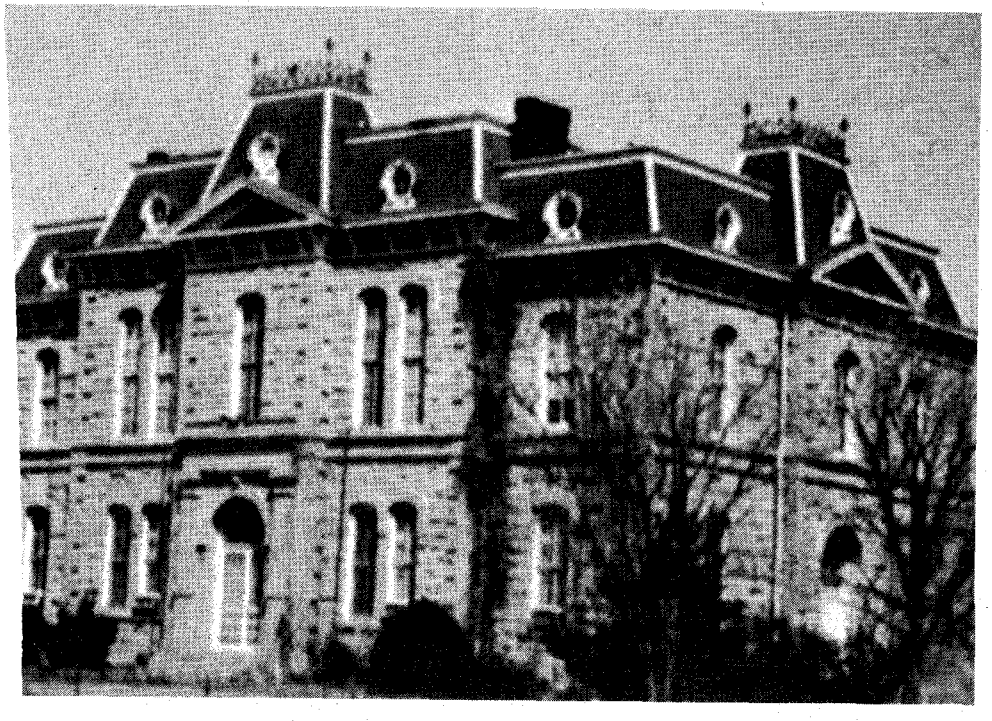
I didn't hear or see what was said or took place immediately when McDonald stepped outside. I did hear Charlie McBride say, "He went around this way." Then he and McDonald started walking side by side toward the back of the house. When they had time to be about half-way around, Charlie came back the same way they had gone. He did not join our little group around the fire, but stopped about twenty-five or thirty feet away in the dark. McDonald continued all the way around.

As McDonald approached us, he asked, "Boys, who kicked that door?" When none of us replied, he continued. "One of you did—and whoever it is, is a G.D. S.O.B.!" There was no easier or quicker way to get into a fight than to call someone that name.

Apparently Charlie McBride thought it was meant for him. He said, "Come here a minute, Mr. McDonald. I didn't kick the door, but—" and I didn't under-

Courthouse in Paint Rock, Texas where Will McDonald was tried for the murder of Charlie McBride.

Photo Courtesy E. H. Swaim (Eden, Texas) and Mrs. Connelly of the Eden Echo



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stand the last part of the sentence. My impression was that it had something to do with the invective McDonald had used. Whatever it was, they were the last words that Charlie McBride ever spoke.

As McDonald approached I could see two forms—more like shadows in the dark. They seemed to shift positions like they were sidestepping. Suddenly there were two flashes of fire and two sharp reports—that was all. Charlie collapsed and fell backward while McDonald whirled around and ran to disappear behind the house. It all happened in the course of a second in time.

As soon as I recovered from the shock and got my mind and legs coordinated, I ran to where Charlie lay and struck a match. What I saw was not pretty to look at. I had never seen a person die, but I needed no guideline or other kind of information to know what was happening. To tell everything that I saw by the flare of two matches struck one after the other, would appear ghoulish indeed, except to say that there was a small red spot in the center of Charlie's neck and a red stain on his shirt from directly over his heart.

Arthur appeared at my side before the flame of the second match died away. He took one look and then went running around in crazy circles crying, "Poor Charlie McBride is dead! Poor Charlie McBride is dead!" over and over again.

WHILE the other boys came up to take a look for themselves, Arthur calmed down enough to call me to one side and ask if I had a gun. Afterward I was very glad and thankful that I did not have one. If I had had a gun, I would have been foolish enough, on the spur of the moment, to give it to him and most likely would have become involved as an accessory to a murder before the fact. Arthur told me later in the day he could have killed McDonald if he'd had a gun as he slipped away from the house at daylight that morning.

I had heard and read about pandemonium breaking loose. If there were such a thing, it happened right then. People broke out of that house through the front door, the back door or any other way they could get out. They scattered like geese outside and the rumble of wagon and buggy wheels and the tramp of horses sounded like a bunch of stampeding cattle. They left lots quicker than they came. One fellow got so excited that he ran away in his buggy, leaving his date stranded. Fortunately he recovered his memory in time to return for her as she was making arrangements with a neighbor family to take her home. Neither of them ever mentioned the incident as far as anyone knew, but apparently he cooked his goose with her. They were never seen together again.

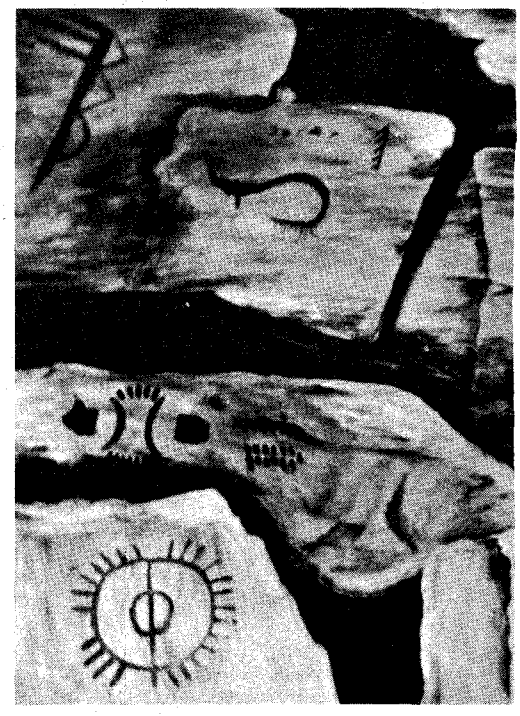
By the time the last guest was outside, the house went dark, the doors were slammed shut and locked. The McDonalds and Jarretts huddled together in the darkened house leaving five of us scared kids outside in the cold around a smoldering fire with the body of a dead man on our hands. After everything had quieted down, the forlorn and lonesome howls of coyotes in the surrounding country certainly failed to add any cheer to the situation. We moved the body nearer the fire so we could keep close watch over it without exposing ourselves so much to the cold. Our next step was to decide how to notify the proper authorities.

The crime was committed in Concho County. Paint Rock was the county seat about twenty miles away. Tom Benge was the sheriff and he lived on his ranch about fifteen miles southeast of Paint Rock and about the same distance from where we stood. All the other fellows in our little group were from the Coleman County side of the river and I was the only one personally acquainted with sheriff Benge. It was decided that I was to notify him.

The only telephone in the country was the terminus of a long-distance line in the hotel at Leaday four or five miles away. In order to reach the sheriff by telephone, the call would have to go in such a roundabout way, through three different exchanges, there was a question in my mind as to whether it would be quicker and surer to ride that fifteen miles to the Benge ranch and notify him in person. When I got to thinking of the long ride there and the long ride back, I decided to take a chance on the telephone. I didn't tarry long enough anywhere to let the grass grow under my horse's hoofs while making that ride to Leaday.

On the way it occurred to me that we needed one or more adult men on the ground to sort of take charge until the sheriff arrived. I also remembered that in case of death, a preacher was usually called. There was a preacher in Leaday and, before making my phone call, I woke him and also one of the two merchants there. They agreed to go down and take charge. After helping the merchant hitch up his buggy and getting them started, I then woke the hotel proprietor and got him to place my phone call.

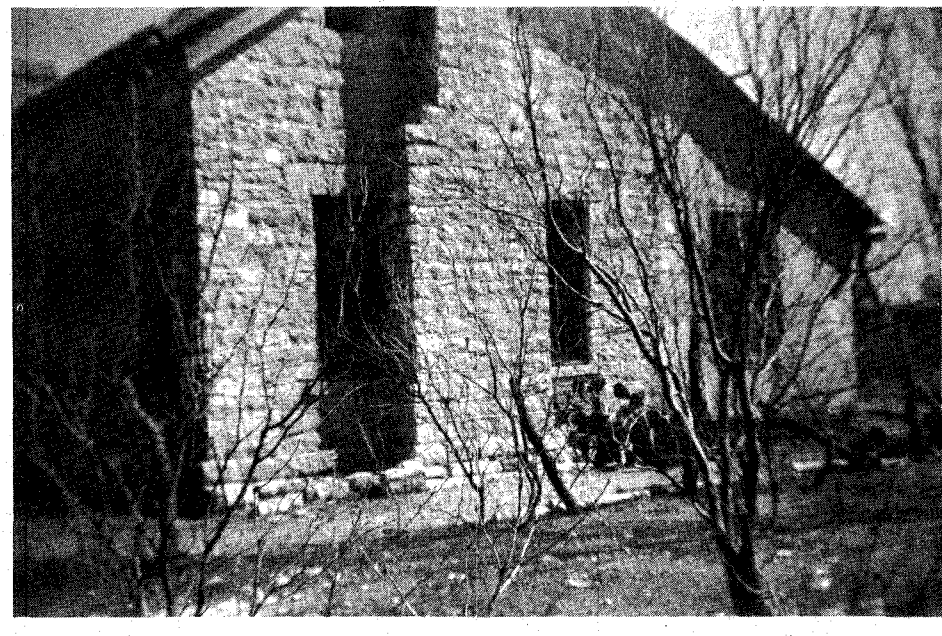
After some delay I got the sheriff on the line. He stated that if the situation did not demand his immediate presence he would go by and pick up the coroner who lived in another community and could not be reached by phone.



With that out of the way, I rode back across the river to our ranch. I told my father what had happened. After listening to his rebuke of "I told you what might happen if you kept cavorting around at those country dances," I went upstairs to bed.

AS I lay there, events of the night kept crowding into my mind. I could see those two shadows out in the dark come close together and then shift their positions. Then I saw something that I hadn't seen before. It was more like a vision, or

Area ranch house in 1966.



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Indian drawings on the bluff from which Paint Rock derived its name.

a dream, but it couldn't be either because I was awake. I knew nothing about that subconscious stuff people talk about but I wondered if I did actually see Charlie McBride strike out at Bill McDonald in that split second before two flashes of fire and two cracks of the pistol, or if it was some sort of an illusion. With that still troubling my thoughts, I drifted away into a restless sleep.

I was awakened right at the break of day by the sound of voices. From a window I could see Joe Anderson and my father on their horses ready to leave for the scene of the tragedy. I called and asked them to wait for me. I had lain down without removing any of my clothing except my coat and boots. It took me only a few minutes to get my horse and join them. On the way down, I gave them the details of what happened. I didn't tell about what might have been a figment of imagination in half-way seeing Charlie strike out at his adversary.

After our arrival the merchant left to open up his store and the preacher went to contact the McBride family and offer to make funeral arrangements. Arthur McBride had already sent one of the five witnesses to notify his parents and his brother Will.

The others stayed behind; one of them was Charlie's friend, Bill Walton. The doors of the McDonald house still remained locked against any intruder.

A few minutes after we arrived, the sheriff drove up with the coroner in his double buggy. The sheriff didn't enter the house at once. He deputized Joe Anderson to keep watch on the back door and stop anyone attempting to leave. After taking written statements from all of us who witnessed the shooting, the officers reached the conclusion that there were reasonable grounds to believe that Charlie McBride met death at the hands of William McDonald.

Charlie's father and his brother Will arrived and the body was released to them. It was indeed a sad occasion for them as they carried him away in a hack, leading his horse with an empty saddle.

When the sheriff learned we had moved the body from where Charlie fell, he made a close inspection of the spot. He picked up a knife with an open blade from the grass. Bill Walton walked up and claimed the knife as his own. He explained that he was so excited that he had the open knife in his hand and dropped it when he helped move the body. The sheriff kept the knife, but he told Bill that if it proved to be his, it would be returned to him in time.

The sheriff then knocked on the door which had been closed and locked all the time during the investigation. When he identified himself he was admitted inside by Mrs. McDonald. The sheriff's precaution of having Joe Anderson guard the back door was all for nothing. All the men had slipped away during the night, leaving only Mrs. McDonald and the Jarrett women. None of the women professed to know anything about what took place. They told quite a different story when they testified under oath at the trial.

MRS. McDONALD told the sheriff where her husband could be found. She said he was not hiding out from the law but from the McBrides who he feared would kill him. That is what likely would have happened if they could have got to him.

The sheriff procured an extra gun from his buggy which he handed to Joe Anderson. He borrowed my horse to ride and Papa's horse to lead for McDonald to ride back. He took Joe Anderson along to assist in the arrest in case assistance was needed.

They found McDonald and his in-laws, the Jarretts, in an old log and rock dugout on the bank of the river. They were well barricaded and well supplied with guns to repel any attempt of the McBrides to reach them. McDonald surrendered to the sheriff without resistance. He handed over a .32 pistol which he said was the lethal weapon. He called the arresting officers' attention to a slight, but fresh wound on the side of his neck, and a shirt with a slit in the side of the collar. The sheriff and his party returned to the McDonald house where the prisoner was put into the buggy and taken to jail in Paint Rock.

With preliminary proceedings out of the way, McDonald was bound over for trial on the charge of murder. He had some friends who rallied to his support and he was released on bail. His first act was to turn his farm operations over to the Jarretts and remove himself to a semi-secret location as far away from the McBrides as he could get and still remain in the jurisdiction of the court.

The case was called for trial at the March term of District Court. It turned out to be one of the shortest murder trials on record. The jury was selected and impaneled; the lawyers made their opening statements; both sides presented their evidence; the lawyers made their final arguments; the judge delivered his instruction charge to the jury on points of law involved; and the verdict was rendered—all in two days. One courthouse wag suggested that it would have been over sooner but the second day was spoiled anyhow and the members of the jury delayed their verdict long enough to get another good supper at the hotel as the county's guests.

Both sides were represented by competent legal counsel. Walter U. Early was the district attorney in charge of the prosecution. The McBrides had secured the services of Charles R. Jenkins of Brownwood to assist the district attorney. McDonald retained F. L. Snodgrass of Coleman to conduct his defense. The Honorable John W. Goodwin was the presiding judge.

The issues were clearly drawn. There was very little jockeying back and forth or argument over legal technicalities as comes up in most murder trials. The prosecution based its case on premeditated murder. McDonald's immediate reaction and the undisputed fact that he armed himself merely to inquire about a knock against a door was a strong point to support that claim.

The defense relied entirely on self-defense, and along that line managed to present physical evidence and oral testimony—true or false—manufactured or real—that overwhelmed any proof the prosecution could offer.

Sheriff Tom Benge and Dr. McCann were the first witnesses introduced by the prosecution. Their testimony was routine and standard as to the visible evidence at the scene, the nature of the wounds in the body of the deceased and the doctor's professional opinion as to the cause of death. The sheriff identified the .32 pistol as the one McDonald surrendered to him, and the gun was filed as an exhibit. Then the five of us who had

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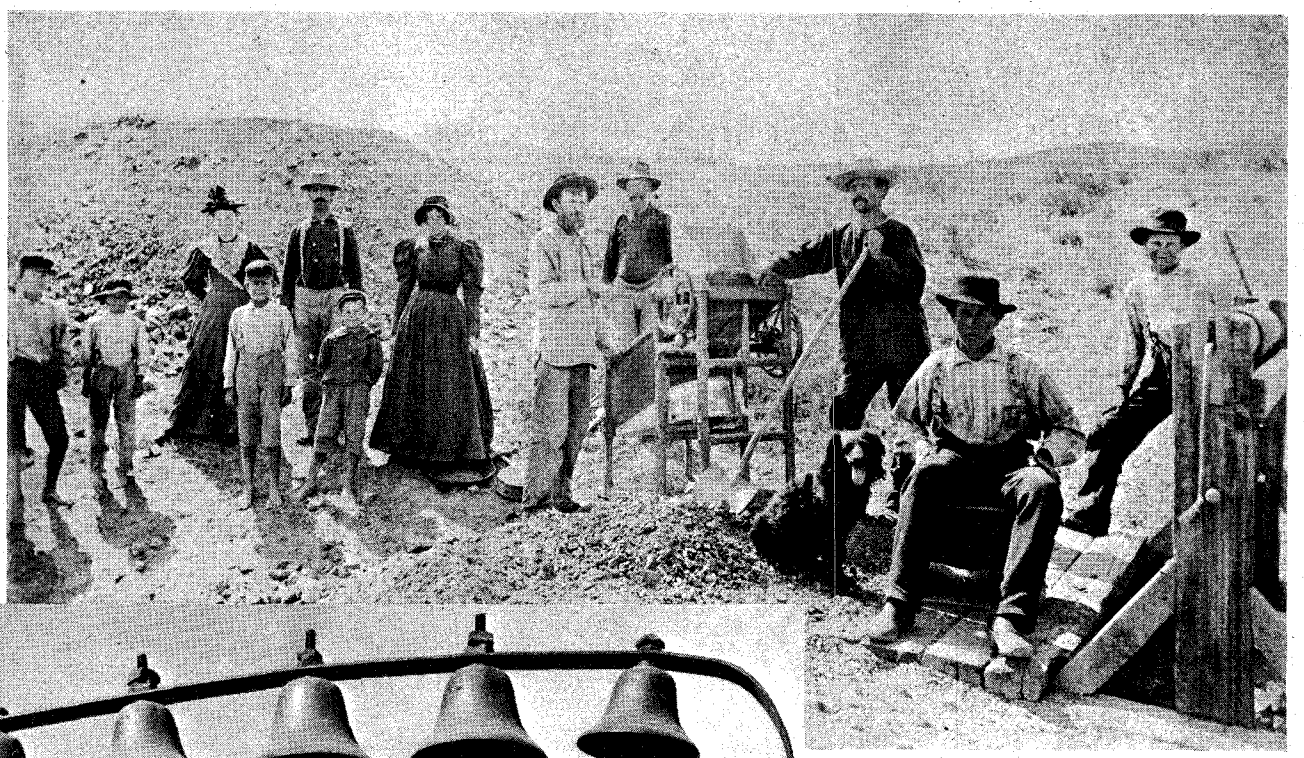

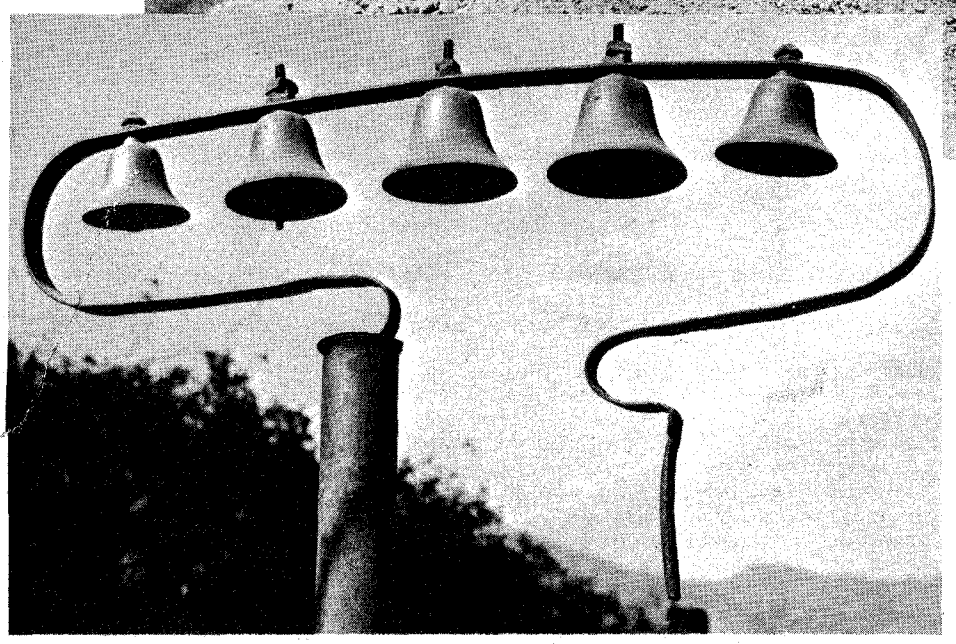

THE

BY ROBERTA M. STARRY

Photos Courtesy Author

Brass bells on a brass frame range from 2½ inches on the end to the 3½-inch center bell. The frame measuring 24 inches across fit into the hame of each lead horse on the long line freighting teams.

MECHANIZATION can be credited with wiping out a good many things that made the Old West distinctive, not the least of which are the long team-freighting outfits. They were the lifeline between supply points and isolated settlements. And in the end they hauled the equipment and supplies for road and rail building that would put an end to their own future.

Greatly admired drivers and well trained animals faded from the scene as soon as iron monsters proved their dependability and speed. Long-line men had to develop new skills or waste their days leaning on a bar remembering and recounting past days of glory.

Probably the best known and most romantically pictured freighters were the twenty-mule team borax outfits in and out of Death Valley. They were relatively few, however, compared to the multiple team lines that kept food, equipment, building supplies and marketable products moving to and from established settlements all over the West.

Freighting with a number of teams seems to have originated in the 1700s with the Pennsylvania Germans. Their Conestoga wagons were freight carriers with a driver riding the left rear horse. The big unwieldy wagons were built for service, not comfort or beauty, but an aesthetic touch was lent by the lead team. A hoop of four bells was attached to the hames of each horse.

The bells were not an ornament; they served as a warning to other travelers that the massive vehicle was approaching, or they announced the freighter's arrival. They also gave pleasure to all within hearing for the melody of the bells played in rhythm to the plodding movement of the lead team. As wagons, teams and tradition moved westward the bells became a symbol of pride and prosperity.

A number of years ago I had an opportunity to talk with Jim Martin who had spent his boyhood in a gold mill town along a freighting route in Southern California. The big wagons moved slowly through sandy Fremont Valley, pulled by ten to twenty, twenty-two, even twenty-four mules and horses en route to Mojave, a rail point in the desert north of Los Angeles. Martin's family lived only a few rods off the main trail where food and equipment moved to mines and ore moved out to mills and market.

"It was 1896 when we moved to the desert and my fondest memory of those early years was the sound of the bells as the freight teams came closer and closer. Then they were silent as the harness was hung up at the corral for the night," recalled Martin.

He talked of the long line drivers with great admiration and, as a small boy, had himself dreamed of being a skilled driver—handling many teams—when he grew up. "But by the time I would have been learning as an apprentice mule

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Left: The music of the lead team bells was a favorite memory of young Jim Martin as freighters pulled in for the night near his home on the Mojave Desert. Photo taken in 1895 shows, from left, Walter Martin, second boy unidentified, third boy Arthur Martin and fourth J. H. "Jim" Martin. The lady in the bonnet and dark dress was Mrs. Archie Martin, the boys' mother, and their father Archie Martin in dark shirt back of the dry washer. A half-brother, Frank Barnum, seated by the windlass and brother Harry Martin standing at the windlass. The couple standing behind the boys at left of photo, the man with white overblouse and the man with black overblouse, to left and right of washer respectively, are not identified. Below: Notice the bells on the lead team.

FREIGHTERS' BELLS

They played the prettiest music in the world— for the mules, the drivers, and every youngun within hearing distance

skinner, the railroad had taken over the freighting job."

Martin's eyes stared across the valley as he recalled watching for the dust cloud off in the distance that first announced a moving wagon. Boys from six to ten of age would congregate and bet on whose wagon was due in, what he carried, and about when the long team would reach the corral for the night.

"We went on playing or carrying water for our mothers or whatever other jobs we had to do, but we kept an eye on the dust cloud!"

Moving only ten to fifteen miles a day, depending on the load, the wagons were evident hours before they really took shape for the anxious watchers.

"The arrival of the freighter or freighters was the highlight of our day," Martin said. "Soon as the wagon got fairly near and you could hear the bells, we boys would go out to meet it. Running along in the dust beside the teams and wagon, we shouted the names of the animals we knew and yelled at the driver."

As soon as the wagon pulled up at the corral, the boys' mothers would call them home as "the language at the corral was not fit for young ears." Martin laughed as he told of waiting until his mother got busy again and then he would slip out and head for the corral. Most of the other boys, too, would get back as soon as they could and it was considered a real privilege to hang up the harness, rub down the dust-coated sweat-covered animals, all the while listening to the driver tell other drivers and men at the corral the latest news from the last way station—a new gold strike along the route, or a wagon broken down waiting for an empty in-coming outfit.

"Like in all walks of life, there were the good drivers and the poor. I never hung around those that mistreated their animals or were always liquored up. You could tell a good driver by the looks of his outfit." Melodic, polished bells, polished metal on the harness, animals rubbed down immediately after arrival and a well-balanced load were the trademark of an admired driver and one who had a steady job.

AN early-day construction worker on a 1906 railroad job added to the freight-line picture with his memory. "Those long line skinners were heroes, dramatic figures, and the way they handled all those teams was fascinating. The best of them did their own loading with one or two experienced helpers."

One skinner in particular was held in great awe. A well built man around fifty years old, he was picturesque in a large Stetson with a silver-studded leather band. His silver decorated leather vest covered much of a blue cotton cambric shirt and helped hold in place a bright scarf. Blue denim pants and brown boots completed his attire that was far more flamboyant and expensive than any of the other drivers'.

He was never known to refuse a dangerous load, but checked to see that the gallon cans of black powder were closed, the boxes of dynamite undamaged and that tools, provisions and feed for his animals were loaded for balance and safety. He could take unbelievable weight and dangerous material over steep, rough roads to isolated camps, when no one else would attempt the drive.

The outfit was as picturesque as its driver. The wood of his wagons was regularly gone over with linseed oil that gave them a rich brown tone, unlike the bleached grey of most freight wagons.

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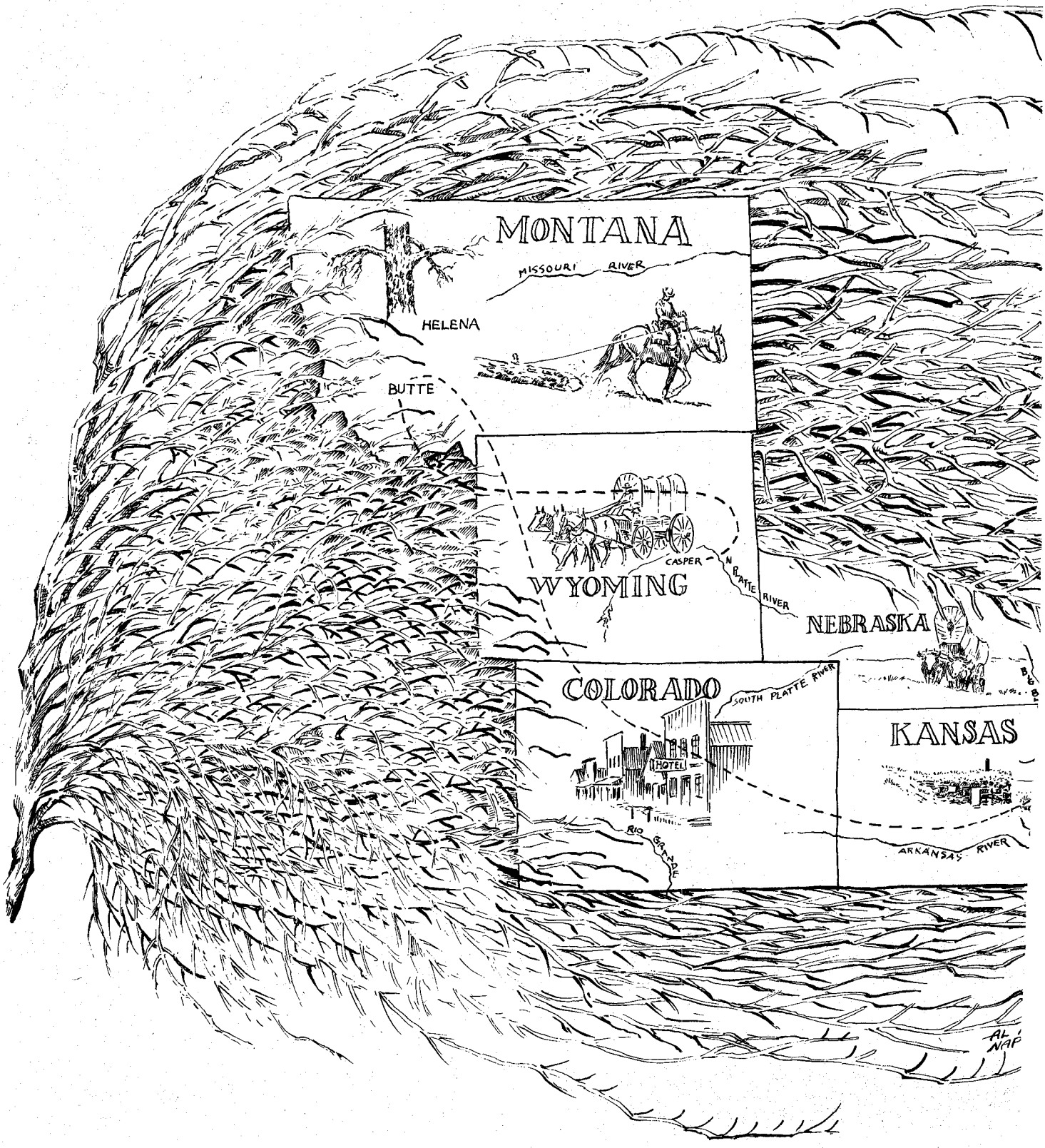
HOMESTEAD



Folks rolled across the West like tumbleweeds, but at least half of them were longing

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STAKES

BY GRACE ELISE SHIPPEN

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

MY maternal grandfather, with his wife and six children, came over from England in a little sailing vessel and settled in Eastern Nebraska, getting land for a farm. But he had been raised in London and knew simply nothing about farming, so life was very hard. The family lived in a sod house that Grandfather called a hut. One evening when he must have been feeling very low, he wrote this:

The Northern blast grows keen and cold
Our hut but little warmth can hold
Against a foe so sharp and cold
That will come in.
The cattle shiver in the fold
With frozen skin.
The prairie hills are capped with snow,
Deep drifts lie in the valleys low,
The brooks are freezing as they flow,
And all looks dreary.
Our blood seems frozen, and we grow
Careworn and weary.

Banks of Big Muddy Creek,
Nebraska Territory, North America
February 14, 1858

Grandfather lived only two years, then Grandmother brought up the family in that wild country, all alone, but she had what it takes.

Mama and Dad moved to Kansas when I was three, and there were more children born there: Addie, Stanley, Gordon and Ernest. Grandmother named Stanley for Henry M. Stanley, the English explorer; Gordon, for James Gordon Bennett.

It seems like such a very long time ago now, those hard years we lived in Kansas when I was just a little girl. We lived at first on a farm in a sod house, as almost everyone did.

I had such hard-working parents. I still remember the talk of the drouth and hot winds, so all their hard work did little good—but they were always hopeful and cheerful.

We had lots of music at our house. Neighbors and friends came in the evenings to sing, and Dad was the leader of the band in a little town seven miles away, but the hard times finally got the better of him and we moved into town and had a little grocery store and meat market. There, life wasn't quite so hard.

We moved to Colorado after a while, where Dad had a drug store, then a restaurant, then a hotel; but times got bad, so we came back to give the farm another try. Besides, we were all terribly homesick for my Grandma Grice.

After about a year, Dad's uncle, William Shippen, wrote and asked him if he wouldn't like to come to Montana, and since Dad never needed any urging to try a new place, and far pastures always looked greener to him, we moved to Montana. We lived on a little place of Uncle William's which he called the "Blue Bird Ranch." It was six miles out of Butte at the foot of the Rockies.

We arrived in April, and everything was beautiful. There was a little stream flowing right by the house. It came tumbling down the mountain in bright little waterfalls, and had many lovely nooks where we later liked to play.

The place was too small for Dad to make a living on, so he had a wood camp up on the mountain. He also cut logs on the mountainside, and it was my job to ride a horse and snake them down. I would have to look behind me and keep an eye on the log to see that I was taking it down straight, for if it had turned it would have rolled down the mountain and that would have been too bad for me. I was eleven years old by then.

Uncle William owned some lots at Helena, and on one of them (quite some time before this) stood the old "Hangman's Tree" where the Vigilantes used to hang criminals. It was a tall pine, and a large limb stood out from it about ten or twelve feet from the ground. Thirteen men had been hanged from it, one of them a Chinaman, by the Vigilantes of "Last Chance Gulch."

Uncle William thought it a horrible reminder, and had the tree cut down, and it almost caused a riot in Helena, for they wanted to preserve it.

WELL, we didn't stay long in Montana, for the folks thought the winters were altogether too cold, and as Dad had been getting letters from his brother, Uncle John, in eastern Wyoming, wanting him to come there, Dad decided to go. He got a covered wagon ready, and we had a large tent, and were on our way, Mama following, driving the little buggy, and Stanley usually riding with her.

It was spring so the creeks and rivers were up and, as many of the creeks had no bridges, we forded them. One we came to was pretty swift and wide. Dad went across, but Mama held back. She thought she had a better idea. Just above where Dad had crossed, the water looked still and smooth—not a riffle in it—so she drove in. The water immediately came clear into the box of the buggy. Mama thought they would surely drown, but she finally made it. However, after that she very meekly followed Dad and kept right in his tracks wherever he went.

We children loved the traveling. It was one long picnic for us.

One day while crossing the high moun-

to stop. That half was the women . . .

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Grace E. Shippen. Photo Courtesy Ralph L. Foster

Addie Shippen. Photo Courtesy Ralph L. Foster

tains of southern Montana, we came to an old deserted stage station with many log buildings all around. Up over the door of the main building, cut deep into a log, was the name "Goudge Eye." Mama was horrified! She thought she had come to the end of civilization sure enough. She said mountains made her feel all closed in anyway; she always longed for a prairie country like the one she grew up in.

Well, after leaving Goudge Eye, we were soon down from the highest mountains, and into Idaho. We crossed eastern Idaho and entered Wyoming through South Pass to Split Rock on the Sweetwater River.

By then we were getting pretty low on funds, so Dad decided to stop there for a while and go to work. We rented a ranch from a man who had retired and only came out for awhile in the summers. Then Dad took a job from a cattleman, building dams in the river and also doing a lot of surveying for him. Dad hauled logs for the dam with two six-horse teams and hired a man to drive one of them. When the man got sick one trip and couldn't go, Dad said, "Well, I'm sure Grace can drive your team." So I did; I was twelve years old. I can still remember how heavy all those lines were when I had to take them all in one hand, while I put on the brake with the other, going downhill.

We stayed overnight and slept in tarp beds under the stars, which I always loved to do.

SOMETIME after we reached Sweetwater, Mama's brother, Uncle Ed Grice, came down from Montana. I thought the horse that he rode in on was the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. He called him "Billy." He was black as coal, with two white feet, beautiful white markings on his face, and sharp pointed ears always twitching this way and that. High spirited, he traveled with an easy gait and was a joy to ride. When Uncle Ed saw that I admired Billy so much he let me ride him everywhere! He seemed like my very own horse.

Between our place and a neighbor's (Mr. Countryman's) there was a cut in the mountain where the river ran through, called the "Devil's Gate." Addie and I were visiting at Countryman's one day and when we left, Ethel went home with us.

I said, "Come on, girls, let's take a short cut through Devil's Gate. It will save three or four miles."

I started through the cut, but it soon got bad—big slick boulders, and holes and rushing water. Billy was sure-footed and did his best; however, he was soon slipping on the rocks and his head would plunge down under the water. I had one bad time getting him turned around and out of there. Mr. Countryman said no one had ever gone through there before.

One day Addie was suddenly taken very sick and was in great pain. Dad told me to saddle a horse, as quick as I could, and ride down the river to the Tom Sun Ranch. They always kept a supply of medicines, and everyone went there in emergencies.

I was terribly frightened for Addie, and nearly killed the poor horse. When I rode up into the yard of the ranch house, he was covered with lather from head to tail. I didn't even get off; they gave me some medicine, and I went back as fast as I came. What a wild ride! But Addie recovered and was soon all right again.

Another time the Sun Ranch had a supply of honey, and the folks sent Addie, Stanley and me to get some. We took a little buggy and team, and went down and bought a ten-pound pail.

About half-way home we simply couldn't stand it any longer. We just had to have a taste of that honey. Surely it couldn't hurt to put in the tip of a finger and take a little taste. But one taste and we were lost. It was ambrosia from heaven!

We just kept on tasting until our

(Continued on page 60)

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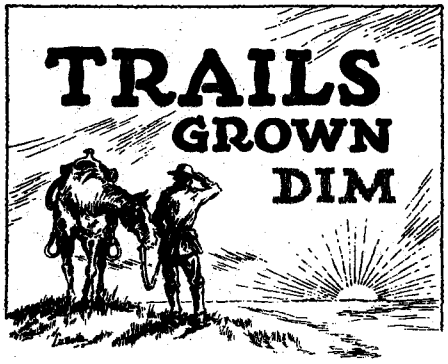

Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Williams-Munkes-Loux

My great-grandparents were Mary Elizabeth Munkes (or Munkons or Munkres) and William Barry Williams. I was told that his folks came to this country to escape religious persecution in Wales and Ireland around 1793. There was a book of pictures—I don't know where it went—but my mother often spoke about the long black coats and long beards.

William had a boat on the Mississippi River and barns on the river and a plantation with slaves.

My grandparents' names were Rachel Ann Loux and John Franklin Williams. She was born in Cincinnati, Ohio. When my grandfather came to Colorado he brought a free slave named Pete with him. My grandfather went to school with Jesse and Frank James in Clay County, Missouri. In those days they had boarding school and only those with money could afford it. When my dad was about nine or ten years old, Frank James came to Florence, Colorado and my grandfather took my dad with him to see Frank. Dad said it was a traveling show that Frank James had. My dad was born in 1892 and passed away years ago. I wish we could have gotten all the things he told us down on tape.

I think my grandfather might have been in the Civil War as the picture I have of him shows him wearing Southern pants with the stripe down the side. My grandparents settled out at Upper Beaver and had bands of Indians coming and going through to Manitou, for the water there was thought to be healing. Chief Colorow often stopped for biscuits which he really loved.

The name Barry appears in every generation of the Williams family, and I hope anyone who can supply other information will get in touch with me.—Sarah Busetti, 455 Beech, Coal Creek, Colorado 81221

Miller-Brown

I would like to hear from relatives of Scott Miller who died recently in Arcata, California. I want to know if he and my husband, Ollie Miller, were kin. Ollie was the son of James (Jim) Alexander Miller and Rebecca Miller of Walker County. I'd also like to know Rebecca's Grandmother Brown's first name.

My grandmother was Ortha Josephine (Brown) Harris, daughter of Hugh Brown. We want to know if our grandparents were related. The trails of the Scott Miller family of Arcata, California and the Browns, some of whom lived in Texas, have grown dim.—Iladene Miller, Route 6, Box 430, Jasper, Alabama 35501

Gilkison

I am searching for descendants of James and William Gilkison. These two brothers deserted the British Navy in the Battle of Lake Erie and settled in Jefferson County, Ohio in 1812. Pohnathan Gilkison settled in Illinois at Mt. Carmel and his brother James was justice of the peace in Mansfield for over thirty years. He then moved to Michigan.—George Gilkison, 105 Firs Street #526, La Grande, Oregon 97850

Dryer

Jesse Dryer was born 1773 in New York and died 1853 in Montgomery County, Illinois. His son William was born in 1804 in New York and married Ellen and had these children: Hiram, 1832; Elizabeth, 1836; William, 1836; Arima, 1843; and Marinda, 1845.

Albert Dryer was born in 1808 and died in 1898 in Montgomery County Illinois. In 1833 he married Louise who was born in 1817 in Ohio and died in 1902 in Montgomery County, Illinois. Their children were: Amelia, 1835, married Marshall; Olive, 1836, married Boulton; George W. 1838; Artalissa, 1841, married Miller; and John, 1845.

Jesse Dryer, Jr. was born in 1822 in New York and he and wife Nancy had these children: Ardilissa, 1849; William 1849; Hiram, 1851; Mary E., 1854; Nancy J. 1860. All of these names were on the 1860 U. S. census of Montgomery County, Illinois. Charles A. Dryer was supposed to have been living in Indianapolis, Indiana in 1902. I will answer all letters I receive from any Dryer descendant or anyone with information about them.—William R. Dryer, 9916 Logan Street, Thornton, Colorado 80229

Sibole

I would like information on my grandparents and their family histories. Mr. and Mrs. Sibole, first names unknown, were from Missouri. They were born 1880-1890 and moved to California in 1930. They had two daughters, Delilah Mae and Laverne.—Ronald A. Wold, Box 1010, Reg. No. 43351, Canon City, Colorado 81212

Dyer-Bouland-Bolen-Southern-Sutherland-Ely-Wade-White-Robinson

Three of my great uncles, William, Zacariah, and Samuel Dyer, were born and raised in Monroe and Chickasaw Counties in Mississippi. Most, if not all, came to Texas around 1880.

"Bill" was a cattleman in the Fort Worth area, and at one time lived near Friendship in Smith County. Later he went to Oklahoma. In Mississippi he had married Molly Bouland (Bolen), and they had five children: W. Arthur, who lived near Dodd City, Texas in 1909; John; Alta ("Daught"), who married Bill Southern (Sutherland) and had son, Dewey; Pearl ("Litt"); Mattie, who married a second time, J. W. Ely, and had son Wesley. Bill had previously been married to Molly Miles, and had two children, William and Ada.

"Zack" had married Frances Wade, and they had three children, Franklin, Samuel and Martha. His family may have stayed in Mississippi.

"Sam" and Fanny had two daughters, Elizabeth (Lizzy) and Sammy. Fanny later married John White and lived in the Lubbock, Texas area. Sammy married Jack Robinson and lived at Grapevine, Texas.

I would like to hear from anyone who knows anything of these families, past or present; and I would especially like to know of Great Uncle Bill's cattle days in Texas.—Mrs. Irene Dyer West, Box 331, Pettus, Texas 78146.

Orlando Phelps

Orlando Phelps was a Wells Fargo agent in Oskaloosa, Iowa in 1906. There was a son Frank who, I think, came to the Northwest shortly thereafter and probably was a Railway Express man out of Tacoma, Washington. I would like to contact any member of the family.—Carl C. Phelps, 2704 Mission Bch. Hts., Marysville, Washington 98270

Fogle-McCoy-Fillmore

My grandparents were Henry Fogle and Mary Ann McCoy Fogle. Henry was born near Quincy, Illinois about 1837 and Mary Ann in Linn County, Missouri, daughter of James and his first wife, Mary Ann Fillmore McCoy. Henry and Mary Ann were married in Los Angeles, California in the late 1850s and came by wagontrain to Texas in 1876. Their children were: Will, Ben, James, John, Margaret, Andrew and Tim, the last two born in Texas. Mary Ann had a sister, Lotta McCoy Hicks or Hix, and a brother Joe, as well as others whose names I don't know.

Henry went back to El Monte and Los Angeles, California in early 1900 to visit some brothers and nephews there. He died in Fannin County in May, 1909. Who were these relatives in California, and who were the parents and others earlier in Illinois? I believe Mary Ann had an uncle in Lawrence, Kansas, probably George Washington McCoy, and perhaps others. I would appreciate any information.—Florence Fogle Keehey, 505 West 5th Street, Bonham, Texas 75418

Love-Murphy-Dixon-Williams-Daniel

My grandfather, Robert Hutchson Love, came from England in the middle 1800s. He brought his family to Atlanta,

(Continued on page 52)

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Wild Old Days!

THE SUBSTITUTE WARPATH

By Henry L. Reimers

DURING 1877 when Chief Joseph and the non-treaty Nez Perces were fighting a grim rear guard action in their exodus from ancestral homes in Oregon and Idaho, an ardent partisan of those beleaguered natives was experiencing travel and travail of a different nature. He was Five-sack, sometimes known as Five-star, a Palouse brave whose youthful ambition was to strike a blow against the palefaces. His people had no cause to respect the whites; their grievances dated from the arrival of John Jacob Astor's fur traders and peaked during the U. S. Army campaign through their country in 1858. What one warrior could do to avenge such wrongs would be done.

Five-sack joined the hostiles soon after the Battle of the Clearwater, where the ranks of redman and white were sadly decimated. The soldiers could expect reinforcements, but attrition suffered by the Indian could not be remedied. The Nez Perces decided then to withdraw over the Lolo Trail and seek haven in Buffalo Country, or in the Grandmother Land, Canada.

The eager recruit found plenty of action riding with a band of "young men" who plagued Army patrols and freighters, doing all in their power to delay pursuit. But when time came for the nuisance raiders to join the retreat, Five-sack's "medicine" was bad. He was captured and confined at Fort Lapwaii. For him the great warpath was over.

The ensuing weeks were long and worrisome but at last he and several other prisoners were shipped out. Then followed an interminable journey by steamboat, ocean vessel, boxcar and stagecoach until he was checked in at a reservation in Oklahoma. It was a place not to be endured and the Northwest native had to keep a tight rein on his impatience. When the signs were right he intended to be long gone. Finally that time came. Five-sack decamped and headed north.

Somewhere along the way he "borrowed a horse from a sheepherder," for contact with cattlemen had convinced him that this was no crime. He pursued his cautious way for months and reached the Oregon Trail, the "great medicine path of the whites." This would have been the simplest route home but since the Bannock War of 1878 cavalrymen patrolled it regularly. Five-sack thought they were looking for him and headed into rougher country.

While watering his pony at a small stream one day he came to a surprising conclusion. In later years Five-sack would declare he recognized that rivulet as the same one that flowed past his village at the mouth of Palouse River. The Great Spirit "opened his eyes" and he knew it was the Snake. That was how his stick floated, the high point in a remarkable odyssey.

Thereafter his way was clear. In time he "borrowed" a canoe at a native encampment, for he was a warrior and too proud to steal; still a certain amount of stealth was advisable for he could not trust his liberty to Indian or white.

Somehow he made his way downstream, past a series of impressive falls, and then came an epic voyage through Hell's Canyon. After more than 2,000 miles of privation and hazard he arrived home.

All was not peaceful, however. He furtively visited a friendly rancher, a former employer who could be relied on to talk straight. What he heard caused him to lie low with the family of Chief Old Bones for an extended period. Not until Joseph's tribesmen were brought back and placed on the Colville Reservation near Nespelem did Five-sack feel safe.

Thereafter he trooped with other natives to the annual Pendleton Roundup and became a center of attraction, due largely to a unique headdress created from a porcupine skin with the tail dangling down his back. His dancing and keening whoops, accompanied by the frenetic rattle of quills, may have told of daring deeds on the warpath. They should have interpreted a far more singular, but little known, adventure.

Five-sack died at an advanced age in the late 1930s. By then he was a prominent medicine man and perhaps was aware that his valiant pilgrimage would never be equaled. It is not possible because paleface engineers have tamed the turbulent torrent of Snake River with a series of dams, and Hell's Canyon is no longer a place to test the mettle of a warrior.

Chief Old Bones (center) and his family welcomed Five-sack's return by providing sanctuary and secrecy.

Photo Courtesy John White

THANKS FOR THE BUGGY RIDE

By Rose Weber

IT IS commonplace today to see women driving buses, taxi cabs, and other public conveyances. Few of them realize the debt they owe to early-day trail blazers such as the notorious lady who made good when a woman behind the wheel (or horse, in this case) was unthinkable.

Around 1900 tourists arriving at the D & R G Railroad Station in Colorado Springs, Colorado were set upon by an eager band of competing tourist guides who hawked their services with gestures, shouts, and jostling rivalry. Lucky was

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Photo Courtesy Juan Reid, Colorado Springs, Colorado

"Ma" Gaines poses with a competitor in 1921.

the traveler who was snatched off the train by "Ma" Gaines, an eccentric member of this group, and whisked to local points of interest in her horse-drawn surrey.

The Garden of the Gods, Seven Falls, the High Drive, and similar tourist attractions held extra fascination when seen from the Gaines viewpoint. The unforgettable experience usually prompted tourists to urge any friends planning to visit Colorado Springs to be sure to see the sight under the directorship of "Old Lady Gaines."

Why Nora Gaines came West from Michigan, where she was born in 1863, is unknown, but the advent of the tough old lady caused many a raised eyebrow among the citizens of genteel "Li'l Lunnon," as Colorado Springs was then dubbed. Her antics embarrassed and deeply offended the community.

To begin with, she was the only woman driver in the competitive tourist business, and was continually at loggerheads with her masculine counterparts, who resented her brassy intrusion in a business hitherto reserved for men only. She kept her four-seated rig shining and in tip-top shape, and her team of horses sleekly groomed. She seldom used a buggy whip on her horses, but occasionally found it useful in the brawling arguments she had with her masculine competitors as she vied for customers at the train station.

Of medium height and heavy build, she wore a khaki duster and wide cuffed gauntlets, and her dark weatherbeaten face was shaded by a man's hat. Her voice matched her manner. It was deep and rasping, and she used it to mouth obscenities that would shrivel the ears of a muleskinner. She was decidedly not one to "delete expletives."

Mrs. Gaines' business grew so fast she soon became the owner of several more rigs and horses, and she hired additional drivers. The drivers found her scrupulously fair in her dealing with them, and she gained their grudging admiration in spite of her roughness.

She was careful, too, to see that her tourists got the best ride in the business, pointing out sights, and giving historical facts (perhaps liberally embellished) in greater detail than most other drivers. This, together with her colorful vocabulary, left the tourists glowing with satisfaction. With Ma Gaines they got more than their money's worth.

But her temper sometimes got her into trouble. She was once banned from Seven Falls because of a deluge of profanity she let loose on a man in the crowd there who had made a remark about her. Proprietors of the Falls feared sightseers would avoid the place because of her abusive tirades.

WHEN automobiles began to be used for tourist transportation, Ma Gaines bought a Lincoln and a Studebaker, but kept her old buggy for bait. She felt the novelty of an old-time conveyance would attract trade, and it did. She would load up her surrey to transport visitors to their hotels, and sell her automobile sightseeing trips on the way.

Mrs. Gaines was fiercely independent and had few close friends. She was married to a policeman, and when he died she used to visit his grave at Evergreen Cemetery where she comforted herself by singing hymns.

In spite of the fact that her rough manner alienated many local people, she was admired by the police department for her works of charity. She would get the names of those in the city who needed help from the department, and it was not unusual for her to heave sacks of coal from the coal yard into her Lincoln automobile and personally deliver them to the indigent.

Each year at Christmas Mrs. Gaines sold trees and wreaths to passers-by on the downtown streets. She made the wreaths from evergreens she gathered near the city, and she cut the trees herself.

Following the holiday, she would head for California to spend the rest of the winter in a much deserved rest and to enjoy a dramatic change in both her appearance and personality. In California she would dress carefully in the fashion of the day, deck herself in diamonds, and have her hair arranged in the latest style. She even exchanged her summer vocabulary for one free of profanity. A friend who visited her at Hermosa Beach could scarcely believe it was the same person.

Such a change suggests that her "summer" personality might have been an act, but her contemporaries in Colorado Springs would hardly have accepted such a premise. It is more likely that both personalities were authentic and and could be explained by a psychiatrist.

Nora Gaines remained active until the last couple of years of her life. She died October 14, 1933. Six policemen were her pallbearers at the Episcopal service. Her passing was not especially noted by the local citizens but no doubt many an old-time traveler remembers Ma Gaines, the lady tourist guide who was as rugged as the mountains she traversed.

BENJAMIN GOOCH'S LIVE OAKS

By Stella Gipson Polk

FORT MASON in the Texas Hill Country was newly occupied and Mason County not yet created when Benjamin Gooch made his historic ride to escape the Comanche Indians.

The fort was located in San Saba Land, that fabled region between the San Saba and the Llano Rivers. It was built upon what is now Mason's Post Hill.

Before the Civil War, Fort Mason was garrisoned with Federal troops. Settlers in the valley below looked to them for protection; for not only was this region San Saba Land, it also was Comanche Land.

However, a few daring men began spreading out and away from the fort's protection, feeling that this rich country was worth the risk, and Benjamin Gooch was one of them.

He had acquired a sizeable tract northeast of Fort Mason, heavy sandy loam rich enough to grow good grass and succulent weeds. Benjamin Gooch had roamed around considerably in his young years and seldom had he found its equal.

He hadn't had too much trouble in getting this land, for the Comanche Indian still claimed it, too, even though the Fisher-Miller Company had issued grants to settlers. Few dared homestead with their families where, regardless of the Meusebach Treaty, frightened surveyors often refused to map the country. Many settlers stayed close to Fredericksburg or New Braunfels, either trading or selling their grants; however, a few held onto those grants hoping the Indian danger would lessen.

It was summer and drought seared the country on the day Benjamin Gooch rode across his acreage, coming from the Llano River. Vegetation stood listless all about him, a tall, parched replica of what it had been during its growth. A grove of young live oaks in the distance made a green splash on the landscape, although right then he wasn't giving the trees too much thought.

He rode slowly to give his horse a bit of rest after the long, hot ride. This drought would pass; this land would survive. He rode down into a draw where in the distance the young stand of live oaks fanned out and up the sides of the depression, forming a thick growth.

The wind picked up some dust and swirled it into a whirlwind. When it passed over, he noted with dismay that the dust had settled into sweat rings on his pony's flanks. He was proud of his horse, a sleek black stallion. He turned in the saddle to brush the dust from his pony's hindquarters. It was then he saw the Indians topping the farthest hill. The choking dust rose over the yelling band.

Ben Gooch knew those yells yipping back and forth along the low range of hills. Comanches! Thieves and murderers,

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and already his horse was winded from the long hot ride! The Indians were coming fast. Ben knew he couldn't possibly outrun them to the fort some three miles away.

The grove of live oaks! He rode furiously in the direction he was sure they stood. Dust choked him as he worked his way toward them. At the farthest end of the grove he jumped off his horse, slapped him on the rump and prayed he would keep on running.

He did, for the yells now were closing in as the band divided on either side of the grove. Not breaking their stride, the war party followed the horse. Whether they thought Gooch was still astride or whether they wanted the horse more than the man, Benjamin Gooch never knew.

TIME moved on. Men who had praised the land when its lush grasses fattened their Longhorns and cursed it when its harsh droughts starved them, now looked upon it with a new greed. Cotton. The land was ripe for growing it.

Benjamin Gooch was interested in this new cotton project, and he was willing to have his land cleared for the planting. All but the grove of live oaks. He steadfastly refused to grub them. Hadn't they saved his life? Still the axe, the pick and the grubbing hoe moved ever closer, lifting out a tree here, another there until at the time of Gooch's death only two live oaks remained.

By the 1920s, the two trees had become enormous. Benjamin Gooch had been gone a half century when cropgreedy farmers declared those two trees were sapping the soil all around.

So the trees were girdled. The Gipson homeplace where I grew up was once part of Ben Gooch's land. My home stood just over the hill from those twin oaks. Today a home and yard marks the location where once they grew.

Ben's grave is the oldest in the Gooch Cemetery. In fact, it was dug some eleven years before the cemetery was organized. The land was donated to Mason County by Gooch's son. His father's grave is marked by a slim marble slab grayed and blackened by the years. But if you stoop low enough you still can read the inscription:

Benjamin Gooch
Born Jan. 31, 1790
Died Mar. 10, 1872
Christian Patriot Pioneer in
Texas Under 4 Flags
1834-1872

SAVE THE CHICKENS!

By Luella Metz
as told to
Eileen Charbo

A BLUE cloudbank lay in the southwest when Orlando Benedict, thirty-four, and Leona Cole, eighteen, drove in a buggy to Salina, Kansas where they were married by a justice of the peace on June 17, 1897. Orlando, a professor of mathematics at the State Agriculture College at Manhattan, had resigned that position "leaving the fetid air of the classroom for the pure air and free life of farming."

Leona's parents had asked thirty kinfolk to eat a six o'clock wedding supper at their farm home. Leona greeted the wedding guests—on that day the henhouse blew away—with her flounced dimity wedding dress tucked up under an apron band. Her groom, his wedding trousers rolled to the knees, waded about the farmyard, gathering limp, half-drowned chicks. These were tossed into the big-check apron Leona wore as she ran between the yard and the house to deposit them in the empty woodbox or into a tub. The 250-chick hatch just had to be saved!

It was a two-and-a-half-hour drive from our place to the Coles'. Papa said June was a bad time to get married because it was the month of storms. October was better (which was when he and Mamma married). He quit haying early and came to the house at three o'clock. His mules Prince and Hanka acted frisky and he hated to quit haying and have the field get wet. Prince was Papa's respected forecaster. They read each other's minds, he said. Once he had his picture taken with Prince because the small mule made Papa look big. He liked it better than one with his big Clydesdale team because they made him look small.

Papa could always gauge the intensity of a coming storm by the way Prince laid back his ears, twitching his rump and tossing his hammerhead around. This sunny June afternoon he fussed to such a degree that Papa announced we'd drive the mule team to the springwagon instead of taking the carriage and pair, who'd stay in the pasture. I was mortified to be going country style, sitting on a board behind the wagon seat. But nobody questioned Papa's authority.

We loaded in our gift packages (from the mail order house and from our own embroidery hoops and needles). Papa then put in a keg of homemade kraut and a croaker sack of seed wheat for the groom.

A storm was really boiling off to the southwest beyond the creek willows. It was soon evident that the mules were refusing the cutoff through the creek-bottom land and Papa respected their fear. They were almost running with the wagon along the country road, rutted so deeply that the center grass brushed their stomachs.

When the wind hit, trees snapped and the smell of rain came ahead of the tornadic roar of wind. I once stood below a train trestle and it sounded much the same. Papa tried to turn the team into the Goose Hollow schoolground where the coal shed would protect both the team and wagon, but Prince wouldn't turn and it was just as well. The coal shed was flying over our heads.

Prince and Hanka ran straight for the Chapman farm, another quarter-mile up the road. Mrs. Chapman, at her kitchen window, saw us coming and held the door open as Mamma and I ran in, just ahead of the rainstorm. Papa stayed in the tool shed to calm the team and keep dry.

THE Chapman kids were harum scarum and I would have loved to chase through the rooms with them, but Mamma gave me a "Look." Mr. Chapman said children's teeth attracted lightning, same as steel scissors did, and we'd all do well to sit with our mouths closed till the storm passed.

So I sat and looked around and could see the Chapmans did not live by the rules Mamma and Papa laid down. She was just then churning, this close to suppertime, and had a scalded chicken lying on the washbench that she'd probably dress for supper. The beds weren't made and a cat was napping on the table. Mamma later said to me that those who looked the most and said the least were the kindest and best people.

Hail pelted the house. Rain came in sheets and the wind cracked the trees. Then suddenly it slacked off and the rain quit. The wind died down and the late sun blazed out. Broken tree limbs in the farmyard sparkled with raindrops. The Chapmans, who were not invited to the Cole party because they were not kin, sent along a bag of cottage cheese for the festive board, as we left to drive the last two miles.

Leona's mother was famous for her flocks. Her Plymouth Rocks were well and favorably known at every egg and poultry station in the county. Her twenty-cases-of-eggs each week had been the family's mortgage lifter. Mrs. Cole's henhouse was set far back, on the edge of a shallow ravine that ran through the farmyard. Shady, grass carpeted, easily protected from coyotes, weasels and other night marauders, the ravine was always filled with tiny feathers from generations of baby chicks.

The mules poked up Cole's lane. I was anxious to get there for the party. Water was gully deep along either side of their lane and we could see members of the family running hither and thither up ahead.

Then we were astonished to see Uncle Orlando with his wedding pants rolled over his bony knees, thin white shanks flashing as he ran stooping to gather up baby chicks awash in the freshet coming down the ravine. Leona, barefoot and with her bridal finery tied up under her wedding sash and apron strings, was racing back and forth to the house. The folks knew exactly what had happened. The storm had blown away the henhouse and was flooding the farmyard.

Farm folks never sat on their hands in an emergency. Mamma jumped down over the wagon wheel and Mrs. Cole hugged her and said "Elnora, I wished for you." Mamma was the first one people thought of if it concerned ailing animals anywhere in the county. "It's good this storm delayed everybody," Mrs. Cole said, "because the ovens have got cool enough we can put these baby chicks in and warm them up." The supper was sitting back on the reservoirs and warming shelves of the big black range.

Mamma thrust her hand and arm into the big oven to test its temperature, fanning the iron door a few times to cool it a bit more. She laid a folded teatowel across the baking racks inside and began working on the half drowned chicks sprawled in the woodbox and every other available container. Then she lifted each bedraggled chick, tipped open its eyelid,

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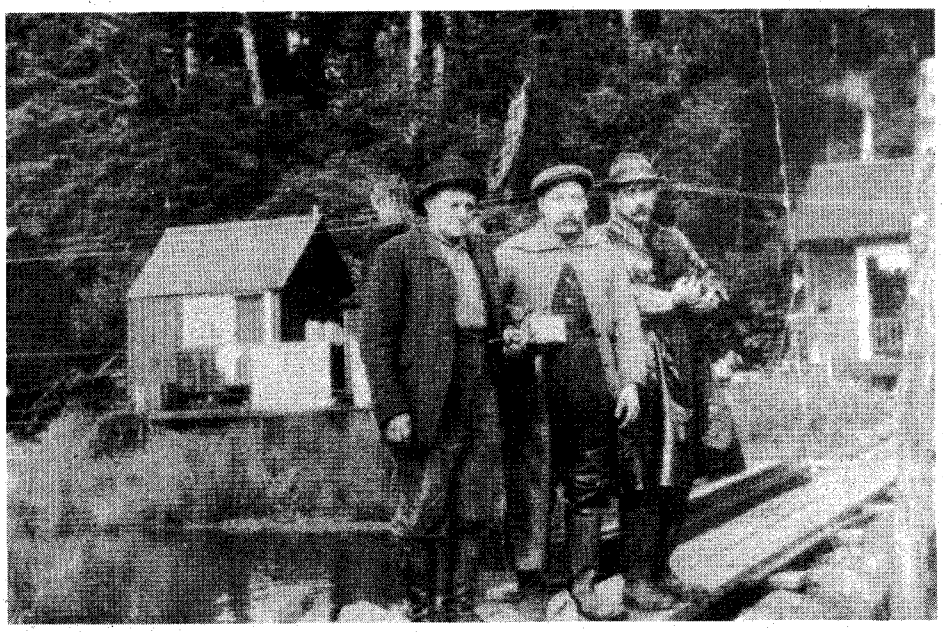
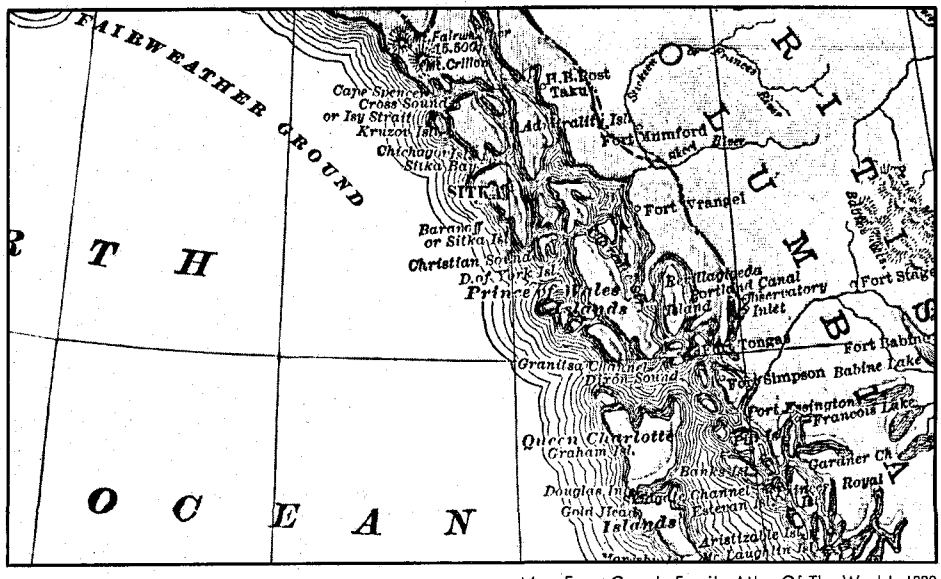


At the Chichagof Mine in 1930, Alexander Peihle (left) with the company blacksmith John Sarvela (center) and Bill Freeburn, superintendent of the mine.

Rough water and rough booze combined to make

The Legend Of Alexander Peihle



Map From Cram's Family Atlas Of The World, 1888

Map of the southeastern part of Alaska.

BY AL BROOKMAN, SR.

Photo Courtesy Author

WHEN my dad and I first started trolling we had a 26′ boat with a single cylinder five horsepower engine. We sold our fish to John Hollywood whose 45′ *Cricket* seemed like a battleship beside our little boat. I certainly never dreamed that one day I would own the *Cricket* and with it catch thousands of pounds of king salmon over the years.

John Hollywood often entertained us with stories about old man Peihle, who arrived in Sitka around 1900, where he opened a saloon. After years of hearing of Peihle's legendary exploits, I have come to the conclusion that he was either very good at navigation, or he was the most incredibly lucky man ever born. I suppose, if the truth were known, he had a combination of luck and skill.

Rudy Sarvela told me that Peihle was like a second father to him. Peihle took Rudy with him on trips between Sitka and Chichagof Mine, and Rudy told me the same stories about Peihle that John Hollywood had.

Not long after Peihle opened his saloon, he ran out of booze, and since it was to be almost another month before a steamer came from Seattle with more, Peihle decided to take his sailing sloop to Prince Rupert and get a load of Canadian stuff to bring back to Sitka. Canadian booze was cheap, especially when he by-passed U. S. Customs and didn't pay tax on it.

When he returned to Sitka he cached the Canadian booze and transferred it to bottles with U. S. labels before selling it across the bar. However word soon got around as to what Peihle was doing, so a steam-powered revenue cutter was sent to intercept him.

When Peihle came through Biorka Channel, his little sloop loaded with contraband, he was doing about 20 knots, with a 50-mile sou'easter quartering astern. The revenue cutter was in the lee of Biorka Island, and gave chase as soon as Peihle was sighted.

Peihle immediately headed for the bunch of islands and rocks outside Redoubt Bay. It was near dark, and Peihle gained on the cutter. The rock pile made the cutter captain nervous about following the sloop in the dark, and he was relieved to see a light go on in a little bay at the mouth of Redoubt.

By this time it was black dark, so the cutter anchored and the captain put a man on watch, with instructions to sound the alarm if the light started to move.

At dawn a whaleboat was lowered and an armed boarding party headed for the light. When they arrived they found a long pole stuck in the mud with a kerosene lantern lashed to its top. Peihle was long gone. Somehow he had pike-poled through that rock pile in the dark, and slipped away.

ONCE Peihle was traveling to Sitka from Goddard Hot Springs in a boat called *Dorothy*, with a single cylinder gas

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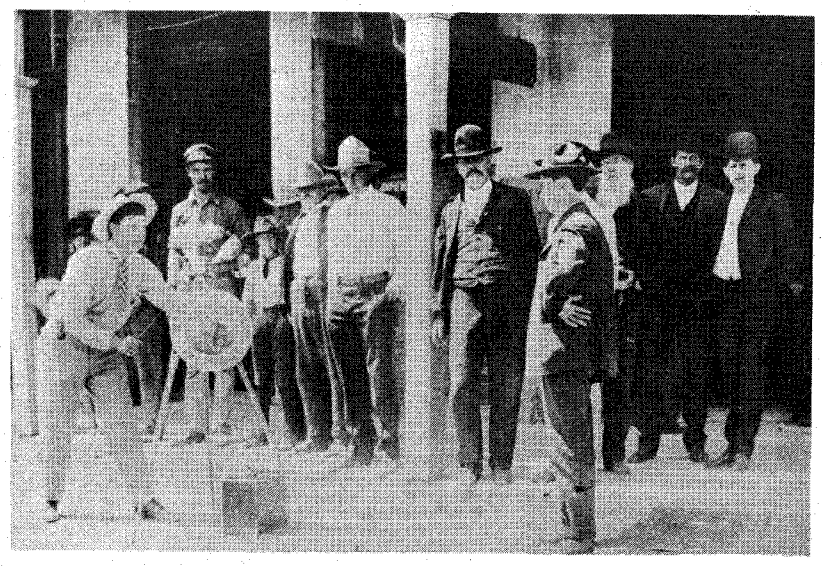
Below: Photographing in the middle of the street in 1908. Right: Lisle Updike on his first official filming trip to the Mesa Verde ruins in 1914.



1890 CANDID CAMERAMAN

Lisle Updike was born with a "roadmap for a heart"!

BY DIANE THOMAS

Photos Courtesy Author

LISLE UPDIKE of Phoenix, Arizona decided to be a photographer when he was only six years old. Now he is eighty-four and has never regretted his chosen profession.

Updike was born in 1890 in Erie, Pennsylvania. Perhaps he inherited his yen to roam, for his grandfather was a boat operator on the Erie Canal. His mother and father traveled constantly and his five brothers were all born in different states.

Photography was not an easy business in the 1890s. The pictures were either tintypes or glass plates, and people had to be talked into buying a portrait of themselves even at bargain prices. Tintypes sold for only 30¢ to 50¢ each, and more than half the money went for supplies, which didn't leave much eating money for man and beast. And "beast" is what had to be fed in those days when photographers who traveled went either by wagon or on horseback.

Of course, to a youngster, 50¢ was a lot of money, and Updike was suitably impressed when he met a studio photographer in a wagon yard in Albion, the Updike family's hometown twenty miles east of Niagara Falls, New York. He talked the man into letting him clean up after school, learning as he worked.

One day a woman came to the studio in tears. Several years before, she had brought her son in to be photographed. The unyielding wood clamps used to hold the heads of fidgety children in place often kept the kids from smiling and she wanted a smiling picture. So she had refused to pay for it, flung it angrily in the air and stomped out. The child had since died, and she wanted the picture. The photographer said he had no idea where it was. The woman said she had seen it land on top of the darkroom. Groping in the dust, she triumphantly held it up. When she asked the price, Updike's boss asked her how many years it had been. She said ten and he replied it would be $10. The woman willingly paid. This really impressed Updike who hadn't seen a $10 bill in his lifetime. When he went home that night he told his mother he intended to be a photographer, asking her how to learn about it.

"My mother said a man could learn anything he wanted to from books. So I got an armload of books on photography from the library."

A couple of years later, when he was twelve, Updike ran away from home, still determined to be the best photographer in the East. Working at odd jobs, he

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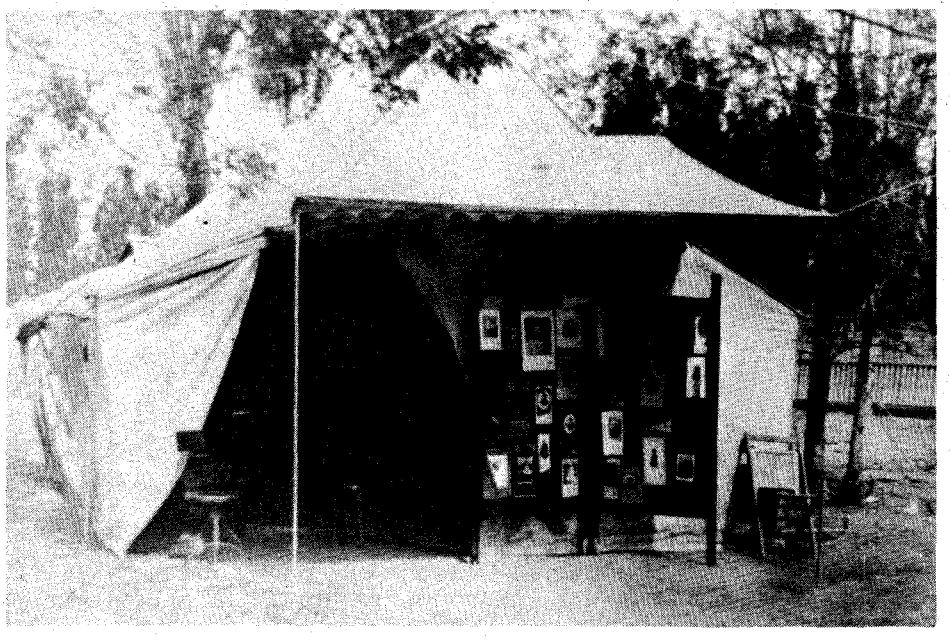
Above: Updike's first wagon in 1908. Below: On "horse trading days" the portable studio was set up on the nearest empty lot.



finally had enough money to buy supplies, including a Hawkeye camera with a cherry-wood body. He made some outdoor shots of the town and took them to the local drugstore.

"In those days all color work on postcards was done in Germany. A drugstore would buy a glass plate of the views and send them to Germany where they would be hand-colored and shipped back. All I did was sell the negatives, and the rest was up to them if they wanted color. Of course, if they wanted black and white, I would print those."

He sold a lot of negatives, and he also sold pictures to doting mothers and lovesick swains. Traveling by train, Updike would hang up bed blankets on hotel windows for instant darkrooms. He would thrust the light-sensitive paper and glass plates between the blanket and the window, counting off the seconds, learning by trial and error to use the knowledge that was stored in his head from books.

IN 1904 Updike bought a ticket on the *Robert E. Lee*, bound for the St. Louis World's Fair. He was sure he was the world's finest photographer and would make his fortune taking souvenir photos of the fair-goers.

"Once I got there, I realized walking around with my camera shooting pictures, then developing them in a hotel room wouldn't work for people who sometimes were on their way home the next day. So I walked into the photo studio on the Fairgrounds and told the man I was the best photographer east of the Mississippi."

The studio owner put Updike to work in a darkroom. After an hour, a check was made on his work.

"The man asked me if I could do a good job milking cows. I told him 'No'."

"'Well, you can do that better than making pictures,' he replied. And I was fired."

Working at any odd jobs he would get, still traveling by train, still taking pictures where he could sell them, Updike went back to reading books on photography. Living was cheap. Good hotels got $2 a day for three meals and a bed; the cheaper type offered the same inducement for $1.

"Whenever I could, I took the $2 room. Usually the better hotels had a decent parlor. I'd take some handbills I had made and go into town leaving them in stores and tacking them on poles. I even knocked on house doors. Then I'd go back, set my equipment up in the parlor and take pictures. I took a long tin pan, put powder in it, put a rubber tube in my mouth, used a wick saturated with alcohol, lit it and blew on the flame to ignite the powder. You couldn't see a thing until the air cleared, but the hotel owners were so fascinated by watching, they forgot to complain about the dust settling on the dark furniture. Then I'd print the pictures in my room and I was able to put money away to finally buy a couple of horses."

Loading one of the horses with his equipment and climbing on the other one, Updike was free at last of train schedules. Looking far older than his years, he managed to cover Georgia, Tennessee, Kentucky, Louisiana, Missouri and West Virginia, snapping away as he went. He wasn't getting rich, but he was seeing the country and eating regularly.

Always thinking up ways to improve his work and his welfare, Updike decided he needed a wagon. He was wasting too much time looking for hotels, and camping in the open left a lot to be desired. So he designed a hack built like an ice wagon, with a fifth wheel that turned under the seat. Now for the money to have it built.

"About that time I ran into a man who wanted to learn how to make tintypes. I had worked out most of the bugs that had bothered me, and I really felt I was the best photographer around at that time. I told this fellow I'd teach him to make tintypes if he would go into business with me, put up the money for the hack and buy one of the two horses we'd need. He was a musician and lived back in Oklahoma. He told me if I could wait until he went home and got his things, he'd take me up on it. I stayed around and waited, and you know what he was carrying when he got off the train? Just a guitar and a banjo."

But he also brought back money, and a second-hand hack that could be remodeled was found. When it was ready, the men loaded their equipment in the wagon and started a swing around the country to take photos. By day they would knock on doors and sell their services to the lady of the house.

"I remember one day a colored lady answered the door. She said she sure wanted a picture of herself, and told us specifically she wanted a bust portrait so her face would be large enough for her family to see. We brought our equipment into the house, but when we asked her to

(Continued on page 58)

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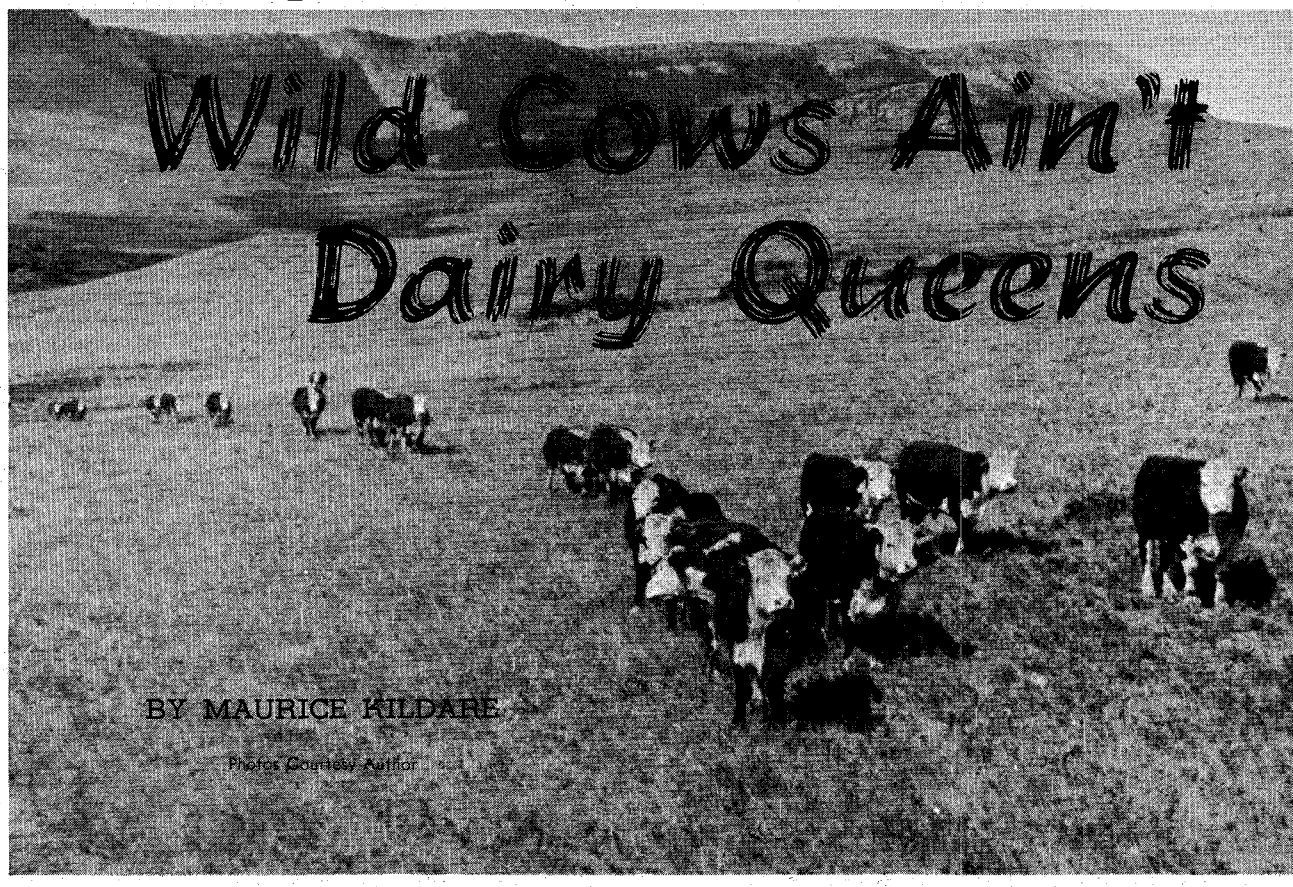
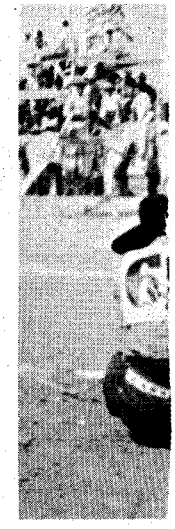
Ask any cowboy—



Wild Cows Ain't Dairy Queens

BY MAURICE KILDARE

Photos Courtesy Author



Above: Range cows kept in pastures still have a wild strain in them. Top right: When this milker's rope missed he bulldogged the wild cow. Right: The milker is on the off-side but the wild cow doesn't know any difference.

DELL ROGERS, range boss for the Pitchfork outfit near Winslow, Arizona arrived at the line cabin on Jack's Canyon at mid-morning. He was surprised to find the horses of the two cowboys stationed there still in the corral and obviously unfed.

The reason was disclosed when he entered the cabin. They were bunked up. Both had black eyes, one a broken nose, their faces were skinned, and they were otherwise so stove up that walking was barely possible.

Rogers sighed sadly. They must have had a great and glorious fight. Too long in the same cabin, they had gotten on each other's nerves beyond the breaking point.

"I thought you boys was inseparable pards," he began. "Now I got to split you up before you kill one another. One goes someplace else."

"Hold on, Dell," one cowboy protested, his open mouth disclosing a missing tooth. "We ain't been battling none personal. What happened is me and Bill decided we'd just go get us some fresh cow milk instead of canned. We went out and dabbed a loop on a mama cow.

"Bill got off to do the milking in a lard can, but we had got us a she-panther. That cow run smack amuck. Couldn't throw her when she got tangled in my twine. We fought and fought around there. Bill was knocked down and tromped. When I got off to help, the same thing happened to me. My horse held but we was sure in one hell of a fix trying to get loose from that cow."

"Oscar, did you get any of that panther milk?" Dell inquired curiously.

"Maybe a half pint when we finally tailed her down."

"From the way you boys got beat up it sure must have been enjoyable juice."

"Man, you should've seen us day before yesterday. Couldn't even swallow. This fracas happened three days ago."

The cowboy's story was common all over western rangelands. Trying to milk a wild cow was like going after a tiger barehanded. People who never tried to milk one have no idea how tough it is. They see it done at rodeos and the exciting contest is a drawing card. It is done with the cow standing up and looks fairly easy once the critter is caught.

On the range, milking a wild cow is considerably different. Indeed, about the only way to do it without getting hooked, wrestling the protesting cow, and being knocked down and run over, is to throw her. The cow is roped by the horns, then heeled and busted; the hind legs are tied and then she is milked. The milk recovered isn't much, for the critter absolutely refuses to lower any more milk to the teats than what is in them, if any.

Freeing the cow is just as critical. Usually the rope over the horns is removed first. Then while one cowboy sits his horse close to fend off the critter, the other jerks the pigging string free and hopes to vault into his saddle before getting gored from behind.

MANY YEARS AGO cowman D. D. Bunch gave me his own version of milking wild cows. "We didn't have no milch cows and no neighbors did either," he said. "My missus' sister come to visit and she had a baby. A cow critter milk-drinking baby, mind you. Not milk from a tin can.

"The missus says for me and the boys to go milk a wild cow. So we sashayed off, picking the tamest one we could find. In about an hour we got her throwed and had about half a pint of milk.

"But that persnickety kid turned up its nose and refused to drink it. We went out and tried another cow. Wrassled around for maybe another hour before we went back to the house with some milk. The baby drank that batch.

"Every day we went out and chased down cows to get that baby its fodder. Then them cows began to get scarce,

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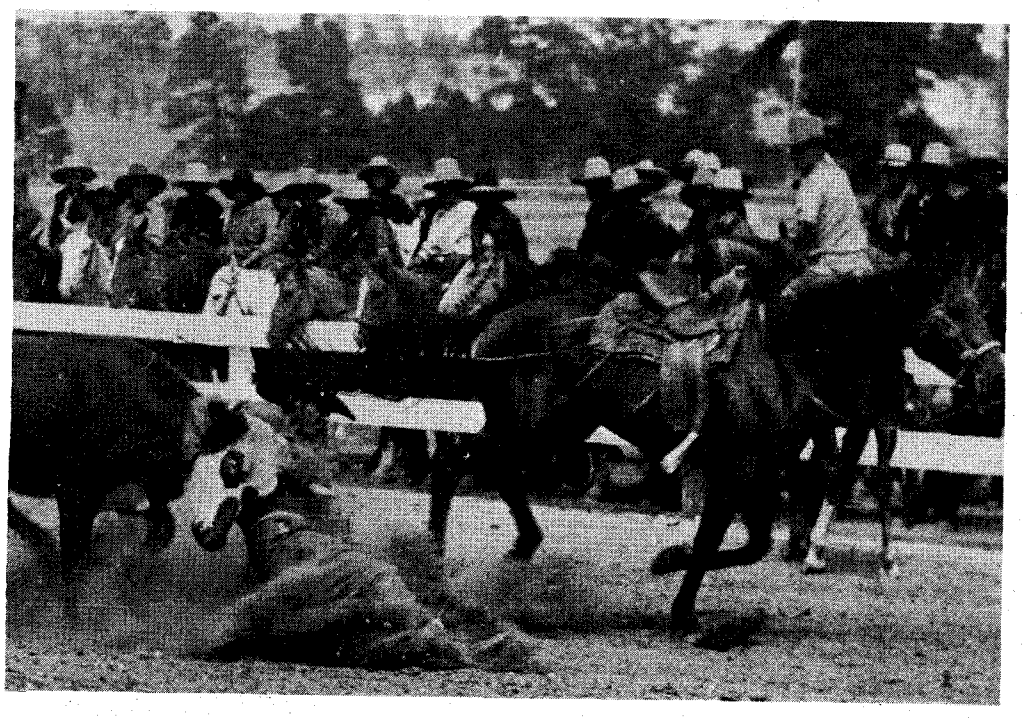

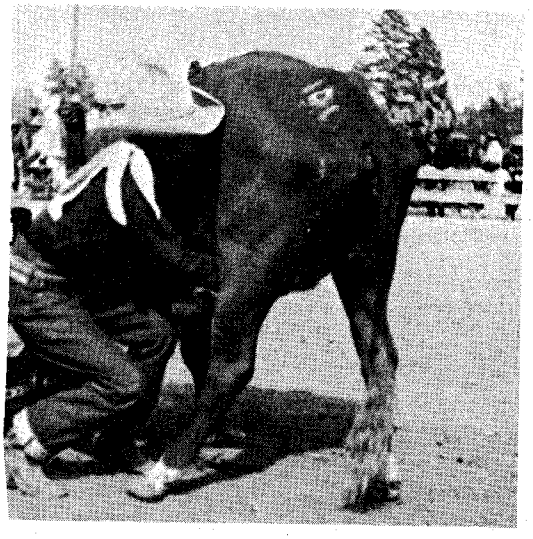

running off and hiding. Whenever they saw us coming to do some milking they heisted their tails in the air and went yonder in a hard run—like heel flies was after them.

"Cows run off so far and hid we was just about out of them when I got smart. Went 150 miles with a wagon into the Snake River Valley and bought a couple of cows from the Mormons who practically live on milk."

When I was a teenager Father bought a ranch in old Oklahoma. That winter the milch cow quit. Mother asked me to try milking some of the range cows. In very short order I learned about the wild ones, having trouble from the first attempt.

These should have been tame cows. All their lives had been spent in fenced pastures. Winters they were fed in the home corrals. They stood all day eating their heads off at a haystack. At sundown they were fed corn and cottonseed chopped together.

They could be walked around close to, and even their big calves could be petted without objection. But these cows were still *wild*. Each spring they hid out their newborn calves. Sometimes it took three weeks to find one, they were concealed so cleverly by mother instinct.

The first cow I intended milking was roped from a horse and snubbed head close to two rail fence joint-posts set deep in the ground. They had to be secured with a noose around the horns. If around the neck, they could jerk backward or throw themselves and break their sorry necks. Even then one could manage to twist his hindquarters down. It took me all of an hour to get the first cow fixed for milking. And for what? Less than a pint of milk that looked like blue-john.

That first one was so hard to catch, the next afternoon I tried a different one. She broke the catch rope when I started to milk her and had to be caught again, this time with a bull rope. That rope couldn't be broken but after she fell down five times, hanging to the noose and bawling, I gave up.

The third and fourth cows acted up almost as bad and never stopped making trouble. Both were milked, yet the results were that same small amount. They dodged and twisted around so much their milk should have been clabbered.

When I remarked that the cows refused to let their milk down one of the cowboys laughed loudly.

"Kid, they don't never drop no milk until their calf starts sucking. Why? Because they got that way on account of the milk snake. It reaches up right out of the grass, grabs a teat and never lets go until it's full of milk."

"Aw, cut it out!" I protested.

Nevertheless, it happens that Western folklore insists there is such a snake. That is why, they say, some nights at milking time a very good producer has only half the regular amount. Having milked a lot of cows myself, I often wondered how many lazy kids deliberately let the calf get most of it, using the snake as an excuse!

My fifth try was on a big brindle cow, not a short horn or Hereford. After she was secured, I petted her awhile and gave her a little salt. But the usual attempts to kick me loose followed. Once the cow twisted her rear end down. While she occupied that incongruous position I finished the job, obtaining about one quart. Feeding was not due for another hour but after the rope was off, she let me walk around close. A bucket of mixed feed was her reward. Thereafter I could milk the brindle cow, but never unless I fastened her to the fence posts with a rope. By bringing in her big, fat bull calf and letting him have the offside teats I could get half a gallon of milk from the other two because she let it down.

LONGHORN cattle were no wilder than their successors, but it was dangerous to carry a big water bucket near them either riding or walking.

One time when I was a small boy Mother and I crawled under a four-strand barbed wire fence into a pasture where Longhorn cattle grazed. We carried zinc water buckets, intending to fill them with wild blackberries growing there in a thick patch.

We were seen by the herd from a distance. They came running toward us like they were stampeding. Mother and I got right back under the fence fast and ran to get out of sight with those buckets. Some of the Longhorns hit the fence and broke two wires but didn't come on through.

They were not rushing to us to be milked in those buckets. They imagined we were carrying salt to them!

Wild cow milking as observed in the professional rodeos is half as phony as most spectators believe, but some is for real. Animals for wild cow milking contests are furnished by the promoter whose business is providing rodeo livestock. In a pen, or loose, these cows can be walked up to and their curly-haired foreheads scratched. They seem far too gentle to ever act mean. But when taken from her calf and penned, a cow instinctively knows there is going to be great big trouble. Put in a chute, the cow comes running out wild-eyed and on the prod when the trap gate springs open. After a roper misses, from that time on the cow never forgets that she can actually get away from men on horses.

Two riders take after the cow. One ropes her. The other jumps from his saddle and seizes a bulldog grip on her head while the other hits the ground in a run with a small-necked bottle, usually one that a soft drink comes in. The milker has to get only a few drops in it, then he either holds it up for the judges to see that he has milk or he runs to their stand. He is timed from when the cow leaves the chute until there's milk in the bottle.

Rodeo rules about holding and milking the wild cow vary. No matter what the rules, the cow begins fighting the rope instantly, lunging around and trying to escape, often bellowing loudly. The milker has a tough time grabbing a teat to

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squeeze while his partner is doing his level best to hold the cow in one place long enough for him to qualify.

After the catch the cow may even turn on the roper, trying to horn or bowl over his horse. Maybe before he can shorten up and while his partner is trying to seize and hold her head, the cow breaks free. She will also start kicking violently the instant a teat is grabbed.

When released by the holder he had better get out of the way for the cow will take after him. This is where the arena clown gets in his afternoon's work. While the crowd in the grandstand is yelling loudly in excitement his job is to distract the cow's attention from the man who turned her loose.

This is an exciting rodeo event where trickery is considered legitimate—even the proper thing to do.

A certain percentage of cows to be milked are dry. For instance, if fifty are used in a contest (about average), five will be without calves and giving no milk. By this rule one of ten contestants will be unlucky enough to draw a dry cow. The bag and teats often look no smaller than those of a wet cow. Oddly enough, few cowboy contestants can determine the difference until trying to squeeze out a few drops of white liquid.

On the first try and if obtaining none, the milker begins panicking and squeezes harder. This pressure hurts the cow, causing her to fight more angrily. In his anxiety at the seconds flitting away in the timed event, the milker keeps squeezing hard and faster.

His desperation is sensed by the spectators who are on their feet in tense awareness of his problem. This trick is pulled for no other reason than to create a situation where the contestant is about to lose and suddenly the grandstand is rising en masse, yelling their support for the underdog. The contestants stand for being jobbed because the prize money is never large. Most enter the contest solely for kicks.

In their younger days the old retired cowmen, brothers Tot and Art Nett of Augusta, competed in rodeo contests as partners. One they always entered was the wild cow milking which occurs near the close of the main events. They were adept at it and invariably came away with top money as they often did also with their team tying, bulldogging, and calf roping.

One year at Helena they won the first two day money events. The final money and grand prize was almost in their pockets too, but on the third and final day they drew a dry cow. Doing the milking, Art knew the instant he grabbed a teat that the animal was dry. However, he squeezed hard. Sometimes a light colored lubricating liquid is found in teats. If he got any it would be sufficient. But this bellowing, struggling cow was really *dry*.

A gentle bossy milch cow is accustomed to being milked from the near or right side. To try the off or left side can cause even a mild-tempered bovine to kick viciously.

Of course the wild cow knows nothing about proper milking sides and some contestants will even milk her from behind. This could, and often does, lead to kicking that results in black eyes, a broken nose and maybe some missing teeth. But the milker's sole object is to get a hold the quickest way, squeeze out a few drops and report to the judges by taking the bottle to them or pouring out some to prove he got milk.

MANY cowboys believe wild cow milking is a dangerous sport. One is Henry "Heine" Maney, an old cowboy from Montana's Bear Paw Mountains. In his younger days he aspired to be a rodeo hand. Stirring music, the colorful parades and cheering crowds intrigued him.

He tried all the contests but wild cow milking, and came out loser. He did fair-

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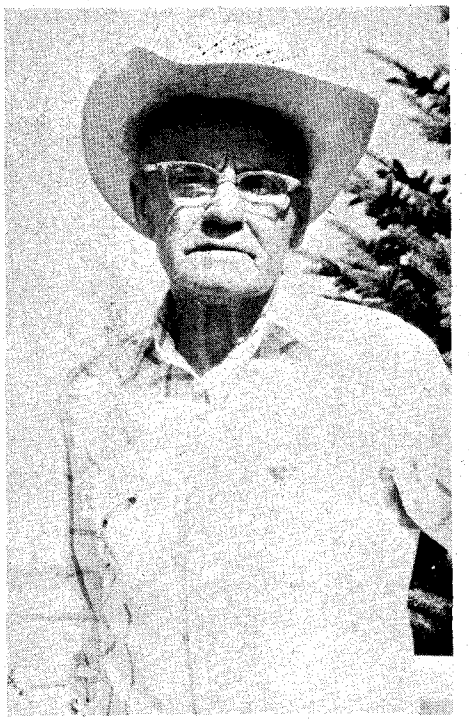
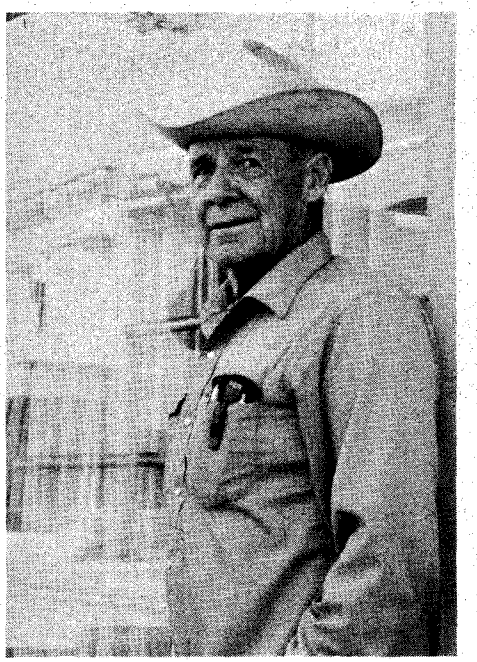
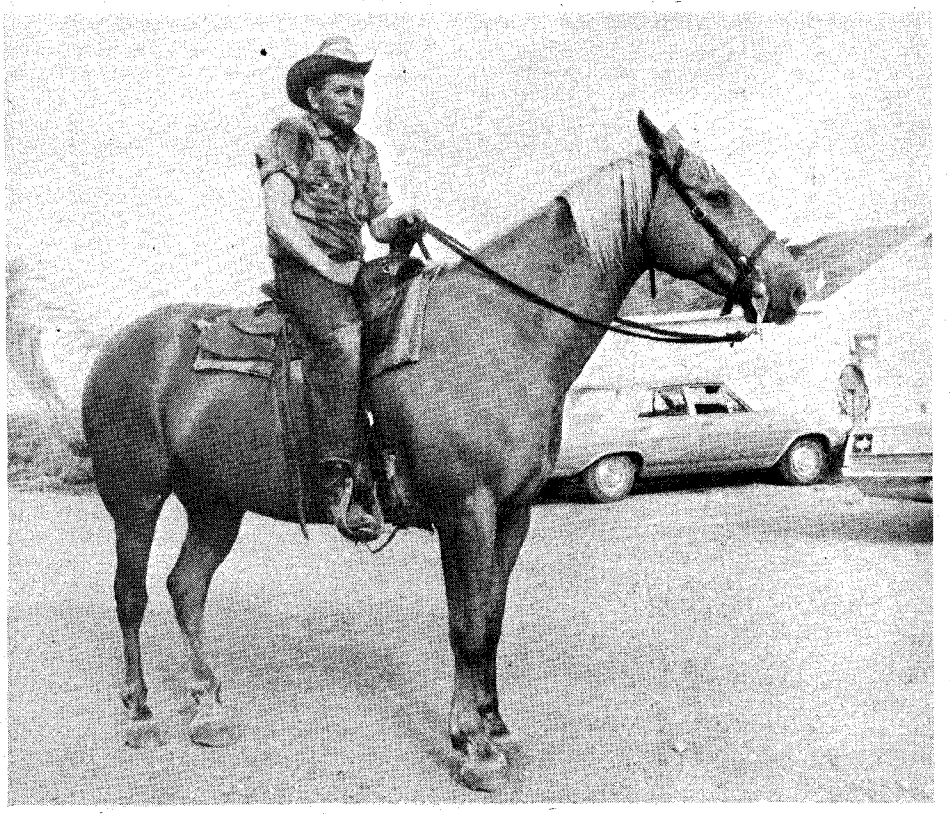




Tot Nett (left) and his brother Art (below).

Cowboy Heine Maney.



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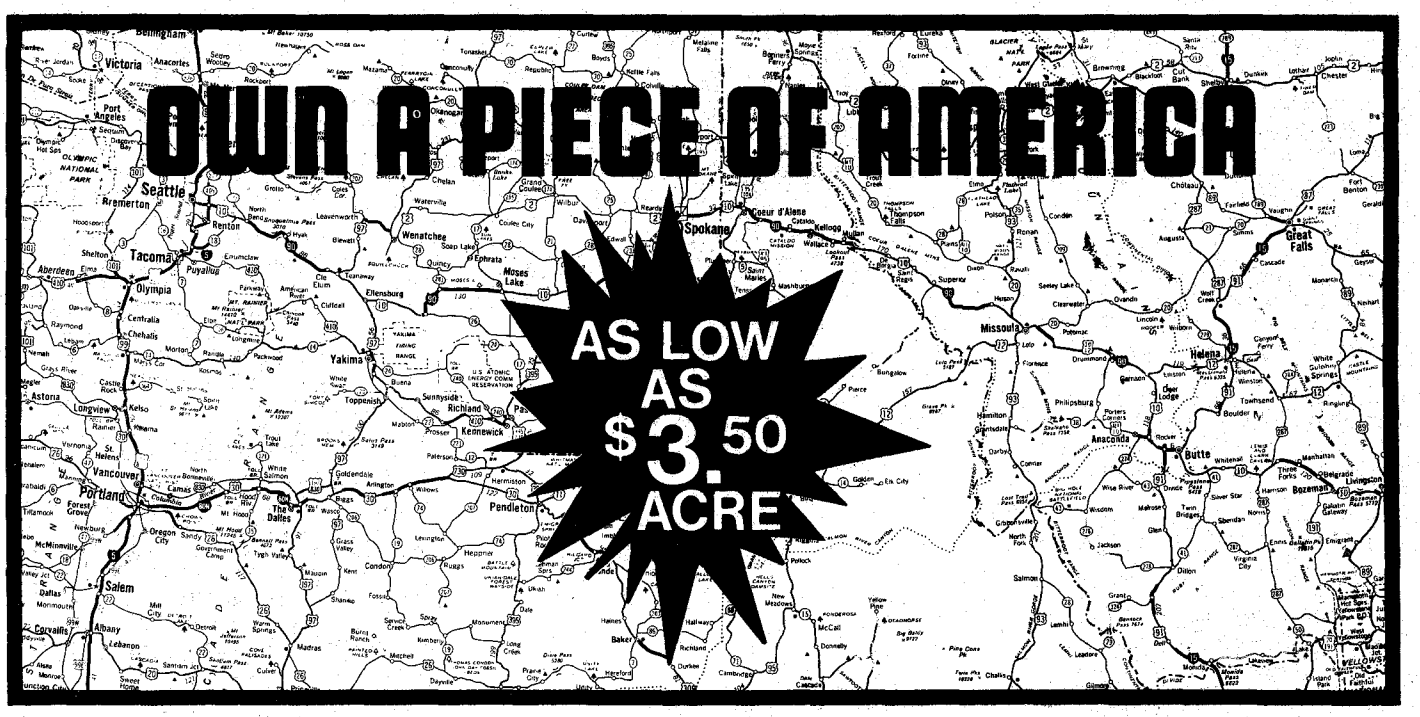

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Two Funerals for Al Hennessy

(Continued from page 10)

been working these claims with Bob Beattie and they lived in some small cabins on the west side of the creek across from the Cascade-Yellow Pine Forest Highway.

While Al and Bob were working the Anaconda Claims between 1929 and 1933 several incidents took place to contribute to the amusement of all their neighbors along the creek and in the village of Yellow Pine three miles downstream.

Al was always out at night talking and singing to the stars and this habit was disturbing to anyone camping with him. One time Bob Beattie got an idea so he accosted Al as follows: "Al, your insomnia is caused by too much electricity in your body and if we can ground it out you will probably be able to sleep. Tonight we will wire you up so you can sleep."

They took four pieces of four-foot drill steel and pounded them through the floor and into the ground—two on each side of the head of Al's bed and two at each side of the foot of the bed. (Beattie, no doubt, got the idea for "grounding-out" Al because in those days battery radios needed a ground to work well and, of course, the single wire phones required a ground connection.)

When Al was ready for bed, Bob wired his wrists to the head steel posts and then wired his ankles to the two at the foot of the bed.

The next morning when unwiring Al, Bob asked: "How did you sleep, Al?"

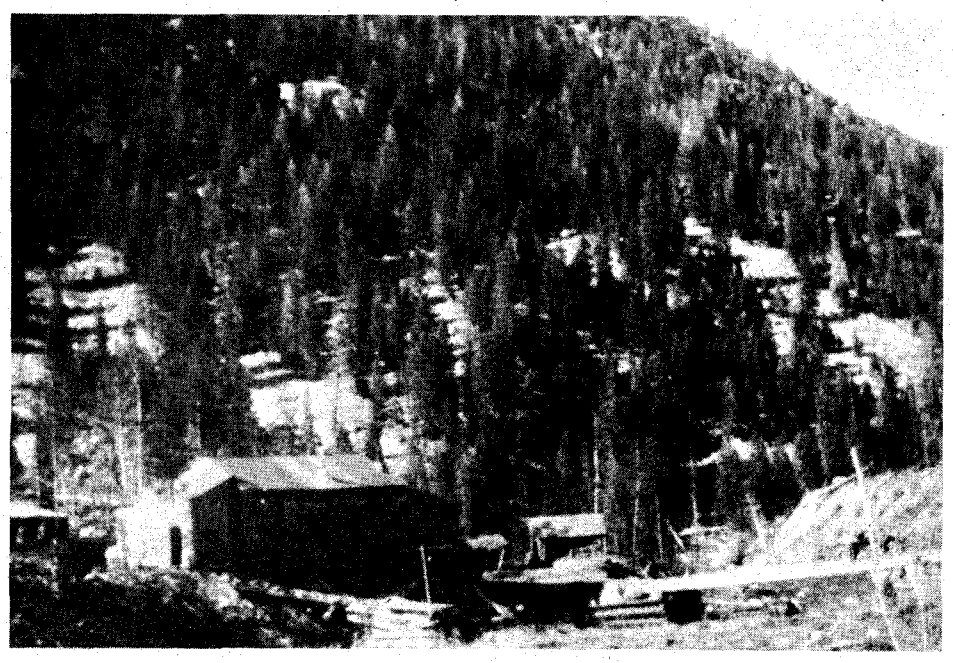
"Fine, never slept better. You sure did know what was wrong with me. Let's do this every time I have trouble sleeping."

One of Al's favorite tricks was to pal up with some guy who had a winter's stake or had already bought his winter grub supply and get him to move in with him with the grub. After a few weeks Al would get drunk and get his gun and run the "pal" off. Al would thus be left with the grub and supplies for winter with no effort.

J. J. Oberbillig, Al Hennessy's mining associate who bought most of Al's mining properties in the winter of 1924-25.

In fact, Al was always threatening to shoot someone with his old .30-30 rifle and it was a wonder to all of us that someone didn't shoot back. Yellow Pine had several tough characters who would not hesitate to shoot back under these circumstances, and had been known to do it. It could be that Al was selective in making his threats and was careful to leave certain men alone. For one, Ray Call didn't respond to Al's bluff one time and for a while it looked like black curtains for Mr. Hennessy, and from then on Al left Ray strictly alone.

Idaho Minerals Bridge and Camp during the summer of '35. Al's old cabin is just off the large cookhouse-bunkhouse building.



After selling his Anaconda claims to J. J. Oberbillig in 1933, Al moved across Johnson Creek and built two log cabins on the east side of the creek and alongside the road. This was his headquarters for the next ten to twelve years and it will be recalled that from 1933 until mid-1936 Al was receiving $250 per month for his half of the Great Northern claims. At this same time Al also received about $3,000 cash from Idaho Minerals Company for his Anaconda claims. During this deepest part of the Depression, Al thus took in over a period of four years more than $10,000 from his mining claim sales.

With Al receiving about $300 per month during the days when a really good job paid only about $100, you can see that he was the prey for every bootlegger and card sharp in Yellow Pine. Every spring for several years Al would come out of the winter with a bad case of DTs and his lower eyelids would be turned inside out and look like two half-moons of raw beefsteak. Winter invariably left him, too, with an empty checking account.

AL decided in the spring of 1935 that he needed to move up to a level befitting his station of life. He needed a car. He bought a used Dodge pick-up from J. J. Oberbillig, and several in Yellow Pine suggested that J. J. sold him the pick-up hoping he would run off the road and kill himself.

One time Al and Jakie Stem were down in Yellow Pine whooping it up on a spree. When they decided to return to Al's camp, a couple of the town regulars cautioned Al that he was too drunk to drive home. Al, of course, brushed the caution aside and took off. He and Jakie made it only a mile up the road when Al drove off over the steep grade. The pick-up came to rest with its radiator smashed into a tree which luckily kept the car from going on down into the river. Al crawled out of the wreck and up to the road and managed to get to his cabin a couple of miles away.

The next morning Al woke up, partly sober but with a king-sized hangover, and began to recall the night before. He wondered where Jakie was. Al ambled over to Bob Beattie's cabin just south of his and the two of them went back to the wreck and found Jakie still slumped in the seat of the pick-up. His neck was broken.

Some of the Yellow Pine regulars, particularly the two who wanted Al to stay in town until he sobered up, were upset over the wreck which killed poor old Jakie. Thus, Al found himself being avoided and treated like an outcast. Being a friendly sort of Irishman Al felt very sad to be ostracized from society, so he put his brain to work on a plan to get out of this predicament.

After a time he had the solution. He circulated a story that the accident had really been bothering him so one night while he was talking to the stars he decided to talk to Jakie and see if Jakie was mad about the accident. By some means he was able to tune in Jakie and in the course of the conversation Jakie told Al to explain to his Yellow Pine friends that it was all right; his time was

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up anyway. Jakie said to Al, according to the story, that they should ease up on Al because Jakie was not mad about it and besides he was having a ball up in heaven.

It is immaterial if the town critics believed this or not; the facts still stood: the stars had told Al where to locate two good mines and this latest conversation with Jakie's spirit via the stars could very well be true!

Al was also a kleptomaniac. He would steal items from his friends and lend them back to the rightful owners without a care about getting them back. If Al needed something, he took it without asking; likewise, if you needed something from him, there was no hesitation, he was happy to help you out—even with your own tools.

One night Al decided he wanted some fried chicken. The Idaho Minerals camp across the creek kept chickens and the cook Mattie Fuller had made pets of them. She would go out at feeding time and talk with them. She had names for each one of the old hens.

Al cranked up the Dodge pick-up and headed over to the hen house. When Mattie heard the old hens squawking and calling to her, she thumped on the floor above her where the miners slept and called out, "Mike! Go out and check up on my babies. A skunk or weasel must be in the hen house!"

Mike found a weasel by name of Al Hennessy with three of Mattie's pets in his hands with their necks already twisted. He got Al in the pick-up and headed back across the bridge and later told Mattie it was only Al—lost on his way home. He didn't dare tell Mattie that Al had killed some of her hens.

The next morning she inquired of Mike about three missing white leghorns and he said maybe they got out when he opened the door to check on them and they would show up later.

About this time Al took the chickens out in front of his cabin to pluck them, and with white feathers flying everywhere around him, Mattie looked across the creek; now she knew the truth. She ran up the tunnel and found two of the men outside and demanded to know where they had hidden their guns. She insisted she was going over and shoot the old chicken thief.

They calmed her down but from that day forward as long as Mrs. Fuller was at the camp, Al never crossed the bridge to the Idaho Minerals cookhouse. Mike warned him that he'd better not come near the place.

OUR Irish prospector Al had been working some claims up on Buck Creek in Trapper Flat when he decided in the fall of 1952 that he would take an outfit and spend the winter in there driving a tunnel alone. Since Al was then seventy-six years old, some concern was voiced about this, particularly since he was going to use only a tent on a wooden floor and frame.

Pilots flying between Boise and the Stibnite (Meadow Creek) passed right over this camp on Buck Creek so they would check to see if smoke was coming from the tent stove pipe or if snow had been shoveled from the trail to the mine. They would even circle for Al to come out and wave to them that everything was all right.

The next spring, early in March, Al's friends at Stibnite decided that Al's winter groceries must be getting pretty well picked over by then, so they decided to fix up a sack of groceries with some fresh meat and other tidbits and have one of the pilots drop the package by parachute.

The pilot and "bombardier" did their job well; the chute floated gently down to the clearing beside Al's cabin. But when rushing out the tent-cabin door Al slipped on the icy steps and broke his ankle. He crawled back into the cabin and went to bed because he couldn't get out to split wood.

A couple of days later a pilot reported the chute and package still in the clearing with no smoke coming from Al's stove. The alarm was sounded. Philip "Frenchy" Lequoia, and old friend of Al's, was living at the Beattie cabin with Fred Erickson close to Al's Johnson Creek camp.

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Frenchy hitched a ride up to Trapper Creek, put on snowshoes and in about four hours was at Al's camp. He found Al in bad shape with the broken ankle. Gangrene had developed. Al was also nearly famished for lack of water and food. Frenchy started a fire and made coffee and opened a can of soup. He pulled Al's bed over near the stove and left a big pile of wood so Al could feed the fire and keep warm.

Frenchy left then to summon help to get Al out to the hospital. He found that Carl Whitmore, the mail carrier, had come into Yellow Pine with a "snow cat" so they went right back and brought Al out and loaded him into a pick-up for the trip to the hospital in Cascade.

The doctor tried to get by with just cutting off Al's toes but gangrene had spread higher so they had to take off all the foot and part of the lower leg.

Al came back to Yellow Pine with both crutches and a wooden foot but when he got thirsty he would crawl down to the bar without either of them and hoist himself up on a stool. He would stay right there until someone packed him home and dumped him in bed. This went on for about a year.

Tadge Pickins, the storekeeper's wife, tried to keep Al cleaned up some and fed but the chore was too much for her so the county moved Al out to a nursing home in Weiser where he lived out his remaining years. Those last few years were dry ones for the most part except when an old pal would sneak in a bottle for him.

There are no more old prospectors and mountain men left like Al Hennessy and since I am one of the few remaining who knew this whimsical character it seems fitting and proper to carve out one small notch on the history tree for him. After all, not many of them had two big mines to their credit—and also two funerals!

A Cattle Tracker's Lost Gold

(Continued from page 13)

rolled out on the floor. A piece he held close to the light had wide, yellow seams running through it.

Moving on, he came to an ore crusher and a forge. He pushed down on the forge handle and the cowhide bellows cracked and split apart.

This mine could be a couple of hundred years old, he thought. He knew something of the history of the area. It occurred to him that this mine and smelter could have been owned only by Spanish padres and worked by the Indians who were under their influence. Why had it been abandoned, with a vast fortune stacked under a covering of cowhides? Had the workers been slain?

But he did know that with all this gold at his disposal, he was now an exceedingly rich man. His heart hammered when he thought of all the fine things that gold could buy: a large ranch stocked with the finest pure-bred cattle, possibly an ocean voyage for himself and his wife to old Spain, the land of their forefathers.

And the gold was his and his alone. True, the *vaqueros* who were with him might justifiably have a claim to some of the gold. But hadn't he, the cattle tracker, through his own efforts discovered it? Yes. He would share the gold with no man.

In a dreamy daze, Varela made his way from the cave to the tunnel and went outside. His companions were standing by the fire, drinking coffee.

"Why so long?" exclaimed one of them. "We were beginning to think you had been killed by a bear!"

"Oh," replied Varela, "there's an old cave back in there. I looked around it. But no bears! Nothing but a lot of old bat droppings on the floor."

The following day the storm blew itself out. A brilliant sun broke out against a blue sky, and the snow-covered countryside glistened. Varela decided that with two days and a deep snowfall between him and the rustlers, it was best to give up on this particular tracking assignment. Besides, he was too concerned with his discovery and all its implications to bother much with cattle thieves. So he and the *vaqueros* headed back for their ranches.

WHEN Varela got back home, his wife observed that he was not his usual pleasant self. He seemed tense and pensive. She thought he was upset because he had failed to overtake the rustlers. With wifely solicitude, she tried to console him: "Do not worry. Surely Don Armijo knows you failed to recover his cattle only because of the terrible blizzard. Don Armijo is well aware that you are the greatest tracker in all of New Mexico."

Varela smiled, but did not answer. He had problems. Like many a man who has suddenly been made rich, he was worried sick about how to handle his wealth and protect it from the greed of others.

The big problem was to secretly get the heavy gold out of the cave and transported to a large city, where he could sell it to banks.

He wanted to confide in his wife, to tell her everything, but he dared not. She was inclined to be talkative and gossipy. If he told her she would probably let it slip to her women friends, and within a week, people as far away as Albuquerque and El Paso would know all about the gold.

A few days later a couple of Varela's friends came by and reminded him that the three of them were due to start work on a mining claim they had staked a month earlier in the Sierra Blanca. Preoccupied with thoughts about his gold discovery, Varela had forgotten about the Sierra Blanca claim. He was, however, glad to go with them. They would be working the claim for several weeks, and it would give him time to decide the best way for the removal and disposal of the gold in the cave.

The day after they began work, fickle Lady Luck, who had smiled so benevolently on Varela a week before, now turned the tables and delivered a bitter, cruel blow. He was preparing a powder charge to blast open a rock wall when the powder ignited prematurely. The explosion drove bits of rock deep into his eyes. His partners rushed him to a hospital in El Paso, but doctors could not save his sight. Varela was destined to be stone blind for the rest of his long life.

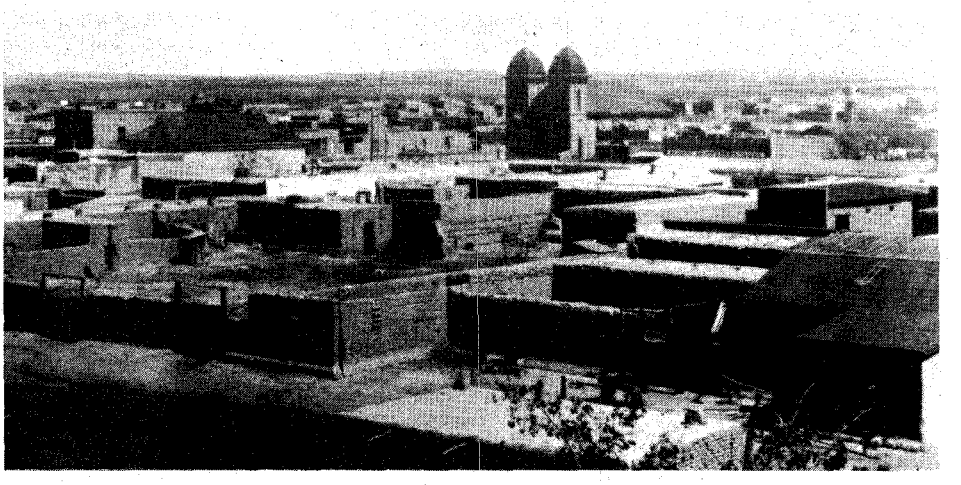
After he was returned from the hospital to his ranch, Varela was in a state of deep depression for many months. He grieved over the fact that his ranching, prospecting and cattle tracking days were over forever. He was doomed to poke around with a white cane and to be led around by his wife and friends. He was so gloomy that he rarely ever thought of the gold in the cave.

Finally, his spirits revived and his outlook improved. He began to think about the gold, and decided that he would talk to his wife about it. He swore Dona Chonita to secrecy and told her the story from beginning to end. She did not believe him, although she pretended to. She considered that the terrible accident to his eyes had unbalanced him. Moreover, the idea of that much gold stacked up in one pile was more than her mind could comprehend. But she humored her husband and listened dutifully to his every word about the gold. She spoke vaguely of organizing a party of relatives to go and search for it. But she never did.

The years passed, and eventually word

Las Cruces, New Mexico.

Photo Courtesy Museum of New Mexico, Santa Fe



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got around about the gold that Demetrio Varela had discovered somewhere in the Organ Mountains. A group of professional treasure hunters interviewed Varela. At first, the old man was reluctant to talk to them about the gold. But the treasure hunters were persuasive, and they convinced Varela that they were honest men and that Varela had nothing to lose and much to gain by joining in with them in a search for the gold. A lawyer was called in and a legal contract between all parties was drawn up, signed, and attested to.

With Varela as guide, the well-supplied and equipped party headed into the Organ Mountains. The blind man told the treasure hunters what directions to travel, approximately how far to go, and what to look for in the way of a narrow canyon, a grove of pines and a big, overhanging ledge.

The searchers were out for weeks. Varela's descriptions and directions were carefully noted and followed, but the party found no landmarks resembling the ones he described. They finally gave up the search.

In the spring of the year, fierce winds often blow in from the southwest and whip across New Mexico. These winds erode the soil and sometimes uproot trees and blow over houses. In July and August cloudbursts often inundate the state. Such sudden, heavy rains have destroyed whole villages, and have drowned campers and fishermen caught in canyons and ravines that drain the high hills and mountains.

Since 1878, when the cattle tracker discovered the gold-rich cave, many a high, strong wind has whipped through the Organ Mountains; many winter snows have covered them; and many a cloudburst has gushed across the land. Erosion and slides may have completely eliminated—or at least completely altered—the canyon and ledge where Varela found the cave.

If Demetrio Varela were alive today and had 20/20 vision, it is doubtful if he could find the hidden chamber—unless he had a lot of patience, a good metal detector and permission from the gods of chance.

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Kitty LeRoy

(Continued from page 11)

of the many other saloons, men on the town trooped into Johnny's; and when Kitty danced, they hollered loudly for encores.

Not much was known about the early life of Kitty, although rumors floated about. The most persistent story said that she had been married to Captain E. H. Lewis of Bay City, Michigan, and had a son by him, but that in 1872 she had abandoned her husband to become a professional dancer.

In Dallas the man most often seen with Kitty was a saloonkeeper who was a generous spender. Sometime in the winter or early spring of 1876 he persuaded her to leave with him for sunny California. Without Kitty, Johnny Thompson's variety theater was never quite the same. He continued to run it until his death a few years later, and his widow kept it open for awhile; but it had lost much of its clientele.

When a new cathedral was being built in Dallas, Mrs. Thompson, a devout churchwoman, offered to buy a set of chimes for the tower. At considerable cost she ordered the bells from New Orleans. In time they arrived in Dallas, but were never unloaded from the freight car. A woman who had heard about the gift stirred up a big fuss. Her reaction to Mrs. Thompson's gift was, "After her brass band's been callin' people to hell all these years, I'll be dahmed if I'm goin' to listen to her chimes callin' 'em to heaven!"

KITTY and her paramour stayed only a few months in California, suggesting that they found the state disappointing. California was no longer quite the raw and reckless country of the Forty-Niners. Many of the pick-and-pan prospectors had moved on to newer discoveries in Montana, Nevada, and Colorado.

Kitty and her friend departed for Deadwood. Uncle Sam had given the bleak Dakota country to the Sioux forever, to get the Indians out of more fertile land; but as soon as gold was discovered there, a throng of eager miners rushed in and took possession.

Deadwood Gulch, whose shacks and tents held about six thousand people, was raw and dangerous. Indians lurked in the surrounding hills to pick off miners coming in from Elkhorn Bar and Castle Creek to Deadwood and nearby towns with their gold dust and nuggets.

Deadwood's narrow dirt streets were crowded with wagons drawn by oxen or mules and noisy with the shouts of drivers. Sawmills were busy making planks for new buildings; and the many saloons, each with its gambling room, were doing a brisk business. Garishly dressed street women offered entertainment to passing men.

Gold had brought to Deadwood a cast of unusual characters. Known to almost everyone there was Martha Jane Canary, in buckskin breeches, who had lived in bawdy houses and had many affairs with soldiers. Soon, from her nursing of smallpox victims, she would become known as Calamity Jane.

Then there was Preacher Smith, a Methodist who was killed by Indians as he walked, Bible in hand, toward Crook City.

But by far the most stared-at person in Deadwood that summer of 1876 was a former Kansas marshal, tall, long-haired Wild Bill Hickok. Dressed in a Prince Albert frock coat and noted as a marks-

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man, he arrived with a party of prospectors early in July; but he spent less time at the mines than in the saloons and their gambling rooms. On August 2, while seated at a poker table, he was shot and killed by Jack McCall.

Soon after arriving in town, Kitty LeRoy found a job dancing on the stage of the Gem Theater, and she soon became as popular as she had been in Dallas. Kitty and her saloonkeeper friend parted company.

Kitty's next romance was with a Deadwood faro dealer, Samuel B. Curley. She and Sam hit it off well together for awhile, and in June 1877 the two were married on the stage of the Gem Theater before a hilarious crowd. The knot was tied by a justice of the peace named Barker.

Since Kitty hadn't bothered to get a divorce from her first husband in Michigan, her marriage to Curley apparently was bigamous; but that point didn't bother anyone in Deadwood. From all sides the miners drank to the health and happiness of the newlyweds.

Such wasn't to be. Before long they quarreled. Sam, who was also having trouble with what law there was in Deadwood, skipped out for Denver.

Left alone, Kitty seemed to become more hardened in personality. She quit her job at the Gem and went to Central City where she ran a saloon. Wearing a six-shooter and a Bowie knife, she had no trouble in keeping order or in throwing out rowdies.

Yet, before long, Kitty returned to Deadwood, where she opened a gambling house called the Mint. She became expert at relieving miners of their gold and at getting rid of them when they were broke. She took $8,000 from an industrious German before his claim ran out; then she beat him over the head with a bottle and drove him from her door.

Fantastic stories about Kitty circulated around Deadwood. Some said she had five husbands and could throw a knife straighter than any of them. One tale claimed she had married her first husband because, of all the men courting her, he was the only one who had the nerve to let her shoot an apple off his head as she rode by at full speed. Once, it was said, Kitty had donned men's clothes to fight with a fellow who wouldn't shoot it out with a woman.

KITTY, who had made up with her former saloonkeeper friend, no longer had to live alone, but unfortunately word of this arrangement reached Curley in Denver. And the more he thought about it, the more jealous he became.

Curley bought a train ticket to Deadwood and traveled there under a fake name, arriving on December 6, 1877, determined to kill Kitty and her lover and then to shoot himself. To avoid notice, Sam Curley stepped from the passenger coach at South Deadwood and took a horse-drawn hack to the main business area. He then walked to the Lone Star Saloon where he stayed for the rest of the day.

That evening he sent for his rival, but the latter refused to visit him. Frustrated, Curley told Ambrose Lesser, a Negro who worked for the saloon, that he intended to kill Kitty and himself.

About an hour later Curley sent Lesser to find Kitty and to tell her that her husband wanted to see her in a room above the Lone Star Saloon. Lesser found Kitty seated at a table with Mrs. Hattie Dailey. On receiving the message, Kitty got up and went to meet Curley as he had requested.

A few minutes later, people in the saloon heard pistol shots and a loud scream. Rushing upstairs, they found the lifeless body of Kitty on the carpeted floor, her brown hair in disarray. She had been shot in the breast. Her knees were bent under her body as if she had been begging Curley not to kill her. One of her hands was begrimed with powder smoke as if it had been raised to try to ward off the bullet.

Lying a few feet away, with his head in the opposite direction, was the body of Sam Curley. He had shot himself in the head. His upturned face bore an expression of horror, as if he couldn't believe what he had done to Kitty LeRoy and to himself.

Poor Charlie McBride Is Dead

(Continued from page 21)

witnessed the shooting were called to the witness stand in rotation. Our testimony differed very little, if any. Under cross-examination, all of us denied seeing Charlie strike or shoot at McDonald. I was careful not to mention what I thought might be a hallucination.

When Tom Benge was excused from the witness stand without cross-examination, the prosecution smelled a "rat in the corn crib." They knew about the sheriff finding a knife, and the wound in McDonald's neck. No defense lawyer worth his salt would let that go by unless he had an ace up his sleeve, and Frank Snodgrass was anything but a nincompoop. Nevertheless, the prosecution had a little surprise of their own—or so they thought.

SOME TIME before the date of the trial, Will McBride had told the district attorney of some information he had received from a disinterested party. The man told Will that while talking to McDonald a few days before the dance, McDonald rolled three or four pistol cartridges around in his hand and said, "If Charlie McBride comes to my dance—he'll get some of these." As a matter of course the man was called as a witness, but this ace which the prosecution expected to play turned out to be a dead card.

After court adjourned the first day of the trial the lawyers held an interview with this prospective witness to get a line on his testimony. To their surprise and chagrin he denied ever telling Will McBride any such story and denied that he ever talked to McDonald a few days prior to the dance. In spite of his denial they put him on the witness stand and made him repeat the denial under oath with the thought they might find a weak spot in his story and thus give credence to Will McBride's testimony which they intended to use in rebuttal. When they applied enough pressure to make him squirm in the hot seat of the witness chair, Snodgrass objected strongly with the claim that they were cross-examining their own witness in an attempt to badger him into making false admissions. But the judge agreed with the prosecutors that the witness was indeed hostile to their case and they were entitled to some degree of latitude in their questioning.

With hints of what the penalty for perjury could be, they elicited the admission that he did actually see and talk to McDonald shortly before the date of the dance, but he remained steadfast in his denial that McDonald exhibited any pistol cartridges or made any threats. He had a little trouble recalling the substance of their conversation, "unless," he said, "it was an invitation to come to the dance." Under their hammering he admitted that "he did go to most dances," but he was unable to give a plausible reason for not attending the one in question.

The prosecutors suggested that he did not attend the dance because he knew there would be trouble and he wanted to stay clear of it. With that, the prosecution rested their case except for rebuttal testimony they expected to present after the defense finished their side.

Bill McDonald took the witness stand to testify in his own behalf. He said that when Charlie McBride called him out to one side, he had no reason to expect an assault. Then McBride struck him with a knife which cut a slit in his shirt collar and inflicted a shallow cut on the side of his neck. At this point his counsel produced a woolen shirt with a slit in the collar which McDonald identified as the one he was wearing.

He admitted firing the shots at McBride for the reason he thought his own life was in danger. He ran from the scene in fear of retaliation. He was subjected to a rigorous cross-examination. He had some trouble giving a convincing reason for arming himself before leaving the house except the claim that he did not know who was outside and that other dances had been broken up by rowdies creating a disturbance, and that the door-banging could have been the start of trouble. He armed himself for fear some of the toughs might gang up against him. He excused himself for using the insulting expletive, blaming it on his frustration in trying to find out who had banged—or as he said, "kicked"—the door.

After McDonald had finished his testimony, his wife and all members of the Jarrett families took the witness stand. One after another testified that when McDonald entered the house after the altercation, he was bleeding from a wound in his neck and each one identified the shirt on exhibit as the one he was wearing at the time.

Then the prosecution learned why Sheriff Tom Benge was not cross-examined when he testified for the State. He was now to face them as a witness for the defense. The sheriff told of finding the open knife at the place where those of us who were present told him that Charlie McBride fell. He also told of Mc-

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Donald calling his attention to the wound in his neck and of showing the shirt with a slit collar. Under cross-examination Benge told how Bill Walton had claimed ownership of the knife and he agreed with the prosecution that the slit in the shirt collar and the wound on his neck could have been inflicted between the time of the shooting and the time of the arrest. At the conclusion of the sheriff's testimony, the defense rested its case.

The prosecution called Will McBride in rebuttal. He maintained positively and vehemently that the recalcitrant witness did tell him of McDonald's displaying the pistol cartridges and saying that "If Charlie McBride comes to that dance, he will get some of these." Next Bill Walton was called to assert his ownership of the knife and he explained how it was inadvertently dropped when he moved the body nearer the fire. That ended presentation of the evidence. The opposing lawyers made ready for their summation before the jury and the judge devoted his time to dictating to the court recorder his charges of instructions.

I was well acquainted with the defense attorney, F. L. Snodgrass. In fact he was an uncle of the girl I married five years later. He enjoyed roughing me up along with the other state witnesses in his cross-examination and his argument before the jury. The way he told it, we were nothing less than a gang of drunken, trouble-making louts. But that was just part of the game.

After the trial, I asked him why he did not call Joe Anderson as a witness to corroborate the sheriff's testimony about the wound on McDonald's neck at the time they made the arrest. He said he had two reasons for not doing so. First, he didn't think he needed it because not a single member of the jury would question Tom Benge's word and integrity. Second, he knew that Joe and Charlie were good friends and he feared that Joe might come up with something that would make trouble. Frank Snodgrass ranked among the top for astuteness in presenting evidence and conducting a trial. Even the best of them overlook a bet now and then.

If Joe Anderson had been put on the witness stand and the questioning had led into certain areas, Snodgrass would have uncovered something favorable to his side and embarrassing to the prosecution. Joe had been working with Charlie and he told me that Charlie owned a knife exactly like the one in dispute.

Despite their feeling that the cards were running against them District Attorney Walter Early and special prosecutor Charles Jenkins, both gifted orators, made dramatic and emotional appeals for the jurors to uphold the law and convict any and all murderers. They hinted strongly that McDonald bore a grudge against Charlie McBride and that he used the door-banging as an excuse to arm himself, and the insulting invective to goad Charlie into a fight. They paid considerable attention to the witness who, for reasons known only to himself, turned completely around "in attempting to defeat justice."

Defense counsel Snodgrass was wise

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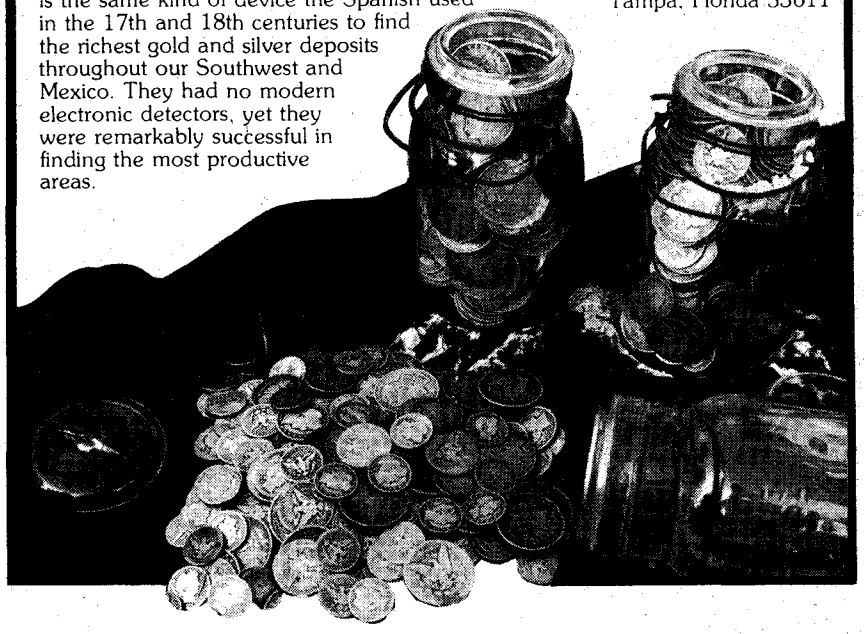

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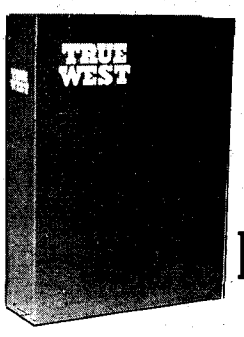

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enough to know that all he needed to do was to pay his respects to the court and the jury and then sit down. But as he was some sort of an orator himself, he really cut loose, picturing McDonald as a modest and humble man driven to desperation in trying to protect the peace and sanctity of his home. He was soon stopped in that line of argument. The judge agreed with the prosecution's contention that when a man throws his house open to the public and provides entertainment and food and charges a fee, he temporarily relinquishes the sacredness of his home and it becomes a public institution.

The case went to the jury about four p.m. on the second day of the trial. Everyone who had heard the evidence freely predicted a quick acquittal. About eight o'clock the announcement was made that a verdict had been reached. "In the case of the State of Texas versus William McDonald, we, the Jury, find the defendant, not guilty."

The first move by Bill McDonald was to get away from Paint Rock and the McBrides. The pistol used in the killing was later surrendered to one of the Jarretts on written order from McDonald. Since none of the principals laid claim to the knife which figured so prominently in the case it was turned over to Bill Walton. I have often wondered where it eventually landed. Poor old Bill passed away about ten years ago and I wonder if the knife is still in possession of some of his family.

For the next few years I was around Leaday very little of the time. I was told that McDonald still feared reprisal from the McBride boys and moved out of the country. The only contact I ever had with the McBrides was a chance meeting with Will about six or seven years later. He still carried a grudge against McDonald and hoped to meet up with him some day. As far as I know they never came together.

The Freighters' Bells

(Continued from page 23)

No one was allowed to touch the brass decorated harness and only his trusted helpers rubbed the animals down. It was whispered about that the bells on his lead team had been made to order and that their ring was like no other.

"You knew he was coming long before his team showed around the curve coming into camp. Those bells made real music," recalled an old miner, who had worked the construction job just long enough to build up another grubstake and go prospecting again.

I was fortunate in knowing personally one skinner and stage driver who had traveled the freight trails of the Mojave Desert. In 1905 Fred Conoway's father was freighting for H. D. and L. D. Porter Freighting Company from the supply point at Johannesburg to the mines of Death Valley, the Panamint and the State Ranges. In 1908, at the age of fourteen, young Fred went to work for his father, but that lasted only a short time. His father taught him to do a man's job, but never gave him a cent, so he went after a job on his own and drove stage and carried the mail to Skidoo on the edge of Death Valley.

Inside the team bells, heavy brass clappers have only a short swing, giving a surprisingly soft melodic tone.

Though stage driving was exciting, he preferred the challenge and skill it took to manage the long freight teams through the rough mountains and desert. He, too, talked of the bells on his lead team and the peaceful music they sent across a silent, unpopulated land.

"They would lull you to sleep," he recalled. "I've traveled miles of level sand, sound asleep, letting the mules travel at their own rate of speed over a route they knew well. Sometimes I'd have a fortune in gold ingots under my feet, but no one would think of hijacking a dozing driver with a load of borax. When the tone of the bells changed it would wake me up, for the lead team's step would have changed. It meant we were hitting a rough spot or working our way through blow sand."

What Fred Conoway never did explain was the limp that slowed his walk; but Ed Teagle, part owner of the Teagle freighting and general store business in Johannesburg, did explain.

"Fred was born a teamster and no job was too big for him. But one job nearly got him." He was thrown from the wagon seat on a rough, boulder-strewn stretch and seven tons of freight ran over his foot. One can surmise that the lead team bells had lulled him to sleep and that their change of tone hadn't awakened him soon enough.

That the tone of the bells is beautiful, there can be no doubt, for after years of searching I can now hold in my hands a slightly springy brass hoop of bells from a lead team of the long line freighting days. By gently swaying them, as if to the step of a horse or mule, one can hear the music of seventy years ago that has been stilled by progress.

Squatter Riots in California

(Continued from page 17)

anyone who defied the owners of the land.

They approached one shanty and the horseman behind Brannan slowly uncoiled his lasso, threw the end to Brannan, directed him to place it over the end of the ridge pole of the little dwelling and then, with the lasso knotted over his saddle horn, rode away. Down came the pole, roof and one side of the house.

By the time the levelers reached a shanty below the foot of the main street of Sacramento, Brannan, in a condition of frantic excitement and parading about with a piece of manila rope around his waist in which two revolvers were stuck, had warmed to his work.

In the door of the cabin stood a man evidently impressed with the principle of common law that every man's home is his castle. As Brannan started to knock out a portion of the house, the owner displayed a shotgun and warned: "Hold on, sir! You touch this house at your peril. It's mine and I'm going to defend it!"

Turning to the nearest of his party, Brannan fairly screamed at the man: "Warbass, cover that damned scoundrel and if he raises that gun shoot the hell out of him!"

The squatter, helpless, though belligerent, could do nothing in the face of so large a number of men, and Sam Brannan was triumphant. By sunset every obstruction had disappeared from the levee that

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faced the Sacramento River where most of the squatters had taken up their modest holdings.

This did not end the matter, however. Bitter feeling increased daily and finally it ended in a riot in which four persons were killed and several more were wounded.

AT FIRST the squatters were, as a whole, uneducated persons rebellious against the existing order and determined to better themselves. And gradually they obtained more able leaders. Dr. Charles Robinson, subsequently a member of the California Legislature, whose doctrines of Free Soil eventually led him to the governor's chair in Kansas, took up the cause of the squatter movement. One of his aides was James McClatchy who later became editor of the Sacramento *Bee*, a paper that is still published.

Defenders of Sutter's Spanish land titles formed a Law and Order Association and drilled military companies. During the second week in August 1850, Judge E. Q. Willis of the Sacramento County Court found one of the squatters guilty of trespass. The Squatters Association through its attorney contended that there was no valid title to the property in question. An appeal was sought and denied.

Then on August 10, Dr. Robinson called a mass meeting of settlers by torchlight. Resolutions denouncing Judge Willis and all land speculators were adopted. It also stated that the squatters would resort to arms to protect their property and "if need be—with their lives."

Mayor Harden Bigelow requested Sacramento citizens to aid in suppressing the threatened riot of August 15. Between forty and fifty men had arrived by boat from San Francisco and were under the leadership of James Maloney, with Dr. Robinson second in command. They paraded through the town and were met by the Mayor, who ordered them to deliver up their arms and disperse. They refused and immediately several shots were fired at the mayor, four of which took effect. He fell from his horse and was carried to his home, dangerously wounded. J. W. Woodland, the city assessor, unarmed, was shot also and died a few moments later.

Jess Morgan was next to fall dead. Another man was wounded severely. It appeared from a coroner's examination that the squatters drew up in regular firing order on arriving at the corner of Fourth and J Streets and that the mayor was fired on several times before he displayed any weapon at all.

Captain Maloney of the squatters had his horse shot from under him and when he attempted to escape was pursued and shot through the head. Dr. Robinson, of the armed party under Maloney's command, was wounded, also, as were several others.

Immediately following this outbreak, citizens began to organize into groups to prevent further rioting. Some managed to get an old gun from a ship and mount it on a wooden bed fastened to a long dray pole. The gun was then loaded with scrap iron. It was never fired, however. By evening quiet seemed to be restored. The following day, after Mayor Bigelow had been buried, the squatters had scattered in all directions. Nevertheless Sheriff McKinney set out into the country to arrest the leaders. With an armed force he headed for an area downriver called Mormon Island. At the house of a Mr. Allen, who kept a barroom some seven miles out of Sacramento, the sheriff stopped. He had been informed that several squatters were in Allen's home. It was not then dark. Leaving the body of his force outside, the sheriff approached with a few men and entered.

A number of alarmed and excited men were in the house. The sheriff's party, unaware that in another room Mrs. Allen lay seriously ill, attended by her adopted sixteen-year-old daughter, ordered Allen to surrender. Allen replied that this was his house and he proposed to fight for it. Several shots were exchanged, one of which mortally wounded Sheriff McKinney.

Gunfire from outside soon overpowered all resistance. Two of the men in the house were shot dead, others lay seriously wounded, and the sheriff's posse took possession. They searched the house, not even sparing the sick room. After an hour the party left, taking along four men as prisoners.

Allen himself, wounded, had escaped in the darkness. His wife and the young girl were the only ones who were left behind. The girl was afraid to go into the barroom, not knowing who might be alive and who dead. She sat, trembling, through the rest of the long night watching her mother die from shock and listening to the groans of the wounded in the room beyond.

THERE was great commotion in Sacramento when news of the sheriff's death was spread. In the darkened streets gossip as to the strength of the squatter army grew and grew—they were 700 strong it was whispered—they were seeking vengeance—they would fire the city! They would even go to the mines and arouse the rough population up there; then the people of Sacramento would have to fight the miners as well as the squatters! So wild did the reports become that anyone not ordered to patrol the streets hid away behind locked doors.

The next day Governor Peter Burnett in San Jose sent a dispatch to Brigadier General Winn directing him to order his entire company to Sacramento. On the morning of August 16, two companies arrived by steamer from San Francisco. They reported their readiness for action to the council. Acting Mayor Demas Strong replied that the local police force of 400 men had been sufficient to restore order without the military, but should an unexpected emergency arise, the council would avail itself of their offer of help.

The new mayor then immediately issued a proclamation forbidding the use of firearms in the city. With these measures of prevention and with a decided sense, also, of common guilt, the people of Sacramento staved off further riots. Within a few days all the squatters had disappeared and the bloody episode when pioneers fought for land was ended.

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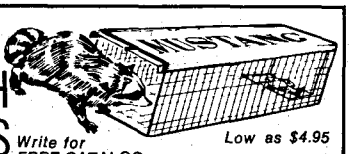

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Truly Western

George Earl Briscoe

I plan to get in touch with Joe H. Smith who wrote "Mystery of Wolf Creek Point" in the August 1976 *True West*. Earl Briscoe in this story was my father. He died in January 1920 when I was only six so I would like very much to hear from a friend of his in his cowboy days. I was two or three years old when this happened and have heard my mother speak so many times of Rustler Camp. A brother, William Earl, was born there in 1915. My younger brother, John, named for John Jackson, was born at the "Payne Place," another Matador camp west of Paducah, Texas in 1919.

We have read your magazines thinking we would finally read a story our daddy would have a part in. His full name was George Earl Briscoe. He worked some for XIT, 6666 and the Pitchfork before going to the Matadors in 1913 or 1914. There he worked for John Jackson. He died with flu or pneumonia at Matador Headquarters.

My mother was Chloe Elizabeth Blair. She married G. E. Briscoe in 1911 in Dickens, Texas. Her daddy was Sam J. Blair who worked for 6666 and was well known in Guthrie, Dickens, and Benjamin, Texas among the old-timers there. I was born in 1913 in Dickens, the oldest child of Chloe and Earl Briscoe.—Mrs. E. M. (Bessie Belle Briscoe) Lebow, 2816 Axtell Street, Clovis, New Mexico 88101

Rodeo's Famed Thad Sowder

I am enclosing two pictures of Thad Sowder which I hope you can use. They were taken from a pillow top. We have no old pictures—just the pillow top.

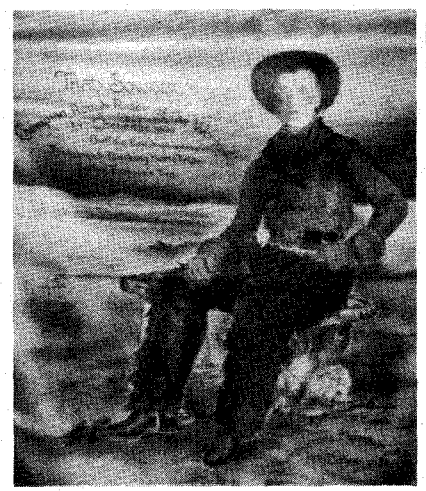
There has been very little written about Thad, so for the generations following mine, I felt some of the facts should be written down.

Thad made his home with Alvin and me after he came back to Julesburg, for a few years before his death. Alvin was his nephew, John Sowder's son.

Martin Thaddeus Sowder, son of David and Martha Sowder, was born in Pulaski County, Kentucky on January 19, 1874. He was the seventh of ten children, three of whom died in infancy. His folks moved their growing family back to Iowa in 1881 and bought a farm near Derby, Iowa.

David signed a note for the property which stated it would come due at his death, never thinking it would be possible for him to die a young man.

After David's death, the holder of the mortgage asked Mrs. Martha Sowder if she wanted to sign a new note, saying that she would soon have help as she had several sons almost old enough to farm. But Mrs. Sowder, grief-stricken and with a new baby, decided to follow her oldest son John, and her daughter Hattie Smithereen, to Colorado and take up a homestead. The lure of free land for the living on it was very attractive.



The daughter's husband, Mr. Smithereen, had a sheep ranch south of Sedgwick. When he decided to go to the gold mines he sold his relinquishment to Mrs. Sowder and they named their little ranch the "Lazy D."

Thad grew up to be a real good-looking six-footer, and being one of the best riders in competition at Cheyenne, the girls began flocking around. It was here he met Anna Farrel and they fell in love. Anna was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Farrel, well-to-do ranchers living north of Cheyenne. It was a very rocky courtship as the Farrels didn't like the idea of their daughter marrying a rodeo performer, so they eloped.

Thad rode "High Five" to a finish in 1900—as, in those days, there was no ten second whistle. It was his first Champion ride. In 1901 Sowder won a World Champion $500 belt at the Festival of Mountain and Plains in Denver, Colorado. He won the belt again in 1902 when he rode against William McNeenlin, plus a side bet of $1000.

He then accepted a challenge to ride "Midnight," the worst bucker of the time. The ride was in Denver. The bronco went over backward and Thad suffered a bad head injury which was to affect the rest of his life.

Had Thad competed in 1903 in the bucking contest in Cheyenne, he might have won permanent possession of the belt. However, he was in St. Louis, Missouri recovering from a head operation according to an old friend of his, Charles H. Tompkins.

When the Festival of Mountain and Plains discontinued in 1903, another friend, John M. Keykendall, placed the silver belt in the custody of the Colorado State Historical Society and it may be seen at the museum in Denver.

One of the plaques has the head of an Indian Chief, one a mounted bronco buster, one a roper on horseback, the purpose of the trophy on another, and on two are engraved the names of M. Thad Sowder, Diamond, Wyoming, where Thad worked on a ranch. Guy E. Hott's name is on the last one.

Thad and Anna Sowder rode in Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show as it toured the country. They performed before crowds in Madison Square Garden, New York for over a year before going with Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show to England and Northern Europe. Thad rode bucking horses and Anna rode side-saddle.

When Buffalo Bill gave them the choice of returning to the United States or going on to Southern Europe with the show, they decided to return home as they were homesick and Thad was suffering from severe headaches. Therefore their names are not on the list of performers when the tour ended.

Shortly after his return home, Thad suffered a partial paralysis. He went to Mayo Brothers in Minnesota later and a silver plate was put in his head to relieve the pressure.

Anna Farrel died as a young woman. She had remarried after she and Thad were divorced, and she and her second husband were found dead in a lonely cabin in Wyoming. Since relatives are first suspects, Thad was suspected but it was found he was in Denver at the time and had a perfect alibi.

Thad and Anna had two sons, Harold and Oliver. Oliver died when he was six years old. There is no record about what

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ailed him. The Sowder family has lost track of Harold.

On June 19, 1955 a granite marker was given by the Sterling Monument Company and by popular subscription by friends. It was headed by Earl Hayden, a Western buff and a friend of Thad's. It was accepted by Glen Elwin Sowder, a grand-nephew of Sowder, in behalf of the family and community. The inscription on the stone reads:

He shook the hand of the King of England,
Teddy Roosevelt and other notables,
He gave his life to entertain humanity,
He was the salt of the earth.

Most of his time in later years was spent in Denver working at night-watchman jobs and any other work he was able to do. When in Cheyenne he stayed with his sister and family. He attended his last Cheyenne Frontier Days in 1928 where he was again in charge of keeping order in the "Riders' Grandstand" as he had been for several years. The Riders' Grandstand has since been torn down.

It was in Cheyenne that Thad borrowed $25 on his saddle. When he returned the $25 to redeem it, the man he had borrowed from refused to return the saddle. During the years this man's name has been lost.

In 1928 Thad was persuaded to give an exhibition ride at Julesburg so the youngsters could see the famous Thad Sowder ride. Many who saw him ride that day were disappointed, as he was an old sick man. But shortly after the Cowboy Hall of Fame came into being in Oklahoma City he was elected to membership.

He died in Julesburg at the Joe Clark home in 1932 of pneumonia as an after result of the flu. He was buried in the Ovid Cemetery beside his sister and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Ike McNutt. Thad was a gentle man, kind and good with children and horses and a good friend.

I'd rather be a "has been,"
Then a "might have been" by far,
For a "might have been" has never been,
But a "has" was once an "are."

—Alma R. Sowder, 219 W. 6th Street, Julesburg, Colorado 80737

Star Film Ranch

Perhaps your readers might know something about the Old Star Film Ranch of San Antonio, Texas. It was in 1910 and 1911 that Gaston Melies, a Frenchman, came to San Antonio to make cowboy and Indian films, short one-reelers. He hired a bunch of local cowhands to do the riding stunts and play the outlaws. Otto Meyer was one of them, a champion rodeo rider. After that, the Melies film company moved to Santa Paula, California. If anyone remembers anything about all this, I'd sure like to hear from them.—Patrick McInroy, 438 Furr Drive, San Antonio, Texas 78201

"Old Fred"

I read with a great deal of interest Jane Pruitt's story, "Bonds Alley," in the April issue because I lived near Hillsboro, Texas, a few miles north of Mt. Calm, from the time I was two years old until I was about fifteen. That was from about 1910 until about 1924.

My Uncle Frank and Aunt Martha Lisemby lived on a farm they rented from Fred Grimes mentioned in the story. Mr. Grimes at that time owned some very good blackland farms near Frost, Texas and my uncle and aunt lived on one of them.

My folks lived on a little farm, rented from an elderly man by the name of Bryant in a little community called Mt. Antioch near Mt. Calm.

One summer we went to visit the Lisembys in a covered wagon pulled by a team of mules, Old Pete and Beck. My dad borrowed the wagon from a neighbor by the name of Cook. Mr. Cook was an ex-XIT cowboy who had quit the rough life to marry and settle down to farm and raise a family. Our old wagon was not good for a very long trip so we borrowed Mr. Cook's "Old Hickory" wagon to make that long trip to Uncle Frank's. It must have been all of fifteen miles which was a long trip in those days.

Mr. Grimes raised good blooded dogs—shepherds and collies. Uncle Frank had a female collie from the Grimes kennel. She was a very pretty dog and gave birth to a litter of pups while we were there on that visit. Of course we kids thought that was great, to have a litter of pups.

My uncle John Lowe lived on a farm near where we lived and he asked for one of the shepherd pups from Mr. Grimes and in due time received a tiny dark red puppy with white markings and a tag on his neck announcing, "My name is Fred." He had been named for Mr. Grimes. My cousins thought the puppy was about the best thing that ever happened to them but they only got to keep him about a year because my uncle decided to move to Hico, Texas and go to work for a farm produce house there. They decided that town was no place for a dog so Fred was up for grabs and we took him.

He was an intelligent dog and a handsome one. We stayed in Hill County until 1924, then moved to the Texas plains. Fred went along in the railroad "immigrant" car with our stock and household goods, escorted by a caretaker.

Fred was a good stock dog and could be depended on to bring the stock in from the farthest corner of the pasture on command. All we had to do was walk out from the corrals a short distance with Fred at our heels and point toward the back of the pasture and tell him, "Go get 'em, Fred!" and he made a beeline

(Continued on page 50)

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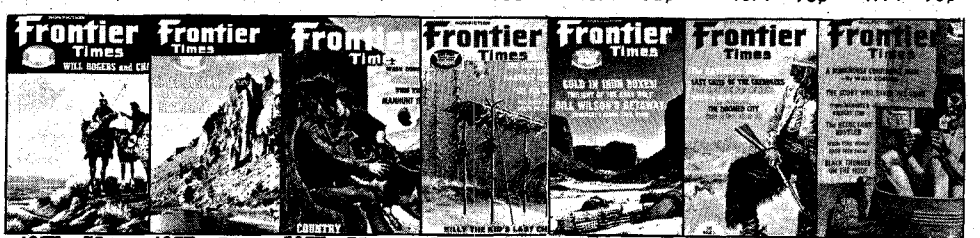

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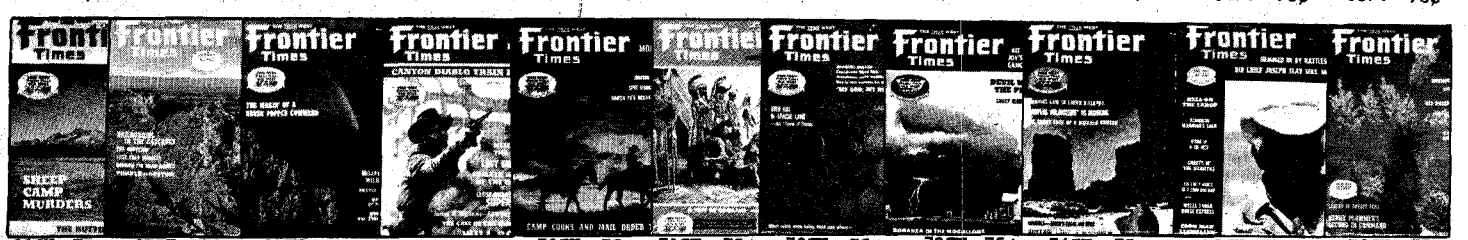

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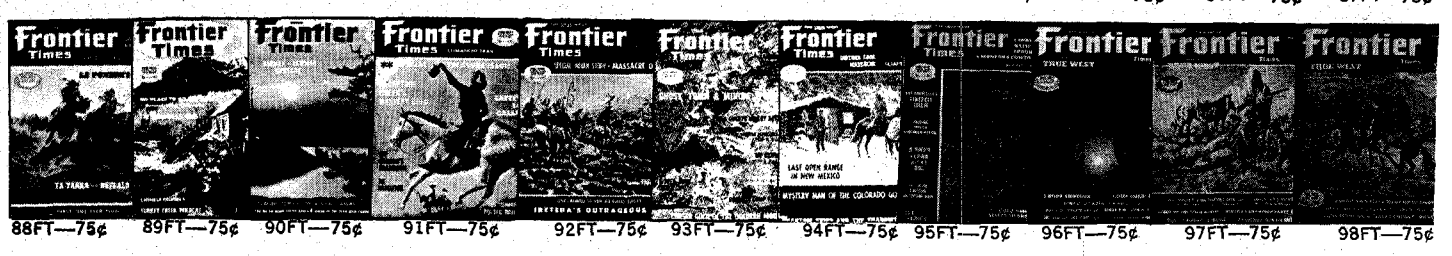

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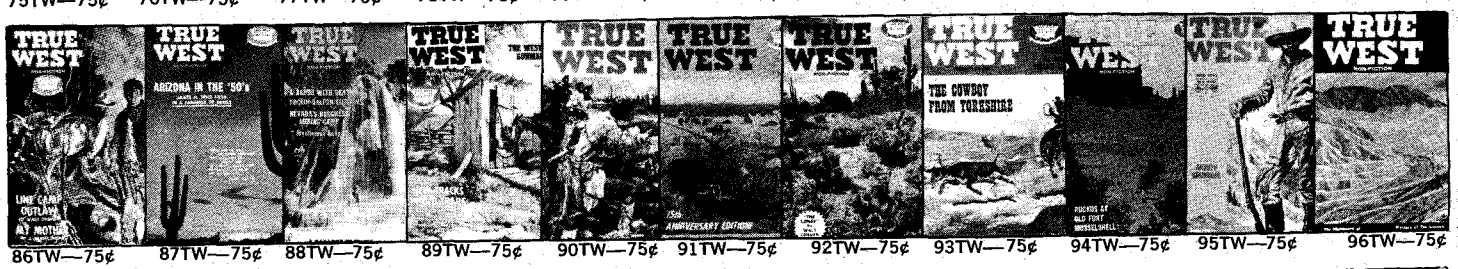

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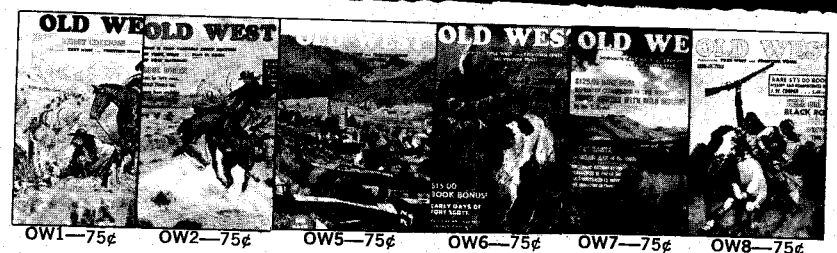

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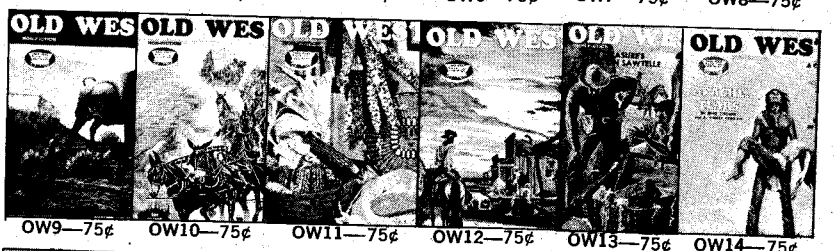

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Truly Western

(Continued from page 47)

for them. The cows and mules soon learned that if they didn't head for the barn at once Fred would encourage them by nipping them on the heels.

One day during hot summertime a neighbor's dog came to our place for a drink of water and lay in a puddle of water near the windmill to cool off for awhile, which was perfectly all right except for one thing—the dog was suffering with distemper and Fred contracted the disease from the puddle of water. My father had gone back to Mt. Calm on a business trip and before he returned home Old Fred had died.

In those days very few people ever took a dog to a vet. If one got sick it just had to live or die. When Fred died I had to tie a rope around his neck and drag him off. I took him as far from the house as I could get and let him lie. I don't know why I didn't bury him, but not very many people buried a dead animal back then. Health laws were not what they are now. But I wish to this day that I had given Fred a decent burial.

Sometimes I wonder if I have overstayed my time here on earth. It's either that or my memory of the distant past is too good because so many times I read about people that I knew many years ago and I can make a story out of something that happened concerning them. It sure gives me a creepy feeling sometimes to read about someone I knew so long ago who has gone on and here I am still taking up space with all this population explosion happening all around me. It makes a feller feel sort of unnecessary. —Carl A. Osborn, Box 507, Rifle, Colorado 81650

Life Along the Canadian

I read "Life Along the Canadian" in the June '76 *True West*, and I remember crossing that river when it was dry—walking across. I was born in Tascosa, Texas and lived there with my mother and dad. My father, Ira James Miller, worked for the XIT, the LIT and the LX Ranches, and I remember them all. My mother knew Mel Armstrong and I remember her talking about Jim East, Casimero Romero, Henry Kimbell, Mickey McCormick, the Rita Blanca, the Palo Duro and the Pesado. My uncles were Marcelo and Agapito Sandoval.—Ida M. Apodaca, 1124 Ozone Avenue, Santa Monica, California 90405

John Like

If a movie director went into Kim, Colorado scouting for a real, honest-to-God cowboy to play a part in a Western film he would make no mistake in choosing Johnny Like. Although handicapped today, and after sixty-seven years of hard living, he manages to get around very well with the help of a cane and he does a good job in caring for and adding to his Western Museum.

This old-time museum is a collection of Colorado history, antiques and relics of yesterday. Anyone who hasn't seen Johnny's collection has a real treat in store. He has a gallery of old photos, mostly all pictures of his rodeo days. He has an

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old-time blacksmith shop, a shop equipped to shoe oxen, and old-time saddlery with a collection of saddles used before the turn of the century, an Indian village; a scene with a marshal making an arrest at a still, the old still sitting as it was while in use many years ago, making moonshine. There are old wagons and other vehicles from days gone by.

Johnny Like is known throughout the state, and in the cowboy world, nationwide. He was a top rodeo contestant for twenty-three years and won several championships. He excelled as a saddle bronc rider, but he roped, dogged and was also a bull rider. He was born in Kenton, Oklahoma in 1909, lived on a ranch, and learned at an early age to ride.

At age fifteen he was riding tough old bucking horses and winning money. This got in his blood, so he decided to become a rodeo rider and he did. But after twenty-three years of steady riding, an accident put a stop to his career. On July 5, 1948 he drew a top horse in the saddle

Johnny Like.

riding at the Greeley Rodeo. Johnny rode the horse in his easy manner, and at the whistle the pick up man charged in, took Johnny's rein and made a wrap on his saddle horn.

Usually a bucking horse will side right up to another horse, but this one was different. He reared and fell, with John trying to get off and onto the back of the pick up horse. John and the horse both fell. John's head hit the ground and about 1,300 pounds of horse fell on top of him. His career came to an end that day but he won the day money on the horse that got him.

For thirty-eight days Johnny lay in the Greeley Hospital in a deep coma. We all thought it was the end of him, but on that thirty-ninth day of lying at death's door after several operations by neurosurgeons, John opened his eyes, looked at his wife Frances (who had been at his side all through the ordeal) and said, "Tut, let's go home and get the hell out of here!"

Well, that accident left our old friend in a devil of a shape, but we are thankful he even came home at all. The worst part was to know that his riding days were over, for riding was his life.

After a long convalescence and when only partially recovered, Johnny went to work at the Las Animas county barns. He could walk some, and he just wouldn't give up.

However, he retired from all work at sixty-five and now devotes his time to his Western Museum. Blue grass in unknown in his part of the country, but he seeded his place and has that grass.

John likes nothing better than having folks stop in as they go through Kim, Colorado and he and his wife are the best of hosts.—Don Bell, Byron, Wyoming 82412

Two Shots in the Dark

In one of our ranch houses in Coleman County, Texas there were two holes. Each was round as if carved about the size of a silver dollar. They intrigued me when I was a child, and this is a short summary of how they happened to be there.

It was the fall of 1915 and time to ship cattle. The nearest rail siding was Coleman or Brownwood, Texas, about twenty-eight miles by dirt road. This would require the menfolks to be away from home about four days on the drive. The women and children would be at home alone to do the chores.

The Tabors were hands and the family lived in a house about a mile from the main ranch which was near the Colorado River. As the area was sparsely settled it was decided that my mother would spend the nights with Mrs. Tabor to keep her company while Grandma and others would see after the kids at our place, of which I was one.

On the first night about midnight, Mrs. Tabor and Mother could hear someone trying to open the back door which was bolted. Mrs. Tabor asked Mother if she could shoot a gun. Mother said, "Yes," and took the double-barreled twelve-gauge shotgun to the back door. She was in her nightgown and barefoot.

Mother took aim and shouted, "Who's there?" No one answered, but someone continued working with the door. She then pulled the trigger and blew a hole in the center of the door. The screen door slammed shut and all was quiet. On the way back to the bedroom she pulled the other trigger by accident and blasted a hole in the floor, just missing her bare foot. Naturally both women were scared out of their wits and spent a restless, sleepless night. At the crack of dawn they were up to look out the back door. There was not a sign, though someone had left that night in a hurry and thankful to be alive. Mother is only 5'2" tall and has always had a fear of firearms. I am sure this was the last gun, if not the first one, that she ever fired in her life, on that frightful night sixty years ago.

She raised six children and she kept house until she was ninety years of age. This April she was ninety-two. She is Mrs. J. T. Miers and lives in a rest home in Marlin, Texas.—J. B. Miers, P. O. Box 411, Wheatland, California 95692

Johnny Behan

I enjoyed "Johnny Behan of Tombstone" by Glenn G. Boyer. For many years I

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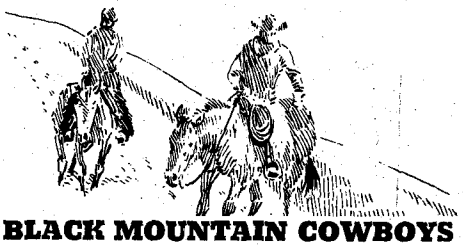

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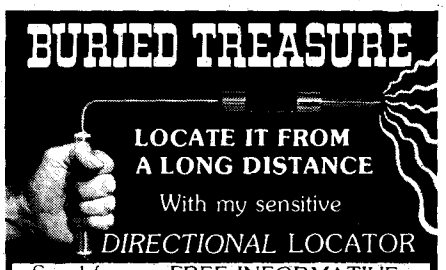

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have had an irrational concern for the reputation of Cochise County, Arizona's first sheriff. I submit a few words of defense and praise.

I dispose of his erotic enthusiasm for feminine companionship as being unworthy of disapproval or consideration. Most men have a story to tell in this sphere.

My first inclination to defend Behan began with my reading of Stuart Lake's tricky biography of Wyatt Earp. The author of that tome belittles anyone and everyone who casts a shadow on his hero. The truth is, Behan tried to stop the Earps and Doc Holliday before the O K Corral killings which amounted to murder.

Jeff D. Milton, one of the great frontier law officers, and I exchanged letters a few years before his death. I quote from a letter Mr. Milton wrote June 9, 1946: "Johnny Behan was a good friend of mine and I have much respect for him."

I am pleased to add the Milton statement to what is pleasant in Mr. Boyer's account of Behan.—Hagan Moore (Retired railroad special agent), 324 South 5th Street, Klamath Falls, Oregon 97601

Alamo Research

Thank you for the contribution your publication is making toward historical and genealogical research in Trails Grown Dim.

With reference to Charles Zanco, page 55, the May-June 1976 issue of *True West*, Kaj Anderson, Copenhagen is being contacted personally with documentation in hope of gaining some data on the background of Lieutenant Charles Ranco, age 28, born Denmark, resident of Bexar, who died in the Alamo in 1836.

I am a member of Alamo Chapter, National Society, Daughters of the American Revolution. The Bicentennial project of Alamo Chapter is tracing the ancestry of the defenders. For the record, 82 of these 187 men had at least one ancestor in the American Revolution.

Information on all the defenders is to be found in the following: "A Critical Study of the Alamo and the Personnel of its Defenders," by Amelia Williams in *Southwestern Historical Society Quarterly*, Volume 36-37, 1933-1934, published in Austin, Texas; and *Bounty and Donation Land Grants of Texas, 1836-1888*, by Thomas Lloyd Miller, published by University of Texas Press, Austin and London.—Douthit Melugin (Mrs. J. M.) McKay, G. R. S., 618 Rayburn Drive, San Antonio, Texas 78221

William L. Robinson

"Mr. William L. (Bill) Robinson, longtime resident of Hamilton, passed away unexpectedly May 12, 1976, while visiting in Plano, Texas. He was born March 19, 1908 in Knox County, Texas to Robert Henry and Parradine Durham Robinson.

"Upon his retirement from business he successfully pursued his avocation of writing. His historical Western non-fiction stories were published frequently in well known magazines including *Frontier Times* and *True West*.

"Survivors are his wife, Lydia, three daughters and their families, Mr. and Mrs. Jim (Pat) Schooler of Hamilton; Mr. and Mrs. Sonny (Cindy) Milton Sandell, Robyn and Steven of Plano; and Mr. and Mrs. Newt (Bobby) Pederson, Sam and David of Odessa."

Editor's note: Mrs. Robinson was kind enough to notify us of her husband's death and to enclose an obituary from which the brief notice above was taken. She also said in the letter that he had "an almost complete collection of *Frontier Times, True West, Old West*, and *Hunter's Frontier Times*. He considered your publications the most authentic source of Western history that has been published. He read history as a hobby and had a phenomenal memory as to dates, locale and names. I am looking forward to his last story."

We can only add that if we have contributed anything to history it has been possible because of authors such as Bill Robinson.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 27)

Louisiana from Hope, Arkansas in 1891, just a few months before my own father was born. He returned to Arkansas to attend to some business and never returned to his family. Two younger brothers had come with my grandfather from England, but they separated and lost contact.

My mother's brother, Timothy Refinious Williams, was born November 13, 1894, at Atlanta and disappeared in the 1930s.

My great-grandmother, a Murphy before her marriage to a Dixon, died in childbirth when my grandmother was only one hour old. She was a full-blooded Cherokee. My grandmother married a Timothy Refinious Williams in 1881. She was born in 1869 somewhere in Oklahoma.

My husband's people, Daniel, came either from Georgia or Florida. His father's name is Steve Daniel. They are of either Apache or Cherokee blood and we're all proud of it. I'd love to hear from anyone who has any ties and will exchange pictures.—Mrs. Eugene Daniel, 3413 Truman Street, Lake Charles, Louisiana 70601

Daily

David Daily was born in what is now Vermont, at Hartland Four Corners. At least one son was born to this family in 1776. He was Silas I. After this the family migrated first to the state of Pennsylvania where Silas married Pricilla Rogers. In 1816 he and his family came overland to the Ohio valley. They stopped somewhere in Ohio along the river and built a flat boat, loaded an oxen team, a horse and a few articles they would need and came down the Ohio River. They landed seven miles below New Albany, Indiana in 1818. Silas and his father, David, went on to northeastern Kentucky.

Silas and Pricilla had four daughters and five sons. One son, William Rogers Daily, married Julia Ann Snider and had two daughters and six sons, one named

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Silas III. It was he who left Indiana about 1880, first went to Arkansas City, Kansas, then to Penhilo (?), Colorado, then to Salt Lake City, Utah, to Portland, Oregon, and finally to Ballard, Washington, a part of Seattle. My grandfather received a letter from Uncle Silas about or shortly after 1900. I think he had a son named Everrett and a grandson named Robert. My sister and I received a letter from Robert about 1923, but have had no word since.

I would like to hear from anyone who knows or knows of this family.—Claudis E. Daily, 809 Cherry Street, New Albany, Indiana 47150

Col. Samuel Youngs

Col. Samuel Youngs, an 1813 native of Oyster Bay, New York, went to the California gold fields in 1849. He kept a journal of his trip and life in California and wrote many letters home.

In 1859 he left California for Nevada Territory, settling in Aurora, Columbus and later Carson City. During the 1880s he returned to Oyster Bay where he died in 1890.

The Colonel was a "political animal" and friend of many political figures, as well as advisor to many. I seek any of his correspondence or journals from any period of his life.—Robert E. Stewart, 160 Overland Street, Carson City, Nevada 89701

John Shelburne, Jr.

I would like to hear from anyone who might know anything about John Shelburne, Jr. He was listed in the 1880 Census of Milam County, Texas, of which Cameron is the county seat. He was about twenty and living with a Mr. Thomas W. Shelburne and his wife, Carrie, formerly of Alabama and Tennessee. John was born in Austin County, Texas and his father in Lauderdale County, Alabama. John, Sr. came to Austin County, Texas in 1840 when he was thirteen. He married Jane Self who died and left John, Jr. and a girl named Nannie. I would appreciate any information on any of these people as John, Sr. was my uncle.—Mabel C. Shelburne Finch, 1323 Elgin Street, Box 47, Caldwell, Idaho 83605

Ernest Robert Stephens

I last saw my father, Ernest Robert Stephens, in Texas in 1929 when my mother returned to Colorado. He was from Vancouver, Canada and had a brother Jack and two sisters, Grace and Phyllis. I would like to hear from any of them.—Mrs. Phyllis Davis, Route 1, Box 186, Okanogan, Washington 98840

Douglass

I am searching for relatives of Ithamore E. (or A.) Douglass who settled in Jewel County, Kansas in the 1860s or 1870s, or perhaps earlier. My great-grandfather used to tell the story of how Ithamore became angry with his parents, Thomas W. and Delia Payne Douglass, and left his home in Vermillion County, Illinois. No one knew what became of him and my great-grandfather missed him greatly.

One day a colored man stopped at the farm in Indianola, Iowa and asked for a job. Great-grandpa William hired him. One day while sitting under a tree eating lunch the colored man said, "Boss, you look a lot like a Douglass I used to work for in Kansas." My great-grandfather asked more questions about this Douglass who turned out to be his brother.

He rushed home, told his wife and he and several riders saddled horses and headed for Kansas. It was a joyful reunion. In about 1907 Ithamore and his family visited William H. at Indianola.

Ithamore had nine children. One named Stewart is supposed to have moved to Galveston or Houston, Texas and bought a grapefruit farm.

Another story was that Ithamore had lots of land in Jewel County, Kansas that he signed over to his children when he thought he was near death. He didn't die then but lived to be a very old man.

I would like to hear from anyone having information and I will answer all letters.—Mrs. Harland Douglass Peterson, Box 2131, Hastings, Nebraska 68901

Leonard-Dennit-Dennet

My aunt, Mary Leonard, was born near Washington, D. C. about 1887. As far as I know, she had three brothers: Harry, my father, born in 1884; Will, born around 1885; and Fred, born about 1888. Will was sheriff or deputy sheriff of Washington about 1915. Fred died around 1916. Mary married Joe Dennit or Dennet around 1910. He held a fairly high position with the government in Washington. They had a boy, born around 1912. I heard they later moved to San Francisco. I would appreciate hearing from anyone who can give me further information or help in finding relatives of my aunt.—Harry Leonard, 5900 Kinkead, Apt. #127, Fort Smith, Arkansas 72901

Jim Nicholson

Jim Nicholson went to Minnesota from Canada in the late 1800s or early 1900s. He had a bad leg and walked with a limp. He was killed in a buggy accident when he let a woman drive it. This trail is really dim as that's all I know. He was my grandfather's brother and I'd like to have any information about him.—Richard Nicholson, 5 Parkway Forest Drive, Apt. 704, Willowdale, Ontario, Canada

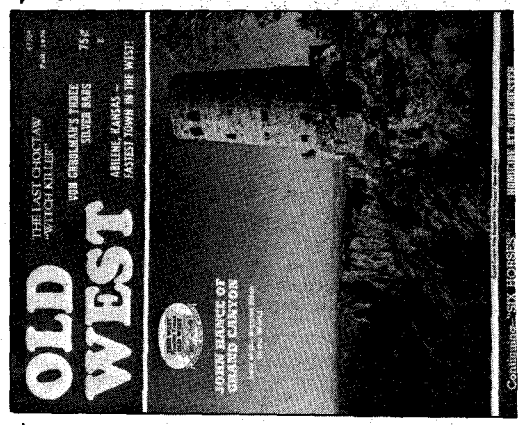
Small

My great-grandfather had five brothers who moved West from Kentucky after their parents and little sister were killed by soldiers during the Civil War. His name was Thomas Jefferson Small, and he was eleven years old when his parents were killed. He moved to Indiana but five of his brothers moved West and he only heard from them once, from a brother named Jacob. Their parents' names were Jess and Lodie Small. My grandmother told me she heard that some of the family was in Texas. I am hoping to hear from someone who knows of some connection.—Bev Small, c/o James Small, R R 2, Box 36, Warrens, Wisconsin 54666

Jesse Hillian

Jesse Hillian, my grand-half-uncle, was born about 1872 in Calhoun County, Arkansas, son of Andrew and Rebecca Prudence Benson Willett. They were

Look!



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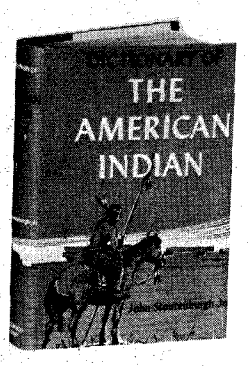

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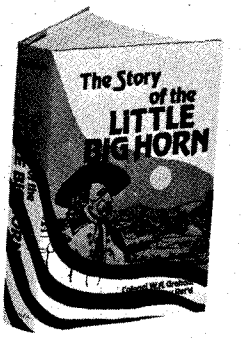

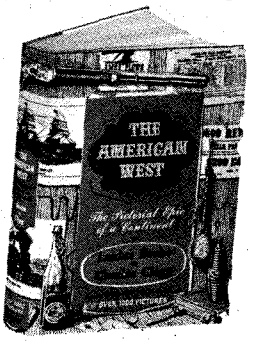

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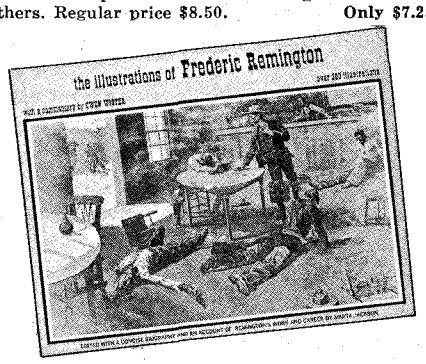

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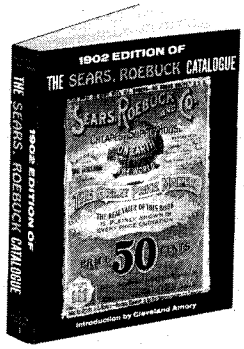

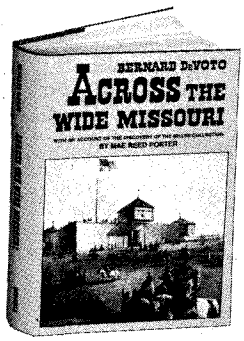

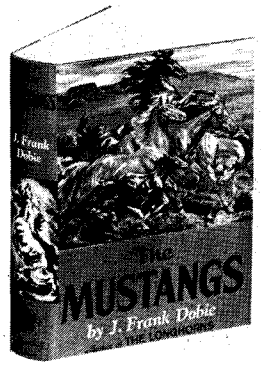

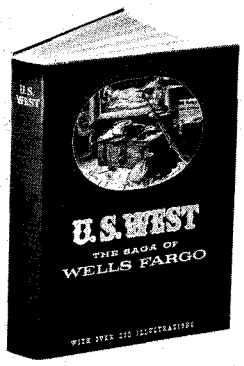

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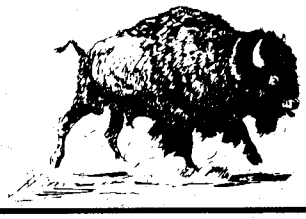

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Cherokee, involved in an incident at or near Hanna, Indian Territory (Oklahoma) sometime after 1900 where seven people were killed in a brawl of some sort. Jesse's half-brother, William Joseph (Billy Joe), my grandfather, picked Jesse up—he was cut to pieces but still alive—and carried him to a boat. The boat with Jesse in it was never seen or heard of again. I think I have located where Jesse went and where he died. If I am correct he lived to be 87 years old. I don't think Jesse ever married. I would appreciate having any information that will help me learn the full story of Jesse. —Delaney "Dee" Willett, 1930 Luck Street, Bakersfield, California 93307

High-Heigh-Haigh

I am seeking any information on a boyhood friend, Herman High, or his brother Melvin. The spelling might be Heigh, Haigh or something similar. Herman was in the Orphan's Home at Waxahachie, Texas as a boy in the early 1920s. I will appreciate any information sent to me.—R. E. Stewart, 1502 Austin Street, Jacksonville, Texas 75766

Fraker-True

Loyal B. Fraker was last known to be in San Angelo, Texas. He worked for many years in the West Texas oil fields. His ex-wife was Marie Croft of Sisseton, South Dakota. Their surviving son was Walter Vere Fraker. Orwin, Loyal's brother, was last known to be in Wyoming or Montana. He may have changed his name as he was reportedly in the whiskey business. There was a Warner P. of Broken Arrow, Indian Territory and brothers, Reverend George W. and James Fraker from Green County, Tennessee. They served during the Civil War, some South, some North; records are lost. Wesley S. True or his family ranched near Great Falls, Montana and Nelson True ranched somewhere in the state in the early days. I need information on or from any of these kin.—Loyal V. Fraker, Box 136, Nisland, South Dakota 57762

Adison Owens

I would like any information of or about my grandfather, Adison (Addison) Owens. He was married at Milan, Missouri in November or December, 1856 to Letha Page, birth state Indiana. Their three children were Rita, Susan and Reverda Johnson. Adison was killed near Greencastle, Missouri in 1867.—R. E. Owens, P. O. Box 487, Keyes, California 95328

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 30)

twisted its tiny neck a bit, pressed open the wee hinge of the tiny yellow bill and blew down its throat. She worked the little z-shaped wing frames in artificial respiration on some, then carefully placed them in rows like so many tin soldiers on the oven rack. She talked in a comforting voice to them and told me to mind them, to keep the doors open and speak soothingly as they were upset from their terrible close call. I should calm and reassure them and this would prevent pneumonia, she said. "Count them," she told me, "and mark each ovenload on the end of the wood box." Mamma handed me a burned match to use as a marker.

In no time the wet bluish bits came back to life and turned into balls of fluff. Their round eyes opened and their cheeping became a din. They were like popping corn, hopping and fluttering in the warm oven. The odors of Mrs. Cole's wonderful cooking mixed with that of the wet chicks.

After a while Mamma checked my figures for a final count and announced in her methodical way that there were 217 chicks and not one "corpse."

The farmyard by now had filled with buggies and wagons. Recognizing the emergency, some folks sat in their vehicles so as not to be underfoot. Coal scuttles were lined with newspapers and the baby chicks were piled in to be carried down to the far barn where the hens were. All would be warm and safe and get a special feeding of warm buttermilk and mash, and the hens could cluck and sort their families.

Leona, suddenly conscious of her bare feet and tucked up skirts, ran into the bedroom and did not appear until her hair was fresh and beribboned and her summer dimity in place over flounced petticoats. Her shoes were black patent lowers with tall white kid tops.

The feast that followed the near-tornado was beautiful. There was dancing in the parlor and on the porch and lots of toasts of "Happy is the bride the sun shines on." And, of course, happy was the bride who saved the chickens!

The Colville Indians' Helen Toulou

(Continued from page 16)

navy blue piped in red for Sundays. There were coarse work aprons, and for lighter occasions ruffled aprons.

"There wasn't much to learn that my father had not already taught me other than Home Economics, but there was a lot of social life and there were ball games, military drills, good food, choirs and church. Even the girls had a baseball team. I loved school.

"Do you know that Lake Roosevelt took 100,000 acres of land, 500 buildings and several small towns as it backed up behind Coulee Dam? It destroyed a lot of landmarks but it also created a lot of interest, including restoration of the old fort."

Helen Toulou married after she left school, raised a family, and once ran a large dairy. But as she grew older she found herself drawn more and more into Indian affairs. Her knowledge and wisdom were in demand throughout the Northwest and eventually led her to Washington, D. C.

"What good would my father's inheritance do me now?' she asked. "Before he died he showed us the contract. It is still in the family, I think, but if he chose not to collect, why should we? After all I've tried to carry out his true legacy."

The Indians are still fighting for their treaty rights but the grand old lady, descendant of shipping tycoons and chieftains, is no longer participating in the battle. She died in January 1972 at age ninety-one.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 1)

Indian Agent at Devil's Lake Agency in Dakota Territory in 1871. He was transferred to Standing Rock Agency, North Dakota in 1881 and later to Round Valley, California. His thirty-eight years of direct work with Indians, and first-hand experiences with leaders such as Gall, Rain-in-the-Face, Sitting Bull, and others made McLaughlin an Indian authority of some note. He said, "I have seen the Indian prostrated by the hand he kissed, and biting the hand that fed him." Long out of print, *My Friend the Indian* with Buisson's paintings, a preface and epilogue by Reverend Louis L. Pfaller, O.S.B., Assumption College, Richardton, North Dakota; the three missing chapters—Sitting Bull's Death Aftermath, How Hawkman Rode to His Death, and Shave Head's Code of Honor—and numerous photographs, provide a mass of information about the Indian and his situation.

NAVAJO CLASSIC

Child of the Hogan (Brigham Young University Press, $3.95) by Ray Baldwin Louis, Navajo singer, entertainer, poet, play and script writer. This book includes a number of remarkable photos of Navajo life and scenes and the appropriately matching text was selected from the author's numerous writings. There is a drawing of the author as the frontispiece by his brother Gary Baldwin Louis. Great.

Wild Cows Ain't Dairy Queens

(Continued from page 36)

ly well on bronco riding but finally got his nose skinned against the ground once too often. He then tried wild cow milking with a partner.

They did real well at rodeos in Malta, Great Falls, Helena, Billings and several other places. At the Havre rodeo he and his partner invariably won top money in the event.

One year they were on their way to the championship at Havre, but their luck changed when they drew a very rugged fighting critter. He roped the cow; his partner hit the tanbark, bulldogging the cow by twisting her head sideways close to the ground but not throwing her (which was against the rules).

On the run Maney had time to make one squeeze, but missed the narrow neck of the bottle. Then the cow partly broke the bulldog hold and kicked Maney to the ground. His partner quickly replaced the hold, boot heels dug into the ground, but she backed straight over Maney.

All this happened in maybe two seconds. Bellowing, swinging her head hard despite the powerful grip of human hands, she broke free. Instead of hooking Maney's partner the cow wheeled around

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in time to catch Maney trying to get to his feet.

One horn turned to hook him but he used the old cowboy's trick of falling and rolling under the head. The cow missed with the horn but tromped him badly. Arena pickup riders rushed in to drive the maddened cow away as she started charging Maney's partner who was trying desperately to leap onto his horse.

Maney came upward slowly, blood flowing from nose and mouth, his face skinned badly, and with cuts across his chest where those split hoofs had struck.

After that near tragic incident he quit rodeoing altogether. That failure to get a few drops of panther milk was the finals for him.

"Most people think wild cow milking is a cinch," he told me, "that it isn't the least dangerous. Well, I've tried them all and I know you can get injured faster by a wild cow than being tossed into the dirt from a mean bronc."

The Legend of Alexander Peihle

(Continued from page 31)

engine for power. His wife was seasick, and wanted to ride in the stern cockpit. When Peihle came around Pavortny Point, swells were ground-breaking clear across the channel, which kept him busy trying to keep the boat from swamping. After he got around Baranof Point, he looked back and found that his wife had washed overboard somewhere in that breaking water.

Peihle turned back as far as he dared to go, but couldn't find a trace of her. When he got back to Sitka, he reported his wife missing, then decided to post a reward to get a search party to go out. He printed a sign that read something like: "$100 Reward, Dead or Alive. Somewhere between Redoubt and Baranof Point I Lost My Wife Overboard. Alexander Peihle." Rudy told me that the old man was terribly upset about this tragedy. His wife was never found.

Peihle was hard of hearing and talked in a high sing-song voice. Anyone who told a story about him invariably attempted to mimic the way he talked. The stories of the old man's monkey are legion—I can't even remember all I have heard.

The monkey spent much time in the saloon, and learned to like strong drink. It frequently sneaked up and gulped the drink of a patron who might be engaged in conversation and not keeping close watch.

A huge picture of Grover Cleveland hung on the back wall of the saloon, and the monkey, whenever chased, made a flying leap to hide behind the picture.

One day the gang in the saloon heard a terrible commotion coming from Peihle's living quarters upstairs. The monkey suddenly scurried downstairs and leaped to hide behind the picture, with old man Peihle, angry and shouting, following him with a ten-gauge shotgun. The monkey had been playing with matches, and had set the old man's bedding afire.

A widow who lived near the saloon had a few chickens that ran loose in her yard, and the monkey used to chase them. When he caught one, he would whirl it around to wring his neck. Peihle had to pay for each dead chicken. Once, he complained, he had paid her for eight chickens when she had only seven to begin with.

One day Peihle was trying to start the two-cycle engine on the *Dorothy*. The engine was balky, and he cranked hard again and again. It would explode once or twice and quit. Peihle had worked up a sweat and was muttering to himself. The noise and action attracted the attention of a group of tourists on a steamer tied to McGrath's dock. Suddenly the tourists noticed the monkey on top of the cabin. It picked up a small bone or shell that had been carried there by the crows, and peeked over to drop it on Peihle's head. Peihle shouted at the monkey, and kept on cranking the engine.

Finally the monkey dropped something on Peihle once too often, and Peihle let out a roar. The monkey scurried up the dock with Peihle in full chase, waving a fish gaff-hook, swearing he was going to kill the beast. But that monkey finally died a natural death, despite Peihle's constant threats to kill it.

AFTER Prohibition put Peihle out of the saloon business he used to travel by boat from Sitka to the Chichagof Mine. A terribly rough piece of water lies between Salisbury Sound and Slocum Arm, especially in winter. A passage through the rocks just northwest of Point Slocum is called "Peihle's Passage." Peihle is credited with being the first to take a gas boat through it regularly. It is a terribly scary place in a heavy ground swell, and most boats go around to the main entrance when the weather is tough.

A sunken rock lies about 200 yards off the point on the entrance to Ford Arm. It came to be called "Peihle's Rock" by the locals because old man Peihle hit it once going full speed and bumped his face against the wheelhouse when the boat came to a sudden stop.

About ten years later Peihle came ashore at Joe Bower's, complaining, "By golly, that rock's still there!" He had carelessly hit it again—and again bruised his face.

Peihle had a 19′ boat with a four horsepower gas engine called the *May*. It had a framework with canvas stretched across that passed for a cabin. One midwinter he and Rudy Sarvela made a trip to Chichagof Mine with it. A north wind blew, so they waited until evening to leave Sitka, as the north wind usually dies considerably at night and blows offshore, so there is little ground swell.

Rudy was about sixteen. He wore a lot of clothing because of the cold. In Fortuna Straits he dozed off and his pants wound up in the shaft and stopped the little four horsepower engine. After he got Rudy untangled, Peihle decided to anchor. He had been drinking heavily and was tired. He told Rudy to stand anchor watch, and if the anchor didn't hold, to go back to Kalinin Bay. Then he covered himself with an old goat-skin robe and went to sleep.

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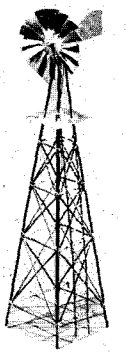

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It was an awful lot of responsibility for a 16-year-old boy. Rudy saw that the anchor wasn't holding, so he pulled it and started for Kalinin Bay. In the middle of Salisbury Sound the north wind started blowing hard out of Kakul Narrows. Rudy was scared when it got rough, but managed to get into Kalinin Bay.

He saw a native shack part way up the bay, with a light, and with smoke coming out of a hole in the roof. He roused Peihle, and the old man decided to ask the natives if he and Rudy could stay with them overnight.

Rudy again was frightened, for in those days every time a white man disappeared it was blamed on the natives, and he thought it was too dangerous to go up there in the middle of the night. But Peihle insisted.

A woman answered the door and invited them in. Rudy almost fainted when Peihle called her Mary and playfully slapped her backside. A fire burned in the middle of the dirt floor, with just an opening in the roof for the smoke to escape. Nevertheless the room was still so smoky it was hard to breathe or to see. Two native men sat fleshing mink skins and tossing the fat into the open fire.

Rudy felt his stomach churning from the stench of burning mink fat, so he told Peihle that he was going to sleep on the boat. About fifteen minutes later Peihle returned there too; even he couldn't stand the smoke and the smell of burning fat. They shivered under the goat-skin robes the rest of the night, and pulled anchor at daylight, bound for Chichagof Mine.

IN 1926 Peihle bought Rudy's boat, the *Lulu*, which he used as a rum-runner from Prince Rupert to Sitka and Chichagof Mine. He handled only the finest of liquor, and sold it at a small profit to his old drinking buddies—and, of course, assured himself a personal supply.

On his final trip Peihle took on a cargo in Prince Rupert and ran all night to get across Dixon's Entrance. When he got in quiet water about twenty miles from Ketchikan he tied up to a standing pile near shore to rest.

The skipper of a patrol boat seeking rum-runners saw the *Lulu* tied to the piling, and he went to offer assistance, thinking that Peihle was broken down. He shouted through a megaphone but got no answer, as Peihle was very deaf and had his door shut. Then the skipper gave a long blast of the whistle that fairly rattled the windows of the *Lulu*. Peihle heard that all right, and stumbled up on deck and gasped in dismay as he looked up and saw the guns of the patrol boat. He took it for granted that they had been laying for him, so he said in his loud, high-pitched voice, "Well, you got me, you got me, I have twenty cases in the hold."

The skipper said later that he felt sorry for the haggard looking old man he saw standing on deck, blinking in the sunlight. But he had no choice but to take him to Ketchikan; his entire crew had heard Peihle's admission of guilt.

The *Lulu* was sold at public auction, but the booze was never heard of again; no doubt Ketchikan officials used it for medicinal purposes. Peihle was given a moderate fine, which he paid. Shortly after, the old man moved to his sister's home in Portland, where he lived in peace for the rest of his days.

1890 Candid Cameraman

(Continued from page 33)

sit down, she said we would have to wait. She'd sent her daughter to the store to buy something for her to wear. Well, we waited around there for over an hour. Finally the daughter came back with a paper sack. In it was a brand new pair of shoes. The lady put them on her bare feet, settled herself in the chair and said she was ready for her bust portrait!"

THE MEN would stop their wagon along the road just outside of towns at night and build a huge bonfire. The musician had taught Updike how to play a passable guitar, so after dinner they would start playing and singing. It wasn't long before people began to drift in, attracted by the light and music, and would ask what the men were doing there. That's when the sales pitch began.

In his spare time Updike made cheap but pretty jewelry of wire, a trade he had learned from his father. While showing and selling jewelry, he would make a pitch for the photography service they would be offering in town the next day. It always worked, and the partners usually had a busy schedule set up by the time they bedded down for the night.

"We were paid in barter or coin; it didn't really matter to us. We could eat canned fruit or chickens, or buy our supplies."

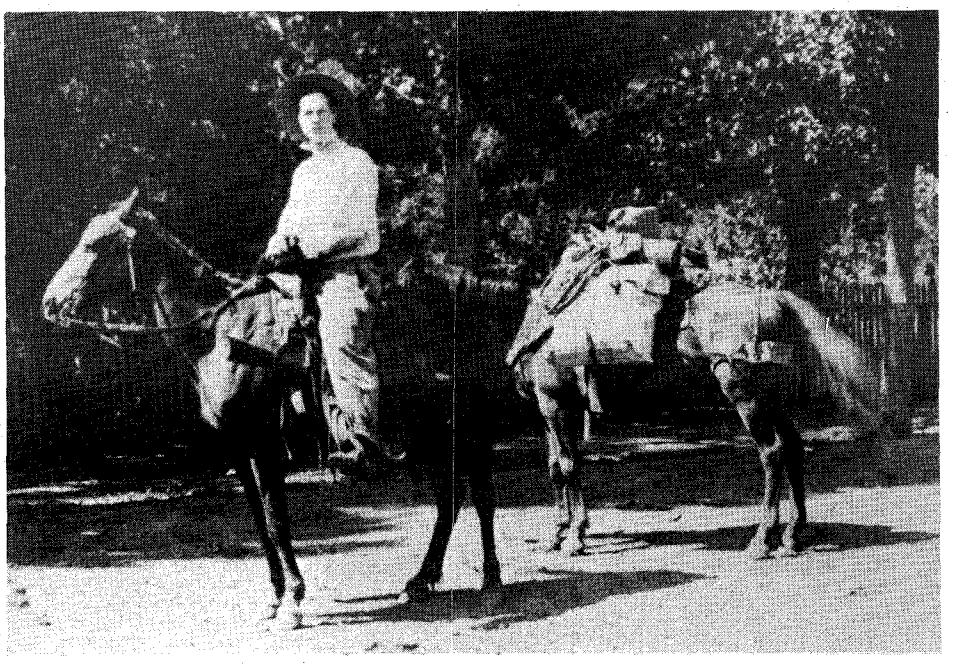
There was only one fly in the ointment; Updike's partner was a more ambitious musician than he was a worker, and the relationship in the small wagon began to wear thin. About that time, Updike ran into his family who were on a business trip through the South. Estimating what it would cost to buy his partner out, Updike arranged to borrow the money from his father.

"The first of each month was 'horse-trading days' in the Southern states, and this was a gala affair drawing many people from all the nearby towns. It beat going from town to town, so I got me a tent to put up right at the edge of town for a darkroom, and I went into business. There was another man across the road doing the same thing. He started with a sign that said $3.50 for twelve pictures. I made a sign for $3 a dozen. We kept cutting the price until neither of us was making any money. So I made him a proposition. We would go into the next town where he would set up a day early and advertise a $4 price. Then I'd come along the next day and advertise for $3.50. We'd both share a hotel room at night to do our developing. That way we both made money and had all the business we could handle."

While making those horse-trading days, Updike met his next partner in Waco, Texas. The meeting resulted in opening a studio in Dallas with the partner running the studio and Updike still traveling when he could. But that wasn't satisfactory, either, and the partner soon quit to open his own studio.

"I still felt the best money to be made was in traveling. A man could starve in a town waiting for newcomers to need pictures, or kids to grow up and need wedding portraits. So after I figured I'd about run out of people to photograph in Waco, I designed a portable darkroom —the first, I guess, that was ever made. It was a 20" by 20" box. I had a trunk company make it. It had two sleeves in front and I made a developing studio inside it. Had a red light to see in it. I could take portraits and postcards and

Updike and his first two horses in 1906.



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develop them right on the spot. I got 25¢ for two postcards then; that's about what they cost today. A photographer came through Dallas one day and saw my set-up. He said he wished he could get one made. I sold mine for a $75 profit, then ordered two more."

A couple of years later, the Uplike family paths crossed again and this time Lisle urged his father to join him. He would, on one condition—that Lisle would travel to Durango, Colorado with him. Since most of the chemicals came from Kansas City and Chicago, it was no problem to have them shipped West. The decision to travel together was made.

Mexicans were nothing new to Updike. He'd photographed many in Texas. But the Indians in New Mexico were a new experience. He found that most of them were fascinated that their picture appeared magically on a piece of paper which they could not only touch but could own for a few coins, silver jewelry, or handmade blankets. Updike was making it in two directions. He would photograph the Indians, sell them the prints, then make postcards from the negatives and sell them to the drugstores in the next town. He sold 1,000 cards at one store alone. At last he was making money.

All Indians weren't friendly, however. In Leupp, Arizona, on the Navajo Reservation one year, Updike had been taking pictures of the Indians and the traders. At one trading post, he had noticed a Navajo sing going on about a quarter mile away. The trader asked him to stay to dinner. Updike was on his way back to Durango and begged off. The trader insisted and finally Updike put his horse in the corral and stayed the night.

The next morning the trader thanked him, telling him the sing had been going on for ten days, that many of the Indians were drunk on homemade whiskey, and that they killed a trader and his wife a short distance away. He hadn't wanted to be alone that night!

"Another time on a New Mexico reservation, I ran out of water. I was leading fourteen horses. I knew stock will go to water at night; at daylight they go looking for food. So I kept moseying around until I saw some stock walking in a line and I followed them to a waterhole. My horses outran me when they smelled the water, and by the time I reached the hole they were all drinking. At the edge of the hole was a buck and his squaw, squatted on the ground, each armed with a Winchester. The buck threatened to shoot the horses if I didn't round them up immediately. "I was armed too, so I slowly drew my Winchester and pointed it at the squaw. I told him, 'You shoot my horses, I'll shoot your squaw. When the horses are through, I'll move on.' Well, the horses finished, I rounded them up and rode off. The hardest thing I ever did was not look back, but I knew the way Indians think. If I'd looked back, it would have meant I was afraid and then he would have shot me."

Updike enjoyed making portraits of the Indians with their placid faces and varied clothing. "The only time I ever ran into superstition about having their picture taken was in New Mexico. A white man, a lawyer from Chicago who had been jilted, moved out West and married a Zuni. He brought his son to me to have a portrait made. His wife tried to prevent the picture taking in every way she could, but the man won out. I took his son's picture, and two weeks later he died of fever. I was really bad news in that Zuni village and never could take any more pictures there."

HAVING supplied the Durango drugstore with enough postcards to last six months, Updike might have moved on again, but his father was injured by a stallion he was breaking. Not wanting to leave until he was able to fend for himself, Updike set up a tent where his father lay on the ground and took care of him for several weeks. To make expenses, he spent the days photographing the townspeople in a makeshift studio he had fixed up in a music store. Business was so good he decided to open a studio in partnership with his old buddy from Dallas.

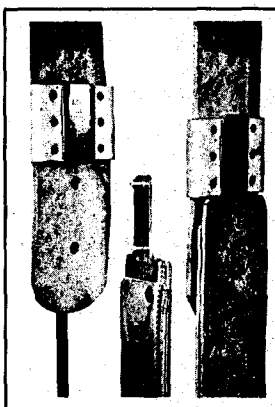
"I wrote him, told him there was real opportunity here, told him 'I like to travel, you like to stay put,' and asked him to tend store while I went out and got the pictures. I knew it would take more money than either of us had, so I went out and got credit for studio equipment and house furniture. By the time he arrived, I had a good thing going. While he kept the store, I went out to the logging and mining camps and the sawmills, and came up with so much business we could hardly get it done. I think those men must have had dozens of lady friends, all of them clamoring for pictures."

Weather could be a real problem in on-location photographing. "I remember one time at a logging camp. Because the chemicals on the glass plates were sensitive to temperature changes, I had cleared the ground of snow in Cortez, set up a tent and fired up a miner's stove. It was 40° below outside. I set one thermometer in the hypo and another in the developer on top of the stove. I let the fire go down to 70°, stuck the plate in, left the tent flap up and developed by moonlight instead of a candle. I was wrapped in a sheepskin-lined coat and freezing. Then I'd put the plates in the oven to keep them warm.

"I was up all night making negatives. That's when I decided I'd take pictures in Colorado until winter caught up with me, then I'd head into Arizona selling postcards, even though I had to buy water there!"

It was in Arizona that Updike met his wife, and after warning her that she was probably mad to marry an itinerant photographer, the two exchanged vows in 1912.

"Marriage really changed my life. I had had a photo wagon built to my specifications in Durango the year before. Had a bed put in it so I wouldn't have to sleep in a tent or on the ground anymore. I was going to South Africa to make money taking pictures, and had already made arrangements in New Or-



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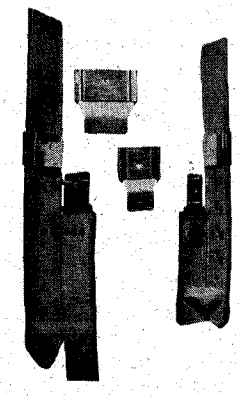

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leans to ship the wagon to Kimberly. It was a big wagon—took six horses to pull it."

Wanting to try the wagon out to see if it met his needs before leaving the country, Updike made what he supposed would be his last trip to Arizona.

"In St. Johns, I saw a man sweeping the street. I asked him if there was a photographer in town. He said he was it. I asked him where I could feed my horses. He looked at the name on my wagon and replied there was free grass five miles out of town. I knew he was trying to get rid of me and that made me determined to stay. I drove on down the street to a small lot with shade trees. I asked a lady at the general store who owned the lot and she said the Relief Society of the Mormon Church. I then asked her if I could rent the lot and a small empty building at the back. She said the Church ladies used that building for making quilts, but they wouldn't need it for a while. For $6 she would move everything into the Tithing Building and clean it up. But when I told her what I intended to do, she said there wasn't any money to be made taking pictures in that town."

Nevertheless Updike made $5,000 in two months while the town photographer kept on sweeping streets. He met his wife-to-be there, and even taught photography to the local photographer's daughter for $100. He was offered the Ford Agency in St. Johns, but by that time he had eight extra horses he had traded for tied to the rear of his wagon and not much use for a Model T. He said, "No, thanks."

It was in St. Johns that Updike had one of his most humorous experiences. He had been doing an unusually large amount of child photography there. He'd gone through the usual episodes of having kids slide off benches and completely disappear every time he put his head under the black cloth to look in the viewfinder; and he'd been used to walking around dragging the bulb of the shutter release behind him until he could catch a kid off guard so he would be looking at the camera at the right moment.

So he remembered with fondness two little boys brought in a few hours apart by their mothers. They were both dressed in sailor suits, complete with caps, both about the same age, but there the resemblance stopped. They didn't look one bit alike.

Updike took their pictures, promised them for delivery the next day and finished out his work. The next afternoon, one of the mothers came in for the picture and left in ecstasy because she had never seen a better likeness. The other mother, a little later, had the same delighted reaction. But by morning, the first mother was back with the picture, asking why the emblem didn't show on her boy's sleeve when everything else took so clearly. Updike went through his negatives, found the one with the emblem on the sleeve and called the second mother. She agreed her boy had not had an emblem on his suit, but was positive that was the picture of her child.

"The two women exchanged pictures, but both of them were completely convinced that the emblem somehow had soaked off in the developer and floated onto the other picture; they were that sure the wrong pictures were a perfect likeness!"

AFTER he married, Updike moved to Safford, Arizona, but the smell of burning mesquite eternally hanging in the air sickened him, and he moved north again, photographing Indians as he went. Eventually he was back in Colorado. In 1914 he had gotten rid of his horses and bought a Model T as a concession to his wife. And now he had a commission to take official photographs of the Mesa Verde ruins.

"In going up to Mesa Verde on the old steep dirt road, that fool car wouldn't suck. So my wife drove while I sat backwards on the hood with a gasoline-filled syringe, feeding the carburetor."

His pictures were some of the best ever taken of the ruins before they were opened to the casual tourist. One expedition found him lowering himself and his camera down the face of the cliffs on ropes.

Ever the trader, Updike owned two dance halls, seven movie houses and half interest in a drugstore by the end of 1914 and had convinced himself it was time to quit the photo business and settle down to raising a family. He sold his business, stored his old wagon he had kept for sentimental reasons, and took his wife on a delayed honeymoon traveling around the country.

When they returned to Arizona, he found new worlds to conquer. He backpacked into Rainbow Bridge and made pictures from the Navajo Mountain side. He went through Monument Valley, capturing the "land with room enough and time" on film. Finally he opened a string of studios reaching clear to Salt Lake City, specializing in children's pictures. He even took a studio with him, designing a portable "room" that could be set up in a department store with controlled lighting in it. He took 8,000 pictures of children in two months in one store alone, 200 of them in a day. Many of his portraits of children won him prizes, and when he finally retired in 1946, leaving his studios to his sons, he had specialized in passport and graduation photos, something many photographers avoid.

Today, Lisle Updike flips the pages on his neatly indexed albums which number in the hundreds and says he did about everything he ever wanted to do—except he wanted to be an aerial war photographer, but by the time planes were equipped for this work, he was too old to go. But he can boast that his concern may be the oldest family-operated business in the United States, and possibly in the world.

Homestead Stakes

(Continued from page 26)

fingers got so sticky we stopped and went down to the river to wash our hands. Addie and I were hurrying, and Stanley was trudging along behind, trying to keep up, when he fell down the bank and into the river. We pulled him out, but he was like a little drowned rat. Then we had to tell what we'd been doing.

THE MAN Dad was working for was one of the biggest cattlemen in that part of the country. (I will call him Jack Matthews.) This was about a year after the hanging of "Cattle Kate," but Dad didn't know about this when he started working for Mr. Matthews.

Cattle Kate lived not far from the Matthews place, with a man by the name of Jim Averil. All of the cowboys working for several of the big ranchers were friends of hers, and would steal calves from their outfits and put her brand on them.

She and Averil were getting rich. They had been warned many times but paid no attention, so the cattlemen took things into their own hands. It has been told that a sheriff and posse came out and arrested the couple, put them in jail, and that the cattlemen broke into the jail, took them out and hanged them. But there was no truth in that. There was no sheriff in the country. These were the days of the Vigilantes. Seven of the ranchers banded together, went to Kate's ranch, took her and Averil out and hanged them. I saw the tree where it took place. These men then went about their business and nothing was done about it. That was the West in those days.

But the cowboys had threatened the cattlemen, so the latter went heavily armed at all times. Mr. Matthews kept a horse saddled and bridled in the barn, day and night, ready for flight.

Dad had to go over to the Matthews place one time on business, and he went in the evening after dark. He knocked but no one answered. He knocked again, harder. Finally Matthews called out, "Who's there?" Dad told him and then Matthews came to the door.

He said, "Now look here, Shippen, don't you ever come on this place after dark again! You know the circumstances here."

One night, twenty-five cowboys surrounded Matthews' house intending to lynch him, but he happened to be away from home.

Another of the men involved in the hanging owned the ranch we lived on, and came out several times that summer. He used to want me to play hymns on the organ so he could sing. I just didn't want to do it at all. Not that I was afraid of him, but somehow I just didn't think it was the right thing to do.

But Mama would insist, and so I would. Maybe he was full of remorse. I believe that was the way Mama felt about it, and maybe she was right, she usually was. So he would stand up by me and sing hymns while I played. He was a big man and wore two guns. I could have reached out and touched them.

One day while I was riding around, I decided I would try to find Cattle Kate's grave. After searching for some time, I found it. Both she and Averil had been buried in one grave. There were no markers at head or foot, just two large wagon tires looped over the grave to mark it. I got off my horse and stood there looking, all shivery, for a long time.

MOST of the work Dad had found on the Sweetwater was finished by then and as Uncle John kept writing for him

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to come, we started out again.

Uncle Ed didn't go with us so I had to say goodbye to Billy, my dearly beloved "Black Beauty." I took his head in my arms and patted his face, and cried and cried. I thought my heart would break. Gone were the wild free rides up and down the valley—all over for good. I had to leave Billy and never again did I ever ride a horse that I loved so much.

We finally got started but stopped three weeks at the little town of Bessemer, west of Casper, where a new baby sister was born. Mama named her Ethel (for Ethel Countryman). When she was three weeks old we went on, Mama and baby by train from Casper and the rest of us driving.

Uncle John and Aunt Clara had a place on Muddy Creek, a branch of the Platte River. We thought it such a pretty place—a good-sized log house with lots of trees around, a large barn, and corrals for the horses and cows.

There were six children: Walter, Jessie, Mamie, Cody (named for Buffalo Bill), Ina, and Albert.

We stayed with Uncle John for a short time. Dad had never used his homestead right, and Uncle John said he could get a place on the creek.

Dad filed on a piece of land three miles below Uncle John's. We had a large tent we lived in for awhile. But it was August and Dad knew he would have to put up a house as soon as possible in that land of cold winters. There was no timber very close that suited him, so he drove twenty miles to get logs for the house, and it took some time to get them all there, but he finally got the house started. I would help by peeling the bark from the logs. I loved the piny smell of the flying chips as Dad cut the logs to fit.

Dad always kept his tools extremely sharp, and one day the axe slipped and cut a great gash along the top of his foot to the bone. It bled terribly, and he said to go quick and tell Mama to bring up some bandages. I did, and she grabbed a sheet and came running back. She was pale but never lost her presence of mind. She immediately put on a tourniquet, then bound it tightly. Dad was idle for only a few days and was soon back at work.

The house faced east, and had windows in both the east and west. It was always light and sunny. There was a large living room. Mama made braided rugs to go over the well-worn carpet. On a long table with a dark red cover were magazines and books that someone had given us, for Mama was a great reader.

Dad made a long table for the kitchen, and a bench behind, where the three boys sat like stairsteps. Dad was always proud of his children. He also built the beds, and in summer we would fill the straw ticks with sweet-smelling hay and sleep as soundly on them as if they had been the finest of mattresses.

When we got moved into the house in October, Dad cut up a great pile of pitch pine, and then he had to go away to work.

THE WINTERS were just as cold as in Montana but at least we were getting a home and Mama seemed more content.

The baby cried so much during her first year, and Mama was always so busy outside, I had to take an awful lot of care of her. Wild peppermint grew along the creek, and I used to make tea of it for colic, and I never made it the same way twice, I know. I would put the leaves in water, never measuring them, put in some sugar, by guess—but the baby dearly loved it, and would greedily take every spoonful I gave her.

There was plenty of game. Herds of antelope used to come down to the creek east of the house to drink.

We used dried fruits—wild plums and chokeberries—and Mama could make the best bread of anyone I ever knew. Living was very plain, but we thrived and were never sick.

Dad and Uncle John were the only people in the country who put up ice—and neighbors were always coming in the summer to get some. The summers were lovely. The little creek ran clear across the place, with such a pretty green meadow. There were many lovely nooks, and I used to like to take a book and find a shady spot with little white daisies growing all around and sit and read and dream.

Dad had always kept his silver Conn cornet and when we would get a distance away, he would blow the bugle call for us and we knew that meant to get there quickly.

Of course, this was cattle country. Ad Spaugh was the big cattleman in eastern Wyoming then; his cattle were all over the country. Homesteaders had to have tight fences to keep them out.

Later the sheepmen came in, and there was almost war over the range. Every once in a while a sheep wagon would be burned. One spring, a sheepman was camped down below our place for spring lambing. He came up one evening and said he needed help badly, and wondered if Stanley could go down to help out. Dad said he needed Stanley, but if Gordon could be of any help, he could go. Gordon was only six, but he went and watched a bunch of ewes and lambs all day, and slept in the sheep wagon alone at night, with the herder a quarter of a mile away! He stayed a week and earned three dollars. I asked him years later if he remembered it, and he said, "I'll say I do. It was the first money I'd ever earned, and I thought I was rich."

Later on, Dad had sheep of his own on the range south of us, fourteen miles from town. Stanley stayed with them all one winter. They got short of groceries at one time and Dad sent Stanley into town with the team and sled to get some more. It was nice when he left, but he had to stay all night and on the way back the next day it turned bitterly cold. (It could easily get 40° below there.) Stanley said he got so cold he just had to get off and walk and drive the team.

He kept getting colder and started to cry, but, he said, "I didn't cry long." When asked, "Why?" he said, "Because my eyes froze shut." But he made it back to camp, walking most of the way. He was just twelve.

All of us had to learn to take it and be self-reliant. When we first got our

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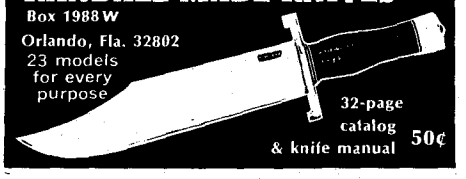

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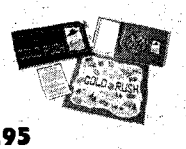

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place, Dad took a bunch of rams to run for a man for a couple of months, and Addie and I used to herd them. We had an old horse we rode out, and would take our lunch and a magazine or two. We kept the sheep through November and December. One day it was real cold, with snow all over the ground. We brushed the snow off a spot in the lee of a great big sage bush, spread down our blanket, and were sitting there reading with the dog lying close by us.

Everything was terribly still, when all at once we heard a great commotion, and the dog was up and away like a shot. A bunch of coyotes had gotten among the sheep. We counted eight of them. No damage was done, as the dog soon had them out, but it gave us a scare. We were supposed to guard those valuable sheep.

One winter Harry Card, another sheepman, was down our way with a flock. He was asleep one night in his sheepwagon, when a heavy storm came up.

He got his sleep out and thought it surely must be time to get up, but it was dark as pitch. He discovered that his wagon had been completely drifted under in a blizzard. Harry had a feeling of panic for a minute, then grabbed his rifle and fired right up through the top of the wagon and the drift to attract his herders. They came and dug him out.

Though the winters were severe, the summers were wonderful! I can never forget the sweet, pungent smell of the sage, the fresh invigorating air, and the feel of the soft cool sand to bare feet in the early morning.

ONE TIME in the winter Dad took a load of cordwood into Douglas, and I went with him. While we were away Addie got Dad's cornet and was trying it out a little. She could read music, as Mama had given her some lessons on the organ.

Addie learned to play a little piece on the cornet from the music book, to surprise Dad with when he came home. Well, he was too pleased for words, so he made up his mind to have us all doing it. We started a family band.

Dad managed to get some horns somewhere, and began teaching us. He played E Flat cornet; I, solo alto; Addie, B Flat cornet; Stanley, baritone; and Gordon, bass drum. Gordon at six was so little he had to be tied to the drum with a sash, to hold it still while he played. I can see him now, leaning so intently over his music book, never missing a note or a rest, and his time was perfect.

Uncle John played B Flat cornet, and taught some of his children, and they joined us, and then the fun began. We played marches, waltzes, quadrilles, and two steps. Dad loved Sousa's marches. We played at the small towns around and at county fairs. Gordon always made a hit, and people would come up to him and put small change in the hollow of the cymbal on his drum. Once he forgot to take it out, and when we started the next piece, he came down on his cymbal with a bang, and the quarters and dimes flew all over the place. He thought he'd lost his money for sure.

One evening, when we were practicing outside the house, a bunch of C. Y. cowboys, who were camped down below us on fall roundup, came tearing up over the hill, some two on a horse. "We couldn't think where that music was coming from out in these hills, but we was sure enough goin' to find out," they said. So they came up every evening after that as long as they were on roundup.

Dad liked pioneering, but I think Mama would have liked to have had more people around her. I'm sure she got lonely at times, but there were never any tears. If she felt blue, she would bring herself out of it with a song. She was always singing, and I never heard her sing a sad song. They were always lilting, joyous tunes. One she used to wake me with, singing it while she was getting breakfast, went: "Come! O Come! Rise with the lark in the early morn. Come! O Come! And hear the huntsman's horn."

The hardships were many. Only midwives at the births of her children (there were three more later: Glen, Clair, and Lena); but she was strong and vigorous and had such courage that nothing could get her down.

She would say, "Come girls, let's get busy. There's so much to be done today, and I feel like accomplishing a lot. I

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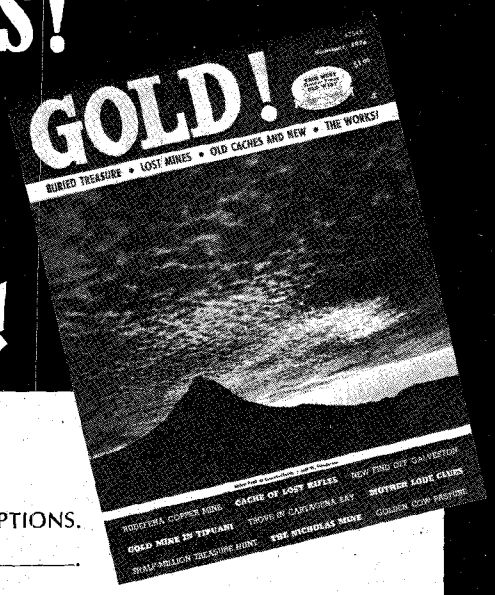

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just *love* to bring order out of chaos, don't you?"

We'd think, "Oh, dear!" for Mama was hard to keep up with. She had the finest character of anyone I've ever known. She would never allow us to speak unkindly of anyone, but would say, "There is good in everyone, and if you will only look for it you will find it."

She taught us herself when we couldn't be in school (she had been a teacher), and Addie and I had to practice an hour each day on the organ. Mama seemed determined that we should all learn something even if we did live on the edge of nowhere.

One night Aunt Clara was taken very sick and they sent for Mama and Dad both. So we children had to stay alone, but we were never afraid.

I woke in the night, and everything was so quiet and peaceful; there wasn't a breath of wind. Moonlight was coming in my window through a tree just outside, and it made a beautiful pattern of leaves all over the white bed. I went around to all the children to see that they were covered. The beauty of the night, the quietly sleeping children, such peace—somehow it made me feel very close to God. I thought He was surely very good to me, to give me all these dear brothers and sisters that I loved so very much.

Sometimes we would all go into Manville to the community Christmas tree. Ad Spaugh would always put little gifts on the tree for his cowboys. They never went by their real names, but always had nicknames which would be put on their presents and then called out. I can't remember them all, but one was called "Timberline" for his height; another went with a stumbling gait, so he was "Tanglefoot"; another was called "Gray Wolf" for his shock of light unruly hair. "Chessy Cat" was named for his wide grin.

Ethel had a nice voice, and grew up to be a sweet singer. She liked to write, too. Glen, the little redhead, grew up and went through World War I; he liked to write also. Dad sent Addie away to study music when she was in her teens, and she became a fine trumpet player.

So, although some of us lived through some hard things, living in such isolated places, we had to make our own fun and good times, and we got to be a very affectionate and close-knit family. Our grandfather from London would never have guessed how happy we could be in the West.

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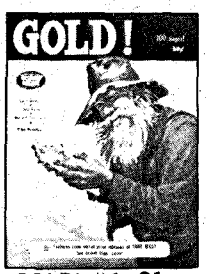
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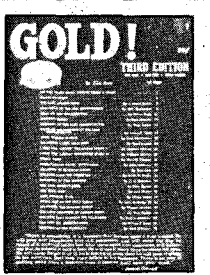
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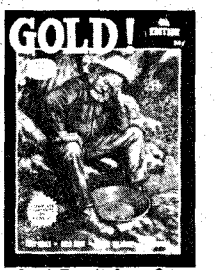
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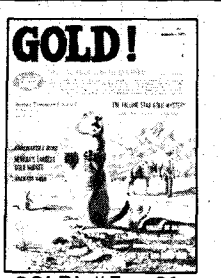
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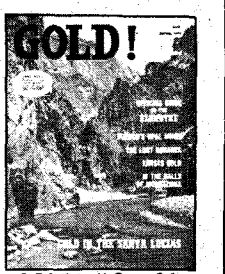
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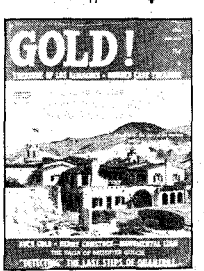
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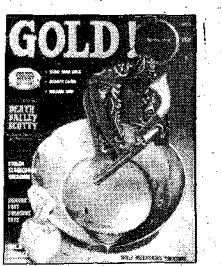
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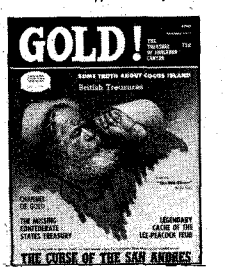
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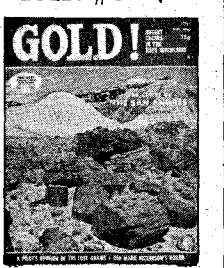
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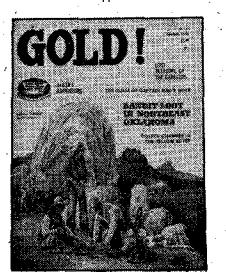
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